

SUMMER DOUBLE ISSUE

Rolling Stone

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LADY GAGA TELLS ALL

DENNIS HOPPER THE FINAL DAYS

OBAMA'S GENERAL

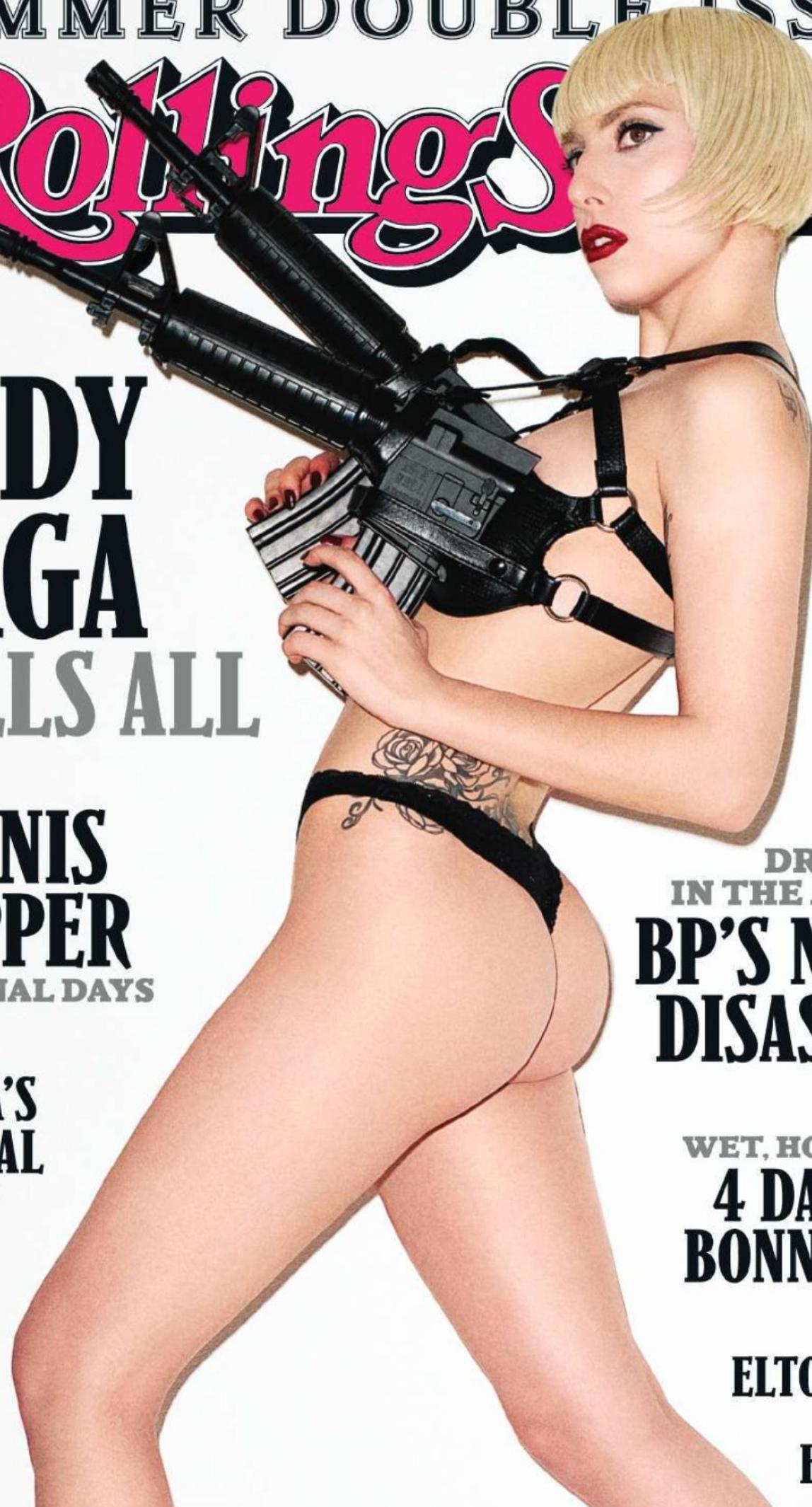
WHY HE'S LOSING THE WAR

DRILLING IN THE ARCTIC
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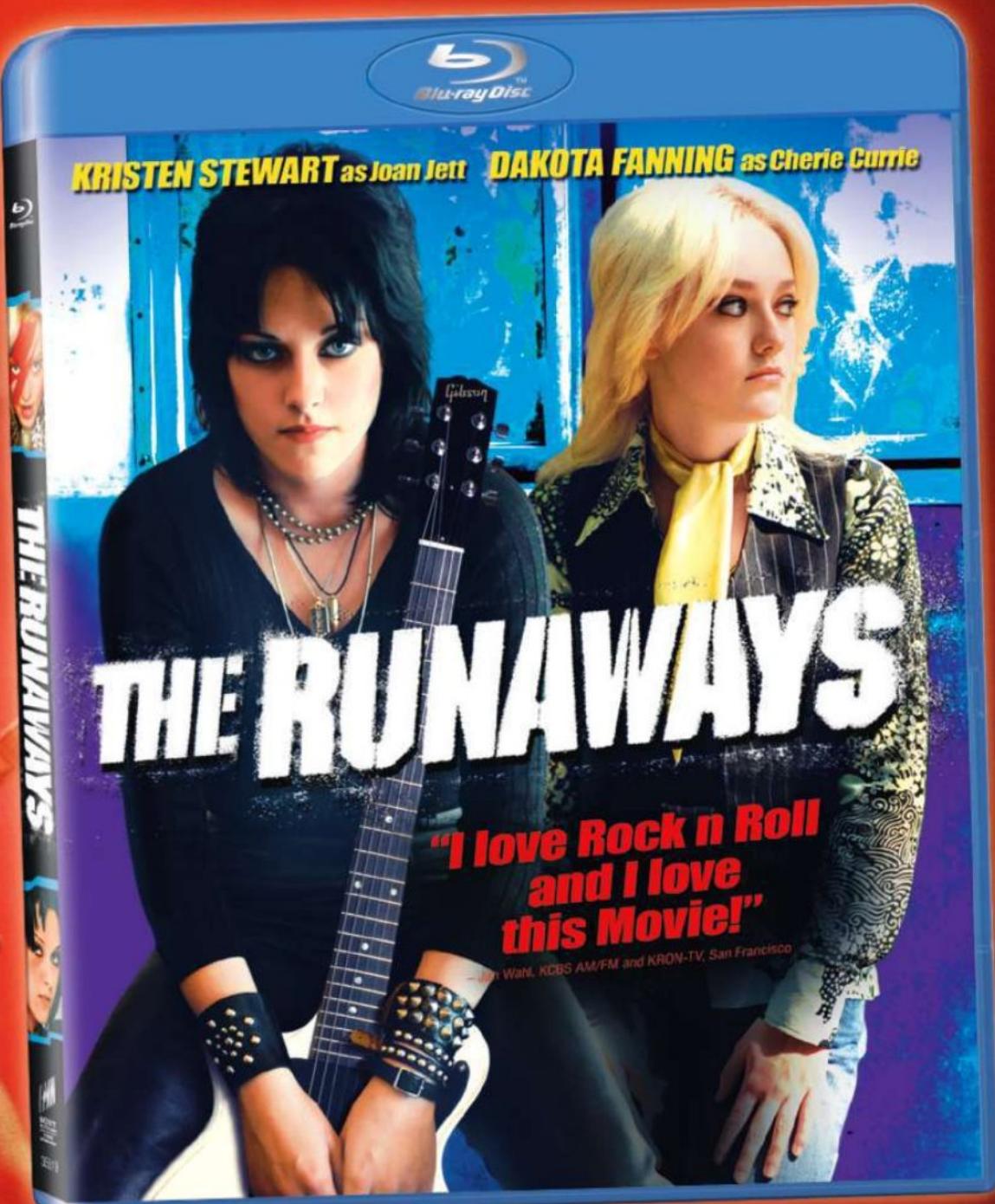
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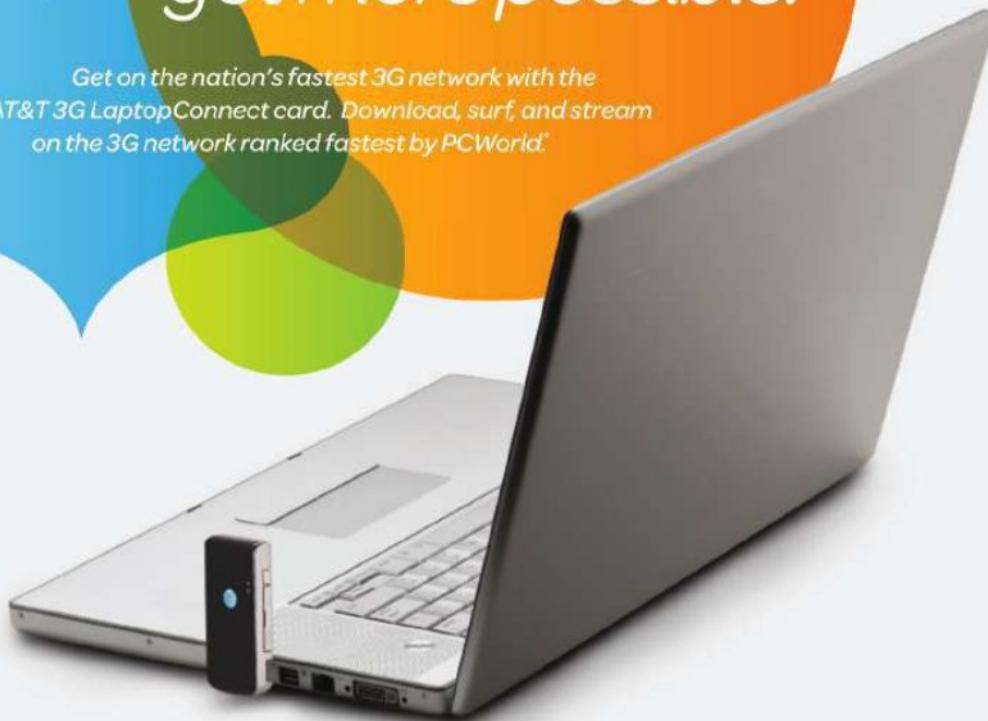
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RS1108/09

"ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS"

Katy's Hot Summer

KATY PERRY REMEMBERS hearing Jay-Z's "Empire State of Mind" at a celeb-packed L.A. Oscar party and thinking, "If Tupac were here, he would not be OK with this!" So she set out to write an anthem to the West Coast. "California Gurls" is a celebration of suntanned flesh and Daisy Dukes that she says is "like roller-skating on a rainbow." The result? A Number One hit and 2010's first legit summer jam. "It isn't the deepest song," Perry says. "But it's kind of a no-brainer."



SUMMER
★ DOUBLE ISSUE ★

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ON THE COVER Lady Gaga photographed in New York on June 7th, 2010, by **Terry Richardson**.

Styling by Nicola Formichetti at CLM. Hair by Yannick d'Is at Management Artists for Redken/Cutler Salon. Makeup by Billy B. at Art Department. Manicure by Michina Koide at Art Department for Chanel. Prop styling by Andy Harman at the Wall Group. Gun-bra custom-made by David Samuel Menkes.



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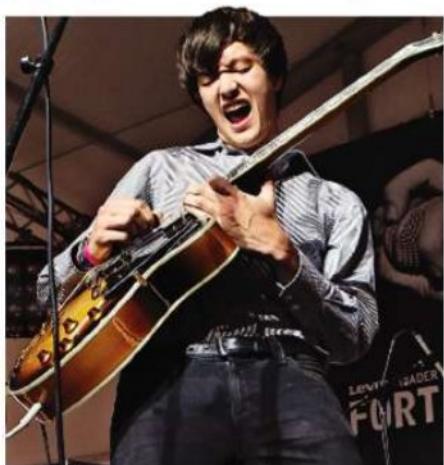
Pop: The Vampire Chronicles

Miley Cyrus, Justin Bieber, the Beatles and Madonna go *Twilight: Eclipse*.



Live at RS: The Morning Benders

The Bay Area dream-pop quartet – picked as a ROLLING STONE Breaking band – play songs from their excellent *Big Echo*.



Robert Plant's 'Angel Dance'

A ROLLING STONE exclusive: The Led Zeppelin frontman and his new group, Band of Joy, cover Los Lobos' 1990 classic.

CONTEST WINNER!



Bonnaroo Fan Photos

ROLLING STONE picked five amateur photographers to shoot the festival, and Joel Hebert took top prize. His winning shot and more at rollingstone.com/bonnaroo.

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Correspondence

{ Love Letters & Advice }



Dirty Brand

AFTER I READ ERIK HEDEGAARD's entertaining article on Russell Brand ["Sexy Beast," RS 1106], I saw *Get Him to the Greek*. Brand is a huge wave of fresh air. Welcome to the U.S.

P.L. Foerster, via the Internet

BRAND IS A REPUGNANT sexual deviant and a degenerate sociopath – I am certain Hedegaard had to shower after their encounters. Twice.

Jenny Lynch, Oakmont, PA

ALL THIS SUBSCRIBER CAN say after seeing the Brand cover is, "Thank God for fortuitously placed address labels."

Carole Bodger Bon
Floyd Knobs, IN

SO POP GODDESS KATY PERRY is engaged to marry a formerly bulimic, recovering heroin/sex addict? She could have any man

on the planet, but she chose to pledge a life of love to this wreck? I wish them the best, but I feel the ensuing headlines we'll see after the marriage will speak very differently.

Brian Waterbury
Vancouver, WA

Superhackers

WHAT A GREAT STORY BY Sabrina Rubin Erdely ["Hackers Gone Wild! The Fast Times and Hard Fall of the Green Hat Gang," RS 1106]. Can't wait for the movie version.

Tom Crowe, Charlotte, NC

I REALLY ENJOYED READING about the Green Hat Gang – such a wild story. Thinking about those computer geniuses, high on every chemical known to man, getting megarich ripping off businesses and average folks – it was just outrageous. The story totally freaked me out, and I had an intense emotional response, which I consider a good thing. Keep up the great work.

Mark Paskind, via the Internet

YOUR ARTICLE ON HACKERS was far-reaching but painful for me. My husband and I are victims of credit-card fraud – and we're still fighting it out with the credit-card company five years later. So I have no sympathy for these brazen criminals.

Julie Hankinson, via the Internet

I AM DISAPPOINTED THAT you equate hacking with criminal activity. I am a "hacker," but I am not a criminal. It's hard enough being considered a nerd without you making people like me look evil.

Ross McCauley
McAlester, OK

Sleazy Street

ROLLING STONE AND MATT Taibbi have proved that American government is about money, influence, greed and getting re-elected ["Wall Street's War," RS 1106]. I won-

AFTER READING MATT TAIBBI'S "Wall Street's War," I can't help but be bummed by his Holden Caulfield-esque take on politics. Most news organizations, pundits and professors were quick to point out the historic nature of the financial-reform bill. Taibbi tells us it's all a sham. Maybe he should run for office; he certainly has a grip on what he would not do.

P. Walter, West Bend, WI

Dio's Last Ride

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT TO Russell Brand, the passing of one of heavy metal's greatest, Ronnie James Dio, should have been the cover story [Tribute, RS 1106]. A legendary singer in a genre often derided by the critics, Dio was simply a class act.

Michael A. Ginsberg
Via the Internet

"I'm a hacker but not a criminal. It's hard enough being considered a nerd without you making me look evil."

der what a high school civics class teaches today, because, sadly, the government "of the people, by the people and for the people" that I learned about in school no longer exists.

Brian Ricker, Lincoln Park, NJ

TAIBBI HAS BROUGHT more to light about financial and political corruption in this country than anyone since Edward R. Murrow took down Joe McCarthy in 1954. He has informed more people, started more dialogue and created a call for real reform.

Rhett Bradbury, Randolph, NJ

Gospel of Soul

I LOVE SOLOMON BURKE, I love Chuck Young's profile of him ["King Solomon's Sweet Thunder," RS 1105], and I love Jesus, but as the co-author of Jerry Wexler's autobiography and Jerry's close friend, I must point out that Solomon's claim that he got Jerry to accept Jesus as his savior is false. Jerry died as he lived: a proud and committed atheist.

David Ritz, Los Angeles

Solomon Burke responds: If Jerry Wexler's personal conversations with me at crucial points in his life regarding his acceptance of Christ were simply to humor me, then God bless his soul, because we are saved by our own beliefs.

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What They're Saying

The buzz about our coverage of the BP oil spill

TIM DICKINSON'S STORY "The Spill, the Scandal and the President" [RS 1107] shifted the national debate over BP's spill in the Gulf, focusing attention on the Obama administration's disastrous oversight of the oil industry. The report sparked discussions on almost every major news outlet, from *Hardball* and *Democracy Now!* to the *NBC Nightly News* and *Al Jazeera*. On



anyone who believes that the so-called liberal media is in thrall to the Obama administration should read the ROLLING STONE piece."

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Editor's Notes

The Inadequacy of Hope

IN OUR PAST TWO ISSUES, WE HAVE published two prominent pieces on BP's disastrous spill in the Gulf. In "Please, Mr. President" [RS 1106], we pointed out the administration's failure to regulate the oil industry and to hold BP accountable, urging Obama to take decisive action. Then, in "The Spill, the Scandal and the President" [RS 1107], contributing editor Tim Dickinson revealed the inside story of how the administration not only failed to crack down on the corruption of the Bush years that led to the disaster, but seriously mishandled the crisis from Day One.

The part of Dickinson's story that has received the most attention is his devastating look at how top administration officials downplayed the size of the catastrophe. Although the government's own experts feared from the very outset that the spill might exceed 64,000 barrels a day, the president's team insisted on promoting a much lower, *minimum* estimate put together by scientists. Adm. Thad Allen – the man appointed by Obama to serve as national incident commander – repeatedly put the official estimate at "12,000 to 25,000 barrels a day." When Dickinson challenged him about the misrepresentation at a press conference on June 9th, Allen barked, "I am the government, and we are not lowballing." He then proceeded, once again, to cite 25,000 bar-

rels as the spill's upper limit. The low-end number, it seems, had become something of a high-profile lie. It was not until a week after our story appeared that the government finally raised its official estimate to 60,000 barrels – the very same worst-case scenario its own experts had warned of only hours after BP's rig sank into the Gulf.

environment and treats the oil industry as a partner to be placated rather than a special interest to be regulated. Even after the worst environmental disaster in American history, the guiding principle at MMS appears to be "drill, baby, drill."

As Dickinson reveals in his hard-hitting follow-up in this issue, the Obama admin-

istration has yet to clean up the mess at MMS. It is poised to let BP proceed with plans to drill in the Arctic – a looming catastrophe that could dwarf the horror currently unfolding in the Gulf. And even more shocking, it continues to greenlight new leases in the Gulf itself, based on the same flawed reviews undertaken during the Bush era. Since BP's massive spill, the administration has approved bids on at least 96 tracts in the Gulf – including two from BP. The White House's excuse? It is merely "finalizing

paperwork" on previous bids.

America did not elect Barack Obama to finalize paperwork. We hope that our story, which begins on page 61, will help persuade the president to take immediate action to protect America's coastline from another devastating spill. The time has come to put a complete stop to all high-risk offshore drilling and to take away, once and for all, the oil industry's huge tax subsidies. Enough is enough.

—JANN S. WENNER



THE BIG SPILL A heron dying beneath an oil-splattered mangrove in Louisiana

What has received less attention, unfortunately, is the heart of what Dickinson reported. The federal agency in charge of offshore drilling, the Minerals Management Service, remains thoroughly corrupted by its years under George Bush and Dick Cheney. It rubber-stamps dangerous drilling operations, conducts no meaningful assessments to protect the



Neil Strauss

The contributing editor traveled to England for this issue's interview with Lady Gaga. "I had to jump through so many hoops," Strauss says. "Winning Gaga's trust was hard, but once I did, she talked to me like a regular person. In some ways, she's so savvy and controlling for a 24-year-old, but there's also real naiveté there, too."



Michael Hastings

For his first RS story, *Newsweek*'s former Baghdad correspondent went to Paris to interview Obama's top commander in Afghanistan. But a twist of fate gave Hastings unprecedented access: "The volcano in Iceland hit the day after I arrived," he says. "My two-day trip turned into a month-long wild ride – all the way to the front lines in Kandahar – with the man running the war."



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EMINEM RULES AGAIN Pg. 34 TOM PETTY FINDS HIS 'MOJO' Pg. 46

Rock & Roll



The Flaming Lips concluded their set by covering *Dark Side of the Moon*.

Hot, Wet and Loud in Tennessee

Kings of Leon, Jay-Z, Dave Matthews rule rock's biggest festival
By Brian Hiatt

KINGS OF LEON FRONT-man Caleb Followill, sweaty and a little drunk, stared out at one of the biggest crowds of his career, swelling from Bonnaroo's main stage to the darkened horizon – and couldn't help feeling awe-struck at how far his band had come. Along with Jay-Z, Stevie Wonder and Dave Matthews Band, the Kings were headlining the Manchester, Tennessee, festival that six years earlier consigned them to "an itty-bitty tent." "There are very few times when I really felt proud of what we accomplished," Caleb said,



Jared, Caleb and Matthew Followill (from left) head to the stage.

standing against the Kings' silvery, spotlight-studded stage set, which Bon Jovi might reject as too flashy. "This is one of those times....We worked our way here."

The Kings had just finished playing a throwback to their tent days, the spindly story-song "Trani" – a departure in a set centered around steel-plateled arena shakers from

2008's *Only by the Night*. The Kings' show was sleek and road-polished – the sole remnant of their quirker pre-fame days was Caleb's endearingly clunky guitar-strumming. The show had plenty of surprises, though, with unreleased new songs that included a John Mellencamp-like tune about Southern pride. They also played a dead-on version of the Pixies' "Where Is My Mind?" with Caleb jokingly claiming that it was also one of their new tunes.

Backstage, the Kings took the opportunity to celebrate the triumphs of the past couple of years. Late Friday night, a wasted Jared Followill nearly got arrested after doing doughnuts in the campground with a purloined golf cart. The same eve-

BONNAROO

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(1) The Black Keys' Dan Auerbach (left) and Patrick Carney used fake Southern accents to mess with truckers on their tour bus's CB radio. **(2)** Norah Jones prepped for a long ride home to New York. **(3)** "Performing for women in bikinis is mind-blowing," Conan O'Brien told ROLLING STONE cub reporter Patrick Doyle on the way to his performance. "My one regret is that no one is showering." **(4)** "A lot of good concerts happen in a cow pasture," said John Fogerty, who rocked with guitarist Hunter Perrin. **(5)** The National's Matt Berninger sang gloomy tunes in bright daylight.

ning, the band members managed to eat an entire roasted pig in their bus, carving it up with a pocketknife and tossing the carcass out the door. Oh, and Caleb narrowly beat Christopher "McLovin'" Mintz-Plasse in a ping-pong game. "We try to make an event out of it," says Nathan Followill, mentioning that the band lives in nearby Nashville. "It's rare that you can go to a festival where, God forbid, all hell breaks loose and everything goes wrong, and you could be in your driveway in 45 minutes."

Bonnaroo 2010 brought together more than 75,000 fans to watch 150 performers on two main stages and three enclosed tents. Despite impossible-to-navigate crowds, quicksand-like mud puddles and a heat

index that reached a hallucination-inducing—even-without-shrooms 105 degrees, all hell failed to break loose. Unless you count the naked dude who tried to storm the stage during LCD Soundsystem's ecstatic late-night tent set, only to

be apprehended by the Flaming Lips' Wayne Coyne, who held on to the guy's ankle until security arrived. Or the topless, befeathered young women who quite successfully pranced onto Neon Indian's stage. Or Conan O'Brien diving into the

crowd after singing a triumphant cover of the Band's "The Weight" at the end of his live variety show. Or the mammoth dance party during the festival's funkiest one-two punch ever on Saturday night: Stevie Wonder followed by Jay-Z. But at a festival known for surprise collaborations, it was an undeniable bummer that Wonder stuck around to hear Jay perform but failed to join him on-stage — and that Beyoncé, who watched from the sidelines, didn't jump onstage either.

John Fogerty, the only artist in the lineup to also play the original Woodstock (where Creedence Clearwater Revival performed in the middle of the night, after the Grateful Dead), had trouble getting onto the festival grounds — but still found the whole thing comparatively clean and well-organized, as he explained while sitting in his air-conditioned trailer. "I'm



PHOTO BY MARK SELIGER

Heineken
INSPIRE
PRESENTS

THE GREEN ROOM

FEATURING

The Hold Steady

Indie rockers, *The Hold Steady* are inspiring audiences this summer as they headline a series of weekend music festivals presented by **Heineken**. We got a chance to catch up with the guys and talk about their latest projects.

HOW WOULD YOU SAY YOUR NEW ALBUM, *HEAVEN IS WHENEVER*, IS DIFFERENT FROM PREVIOUS HOLD STEADY RECORDS?

You know, it's our fifth album and we were especially conscious of that. Maybe we aren't an indie band influenced by classic rock. Maybe we're just trying to be a classic-rock band. In the past we may have filled up every available space with music, so I think these new songs breathe a little more. They're a little more dynamic because there's just more space.

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY ARE THE BIG MUSICAL INSPIRATIONS FOR THE BAND? Well, we came from a punk-rock background. But growing up in the Midwest in

the 1980s, there was classic rock radio, before even alternative radio. That was kind of the only thing to listen to in the car. We've always been attracted to bands with big guitars and, hopefully, smart lyrics.

THE HOLD STEADY IS A RENTLESS TOURING BAND AND YOU'RE ON THE ROAD A LOT. WHAT INSPIRES YOU WHEN YOU ARE OFF STAGE? There's a lot of downtime, but because we're in the tour bus, we have to kind of hang out where the bus can be parked, which sometimes limits your ability to see the city. But we really like walking around a city. That's an inspiration for us. Just taking off and walking, even if it's just through a residential neigh-

borhood. The travel's a really interesting thing, and it's part of what we really enjoy.

YOU GUYS ARE STARTING THE EUROPEAN LEG OF YOUR TOUR RIGHT NOW—DOES THE HOLD STEADY HAVE A BIG FOLLOWING OVERSEAS? Certainly in the U.K., we've been really well received there. We've done some other European touring, not tons, but wherever we go, there seems to be pockets of Hold Steady fans, which is a really cool feeling. To be in Australia or Croatia and have people who know all the words to your songs—it never really ceases to amaze me.

AFTER ALL THIS TIME, DO YOU STILL GET A KICK OUT OF PLAYING LIVE? Absolutely. The more bands we meet, the more we realize that we like touring way more than most bands. A lot of people look at it as this kind of necessary evil, but we genuinely like it and have a really good time. I mean, we like making records, but I think the Hold Steady is a live band. That's the best way to experience it.

UPCOMING FROM HEINEKEN INSPIRE

Watch for more band profiles throughout the summer and be a part of the action when Heineken Inspire comes to you:

CHICAGO June 25 & 26
NEW YORK July 30 & 31
L.A. August 27 & 28

► GET INSPIRED

Each event will include its own line-up of great artists. Go to the Heineken Inspire Facebook page to find out more about the exciting bands performing, as well as information on the featured DJs, interactive games and other Heineken Inspired activities taking place all summer long.

HEINEKEN INSPIRE ROCKS MIAMI

On May 21 and 22 Heineken Inspire made some noise in Miami with intense performances from The Hold Steady, Cold War Kids, Wale and others.



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BONNAROO

glad I'm not playing at 3:00 in the morning, and I'm also glad I'm not following the Dead," said Fogerty, who played a set heavy on CCR hits. "I'm going to kick butt, that's my job."

On-site medical personnel reportedly treated 3,000 attendees, many for heat-related problems. One man, 29-year-old David Matthew Sloan, died of causes yet to be determined. Most fans dealt with the oppressive sun (and their sometimes overenthusiastic intake of intoxicants) by ducking into misting tents, or simply throwing down blankets and lying on the ground — making your way to the music tents meant stepping over, or on, hundreds of semi-conscious bodies.

At least for the length of their sets, performers had no escape from the heat. The Black Keys played an intense tent set Friday night that included major chunks of their new album. Afterward, drummer Patrick Carney's pants were soaked to the ankles with perspiration. Kris Kristofferson played his own tent show during an even hotter Sunday afternoon, when it was so steamy he couldn't keep his guitar in tune as he played "Me and Bobby McGee," among other classics. "I'm melted," he said. "That's probably the hottest thing I've had to do in a long time. I'm just glad they were so generous. As long as nobody leaves, it's cool."

In the vast, sweaty mess, barriers between the performers and the audience broke down. O'Brien sat on a lawn chair, drink in hand, in a beer garden in the middle of the grounds, happily greeting fan after fan. A white-jacketed Steve Martin had to use the Porta-Potties like everyone else. Drenched in sweat, LCD Soundsystem frontman James Murphy wandered the halls of a hotel just off the grounds, looking for a shower. And Alex Ebert, frontman of Edward Sharpe and the Magnetic Zeros, was stranded at the festival exit one



(1) Jay-Z declared Bonnaroo his "second home" during a relentless greatest-hits set. (2) Beyoncé watched from the sidelines but didn't jump onstage. (3) Christopher "McLovin" Mintz-Plasse was ubiquitous. "I used to go to Warped Tour," he said. "But I'm done with that hardcore stuff." (4) New Jersey's the Gaslight Anthem failed to dress for the weather.



Kings of Leon's Summer Plans

The band gears up for arena tour and "chilled out" new album

Taking a break from mixing their fifth record — which could be out as early as October — the Kings of Leon debuted four of the new songs at Bonnaroo, with working titles "The Immortals," "Radioactive," "Mary" and "Going Down South." "People probably expect us to come out with six 'Use Somebody's' and four 'Sex on Fire's,'" says drummer Nathan Followill, puffing a pipe on his bus backstage. "But these songs will catch those people off guard a little bit. It's more chilled out than that. It's a record that you can have a smoke, throw a towel out on a beach, and turn it on. It's a roller coaster." Adds bassist Jared Followill, "I don't really like any of our records, but I really like this one."

The group recorded and co-produced the album in March and April at Manhattan's Avatar Studios with Jacquire King and

Angelo Petraglia. "We didn't know what to expect there, because we did our previous albums in Nashville and Los Angeles, where it's sunny and chilled out and everything."

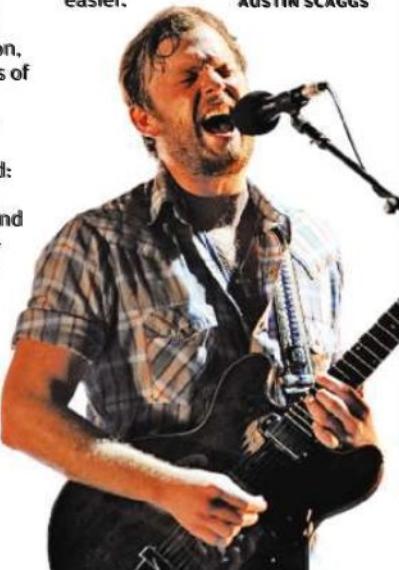
Many of the new songs were written during their last tour, which wrapped last October, and a handful were created during the following six months of downtime, the band's first extended break ever. "We've got fiddle, trumpet, percussion, four-part harmonies, all kinds of stuff," says Nathan.

To deliver those parts, the Followills welcomed a fifth member to their touring band: jack-of-all-trades Chris Coleman. "Pearl Jam has Boom, and why not?" says Nathan, referring to PJ's touring keyboard player. "We call Chris our little redneck Boom."

During their 29-date summer tour — which kicks off in Southern California

in early July and includes a stop in August at San Francisco's Outside Lands festival — the Kings will continue to sprinkle in new cuts. "I remember the first time we ever played in front of 2,000 people, we thought we'd die from nervousness, and now things are just crazy," says Nathan. "Plus the private jet makes life so much easier."

AUSTIN SCAGGS



Caleb Followill during the Kings' Bonnaroo homecoming

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BONNAROO



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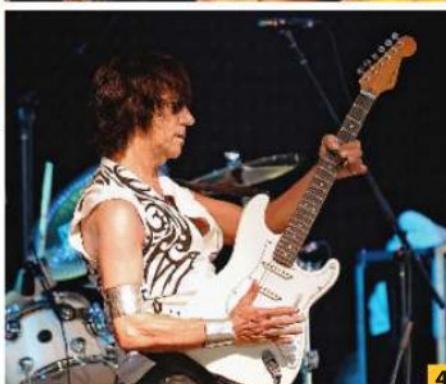
(1) Weezer's Rivers Cuomo killed time backstage. (2) Damian Marley and Nas bogarted joints on their tour bus and watched the World Cup. (3) Phoenix's Thomas Mars led fans on a singalong of "1901." (4) Jeff Beck shredded through solo after solo to a hippie-heavy crowd. (5) Stevie Wonder played possibly the hottest keytar solo in history.



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night, looking for a ride back to his hotel.

Bonnaroo was known as a jam-band festival before it branched out, and there was plenty of that spirit this year, courtesy of acts both expected (Umphrey's McGee, who played one song that within a few bars went from fusion to something like speed metal) and unlikely (Jay-Z had his monstrously tight backup band improvise wildly to a crescendo for a couple of minutes, and even called for a drum solo).

Jeff Beck's tent set was a hippie favorite, with women a third his age undulating to his squeally solos. And Wonder was the most freely improvisational performer of them all: He began by playing a syncopated

version of the riff to "Did I Hear You Say You Love Me" on a keytar, which he then used to play Beck-worthy guitar-style solos, complete with screaming note bends. Later, he

tore up his set list, jumping into impromptu cover tunes like "I Heard It Through the Grapevine" and shouting out chord changes to his beleaguered band. Bonnaroo vet Dave Matthews closed out the four-day festival with a guitar-heavy show, concluding with "All Along the Watchtower." Beforehand, he made it clear that he was anything but complacent about playing the familiar setting. "I'm a little anxious about it, because there will be a lot of people that are our audience, but also a lot of people that are not, or who saw us once in '97 and don't need to see us again," he said. "That's always the people I'm aiming at. I want to rip that person's face off, which I think this band is qualified to do, even if we are old and creaky. I still think

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Cliff begins his first U.S. tour in five years this summer.

Jimmy Cliff Launches Comeback

Reggae pioneer says his “fire is still burning” to make a great new album

Jimmy Cliff's Bonnaroo performance - with the 62-year-old reggae pioneer dancing with youthful energy and tipping his head back in ecstasy as he hit shivering pure high notes - was one of the festival's most uplifting moments. With a new album tentatively due in the fall, and his first U.S. tour in five years starting this month, Cliff's comeback is just beginning. "A lot of artists who have been around as long as I have are probably satisfied with what they've done," he says, sitting in his backstage

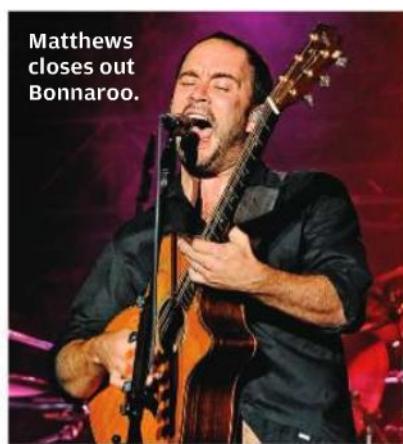
trailer. "I'm happy for what I've achieved, but I have a lot yet that I want to do, so that fire is still burning to get there." Cliff has roamed far from reggae since breaking through with 1972's *The Harder They Come* soundtrack, touching on funk and other sounds - but the new album, recorded with an all-Jamaican band, stays closer to his roots. It's also full of politically charged lyrics, which Cliff is convinced the world needs. "The music that is being put out today, it's not touching any consciousness, it's, 'Let's party,'" he says with a smile. "OK, the party's good, I love to party too, but some awareness needs to be touched. I felt that's the difference that I bring."

BRIAN HIATT

we're able to rip your face off of your face."

Amid the chaotic fun, there was room for deeper statements. Jay-Z big-upped Obama; Wonder condemned Tea Partiers and racism ("If you want to be a supremacist, be the supreme of bringing people together") before playing a version of "Living for the City" that had the crowd singing the verses. The Flaming Lips' Wayne Coyne called for the legalization of pot, and expressed hope that this generation would make peace on Earth a reality, "and not just talk about it." Jimmy Cliff added Afghanistan references to his protest song "Vietnam," and sang "I Can See Clearly Now" in the face of a sky filled with ominous clouds.

Late on Friday night, the Flaming Lips played a heartfelt, if ramshackle, version



of Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon*. For Coyne, a Roger Waters lyric from the album's "Eclipse" sums up the meaning of the Bonnaroo experience - heat, crowds and all. "People say, 'Why are you doing *Dark Side of the Moon*? It seems dark and cynical,' but I don't believe it is. I think it's a great, sim-

ple mantra, this idea of 'all that you touch and all that you see and all that you taste' - the idea that your experiences are your life. I think that says a lot to this crowd here, saying, 'This isn't about reading something in a book or watching a movie or being on the Internet. This is about really living life.' It's about your friends, it may rain on you, it's going to be

hot, you have to shit in some Porta-Potty. It's about experiences, and that's what your life is. Life is not what you dream, it's what you live."

Additional reporting by PATRICK DOYLE, KEVIN O'DONNELL and AUSTIN SCAGGS

IN THE NEWS



E Street's Max Weinberg on Conan, Bruce

With Bruce Springsteen off the road and Conan O'Brien off the air, drummer and late-night bandleader Max Weinberg is hitting the road himself as the leader of the **Max Weinberg Big Band**. The 15-piece group will play instrumental versions of swing classics alongside rearranged Springsteen cuts like "Born to Run." O'Brien returns to late-night TV with a TBS show in November, but Weinberg doesn't know if he'll be a part of it. "There have been no discussions," he says. "In terms of Conan O'Brien and Max Weinberg, people will have to stay tuned." He does know that Springsteen and the **E Street Band** will tour and record again. "Bruce will get an itching to play and send signals through the air," Weinberg says. "I'm pretty sure we'll be back out there."



Simon and Garfunkel Tour Postponed

Simon and Garfunkel's 18-date North American summer tour has been postponed indefinitely because **Art Garfunkel** is suffering from vocal paresis. It's another major blow to the troubled summer concert season, following **U2's** rescheduled tour and cancellations by **Christina Aguilera** and **Limp Bizkit**. Simon and Garfunkel hope to set new dates, but doctors are not able to say when Garfunkel's voice will return. "I can't bring my 'A game' to a tour," he said.

it's all in the name

vitamin (as in packed)

water (but tastier)

zero (calories*)



Ellen DeGeneres is standing on a pink carpet, holding a large white sign that reads "vitamin water zero". She is wearing a black and white outfit. The carpet is covered with various positive words like "flavorful", "delicious", "mega-c", "amazing", "fabulous", "mouth-watering", "yummy", and "tasty". To the right of Ellen is a bottle of Glacéau vitaminwater zero, naturally sweetened grape-raspberry flavor. The bottle is pink and has a label that includes "excellent source of c and b vitamins", "120% vitamin c", "40% vitamins b3 b5 b6 b12", "zinc", "electrolytes", and "nutrient enhanced water beverage".

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*zero calories per 8 fl oz serving

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BOOKSHELF

Warner Music Group and the Fall of the Record Industry

New book 'Fortune's Fool' delves deep into the industry's struggles

IT'S BECOME CONVENTIONAL WISDOM: The record labels brought this disastrous past decade on themselves; after years of ripping off artists, they blew their best chance to save themselves when they sued the file-sharing service Napster instead of going into business with it. Fred Goodman, author of *Fortune's Fool*, says it's more complicated than that. "The record companies are as rotten as any other corporation, but they created a lot of great things," he says. "Had they made a deal with Napster, they might have established something, but they also might have lost 95 percent of their customers."

More than any book before it, *Fortune's Fool* gets inside the heads of record execs as they weather the crash. It follows Edgar Bronfman Jr., heir to the Seagram fortune and current head of the Warner Music Group. Bronfman is the opposite of the archetypal "record man" – he's neither "book smart or street smart," sneers a competitor. He was tarred by Wall Street as the rich kid who lost his family \$3 billion when he created the world's largest record label, Universal, only to watch the stock plummet. But alone among the label heads, he embraced the digital future and ended up steer-

Music Biz 101: Four More Great Rock Reads



Hit Men
By Fredric Dannen

This 1990 classic takes on the power brokers who ruled the record biz in the 1980s – and the illegal methods, including payola, they used to manufacture hits.



Appetite for Self-Destruction
By Steve Knopper

The perfect companion to *Fortune's Fool* – RS contributor Knopper provides the definitive account of the fall of the major labels.



FORTUNATE ONES Warner's Bronfman with Quincy Jones in New York

ing WMG, which he acquired in 2004, through difficult waters, mostly by being willing to "try anything" – empowering Warner's digital division to cut deals with tech companies all over the globe.

Goodman – author of the powerhouse rock history *The Mansion on the Hill* and a longtime ROLLING STONE contributor – had unprecedented access to dozens of top players, from Bronfman and WMG vice chairman Lyor Cohen to Universal's Doug Morris. The book ends with Bronfman fighting the digital revolution to a draw – Warner's growth stays flat as all the other majors fall. "I hoped the labels were going to come up with a solution," Goodman says. "When it became clear they weren't going to figure it out, I had to write the book that way."

NATHAN BRACKETT



So You Wanna Be a Rock & Roll Star
By Jacob Slichter

This zippy memoir by Semisonic drummer Slichter is a killer account of the absurdity of life inside the majors' hitmaking machine.



Something in the Air
By Marc Fisher

The best book ever written about the world-changing rise of rock radio – from early DJs like Alan Freed to the free-form FM revolution.

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ON THE CHARTS

Eminem

The MC returns to radio with the smash 'Not Afraid'

EMINEM HAD ONE MISSION WHILE RECORDING his new *Recovery* (out now): Don't repeat the mistakes of last year's *Relapse*. "He felt like he missed a lot of people with that record," says the MC's longtime manager, Paul Rosenberg. "It was too insular, geared too much to hardcore Eminem fans who wanted the serial-killer fantasies and Slim Shady stuff."

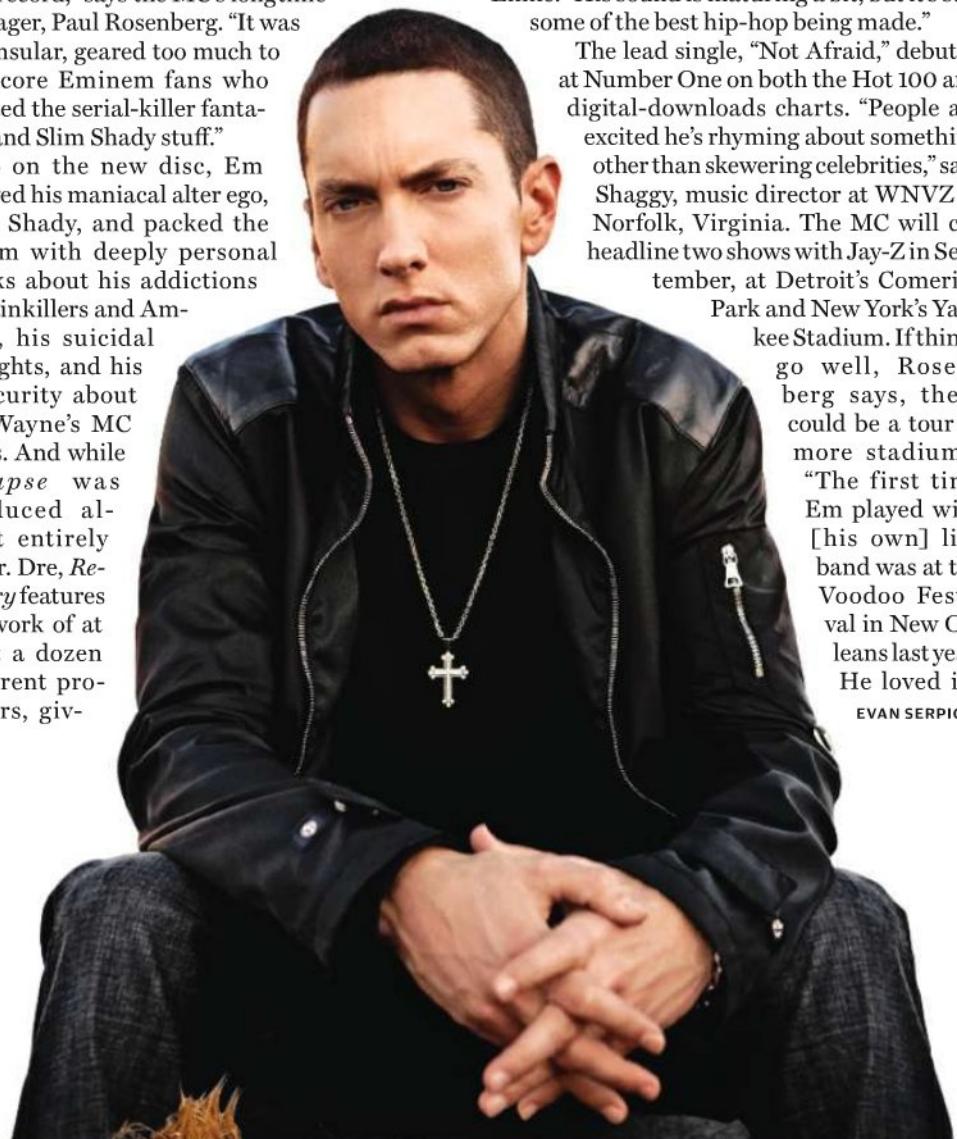
So on the new disc, Em shelved his maniacal alter ego, Slim Shady, and packed the album with deeply personal tracks about his addictions to painkillers and Ambien, his suicidal thoughts, and his insecurity about Lil Wayne's MC skills. And while *Relapse* was produced almost entirely by Dr. Dre, *Recovery* features the work of at least a dozen different producers, giv-

ing it a broad range of sounds and textures. "He told me he wanted to make it more accessible, make the songs more focused," says Just Blaze, who produced three tracks on *Recovery*, including the Lil Wayne collaboration "No Love." Kid Cudi beatmaker Emile, who produced "Going Through Changes," says Eminem was looking for a track with a big classic-rock chorus, and he jumped when the producer played Black Sabbath's "Changes," which provides the song's hook. "He knew exactly what he wanted," says Emile. "His sound is maturing a bit, but it's still some of the best hip-hop being made."

The lead single, "Not Afraid," debuted at Number One on both the Hot 100 and digital-downloads charts. "People are excited he's rhyming about something other than skewering celebrities," says Shaggy, music director at WNVZ in Norfolk, Virginia. The MC will co-headline two shows with Jay-Z in September, at Detroit's Comerica Park and New York's Yankee Stadium. If things

go well, Rosenberg says, there could be a tour of more stadiums: "The first time Em played with [his own] live band was at the Voodoo Festival in New Orleans last year. He loved it."

EVAN SERPICK



La Roux's Big Break

Looking at the current Top 40, one act stands out: English synth-pop duo La Roux, led by androgynous singer Elly Jackson, whose single "Bulletproof" is the surprise hit of the summer. The song was a U.K. smash in 2009, but it needed a year to get traction stateside. "It takes a lot more boozing and schmoozing here than it does in Europe," says Jackson. Also helping: Ellen DeGeneres invited La Roux to her show in March. "In the U.K., it's cool to only do the cool things," says Jackson. "But that doesn't work anywhere else."

ANDY GREENE



Will.i.am and K'naan in South Africa

Somali MC Scores a World Cup Anthem

Coke ad takes K'naan's 'Wavin' Flag' global

The World Cup won't have a winner until July 11th, but the sporting event already has a breakout music hit: "Wavin' Flag," an anthemic 2009 cut by Somali-born, Canadian-raised hip-hop artist K'naan. "Everybody has been moved by the song and the message," says the 32-year-old MC. "It's about that one thing we all want: freedom." Picked by Coca-Cola to back its \$300 million global advertising campaign, "Wavin' Flag" has become a clear fan favorite over FIFA's official World Cup songs, Shakira's clubby "Waka Waka (This Time for Africa)" and R. Kelly's melodramatic "Sign of a Victory." Coke helped coordinate 20 bilingual "Wavin' Flag" remixes featuring musicians from around the world, and the tune has topped the iTunes singles chart in 14 countries. The song was originally inspired by the violence and poverty of K'naan's native Somalia, but Coke asked him to change lyrics like "violent-prone, poor-people zone." "It's nice to have this song that's heavy, but the World Cup isn't about that," he says. "This was an opportunity to reach the world and not rain on anybody's parade." Now K'naan is capitalizing on the global stage: His label is re-releasing 2009's *Troubadour* LP with a remix of "Wavin' Flag," he's returning to South Africa to perform on July 10th, and he's kicking off a headlining North American tour in the fall.

DAVID BROWNE



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Who Wants to Be a VIP?

YOU LIKE PIÑA COLADAS AND ROCKING out on a lawn chair? For \$850, Lollapalooza will sell you a VIP package that also includes gourmet snacks from top Chicago chefs. Want to get even closer? For \$550, Aerosmith fans get to hear drummer Joey Kramer read from

his autobiography. This summer, pretty much every major tour offers some kind of high-priced VIP package – from Gaga's pre-show dance party to a ping-pong tournament with pop-punk crew All Time Low. We break down the biggest, craziest and most expensive packages. **STEVE KNOPPER**



LADY GAGA

WHAT IT COSTS: \$405

WHAT YOU GET:

A "premium-priced Level-1 reserved seat" and a pre-show backstage disco party. Also included: Lady Gaga merch and collectible laminate.

BOOZE SITUATION:

Not ideal – it's a cash bar. But you get free snacks!

STAR ACCESS:

No Gaga for you.



BON JOVI

WHAT IT COSTS: \$1,875

WHAT YOU GET: Seat in the first three rows, leather bag, \$150 voucher for Bon Jovi online store – and you get to take home the chair you were sitting on. (This is not a joke.)



BOOZE SITUATION:

Top-notch – open bar, catered meal, special "VIP cocktail" upon arrival.

STAR ACCESS:

No. But you can get your picture taken with JBJ's mike stand. (Also not a joke.)



BLACK EYED PEAS

WHAT IT COSTS: \$575

WHAT YOU GET: Seat in "the best sections next to the stage," backstage tour, autographed vinyl copy of *The E.N.D.*, gift bag, tour program.



BOOZE SITUATION:

Solid – pre-show open bar and catered meal.

STAR ACCESS:

At least one Pea – but there's no way of knowing if you'll get Fergie or Taboo.



KISS

WHAT IT COSTS: \$975

WHAT YOU GET: Seat in the first five rows, Flip video camera, concert shirt, poster, laminate, set of guitar picks and \$25 voucher to online store.



BOOZE SITUATION: Not that we know of.

STAR ACCESS:

Totally! Pose with the entire band for a photo you'll treasure forever.



THE EAGLES

WHAT IT COSTS: \$750-\$900

WHAT YOU GET: Ticket in the first six rows, entry to a raffle for items that may include Joe Walsh's used guitar strings, special entrance away from public, "personal host."



BOOZE SITUATION: Not bad. Wine, beer and buffet dinner.

STAR ACCESS: Clearly no.



AEROSMITH

WHAT IT COSTS: \$1,450

WHAT YOU GET: Seat in the first three rows, tour T-shirt and lapel pin, and, awesomely, a pre-show karaoke party.



BOOZE SITUATION: Keep Steven Tyler out of the karaoke party! That's where the booze is.

STAR ACCESS:

Yes! Both Toxic Twins stop by briefly pre-show. For the \$550 package, Joey Kramer does a dramatic reading from his autobiography.

IN THE NEWS



Elvis Costello, Pixies Cancel Israeli Shows

After Israel's raid on a Turkish flotilla carrying humanitarian aid to Gaza, which killed nine people, several artists, including the Gorillaz and Pixies, called off shows in Israel. Elvis Costello had canceled a pair of Israeli dates two weeks before the raid. "Having your name on a schedule may be interpreted as a political act," he wrote on his website. The Gorillaz and Pixies were scheduled to perform at Tel Aviv's Pic.Nic festival in early June. "Artists play for fans, not governments," says Pic.Nic's promoter, Shuki Weiss. "Playing here doesn't mean you agree with the government's actions."



Rush Hits the Big Screen

Rush: Beyond the Lighted Stage, a documentary about the 40-year career of the prog-rock legends, has become an unexpected critical hit and won the Audience Award at the Tribeca Film Festival. (The DVD is out June 29th.) "You don't think a film about a rock band is going to be taken that seriously," says frontman Geddy Lee. "It's a nice surprise." The group will launch a tour in late June, playing 1981's *Moving Pictures* (which includes the classics "Tom Sawyer" and "YYZ") in its entirety. "The renewed interest has fired us up," says Lee. "We want to take advantage of this moment."

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HARMAN

IN THE STUDIO



Elton John Rediscovers His Inspiration: Leon Russell

On brilliant, soulful new disc, John duets with his early-Seventies hero

WHEN ELTON JOHN PLAYED HIS first U.S. shows, in August 1970 at the Troubadour in Los Angeles, he spotted a celebrity in the audience one night: Leon Russell. "You can't miss that hair and those glasses," John recalls now. "I absolutely panicked, because he was one of my idols."

Three months later, John opened for Russell at New York's Fillmore East. Russell was riding high as a songwriter ("Delta Lady," "A Song for You") and a solo artist; his 1970 debut album, *Leon Russell*, was loaded with guest superstars such as Steve Winwood, George Harrison and Eric Clapton. Russell had also been the ringmaster of Joe Cocker's 1970 live revue *Mad Dogs and Englishmen*. But Russell clearly remembers his reaction as he watched John's performances. "He was so dynamic," Russell reflects in his gritty Oklahoma drawl. "I thought my career was over."

That was the last time the two singer-pianists worked together – until 2009, when John, a global superstar, phoned Russell at home in Nashville and asked, "Would you like to make a record with me?" John, 63, says he called Russell, 68, who hadn't made a major-label studio record in nearly two decades, for a simple reason:

"His music takes me back to a wonderful time in my life, of music and experimenting, people sharing what we had. It pisses me off that he was forgotten about."

Produced by T Bone Burnett, *The Union* features songs written, in some combination, by John, Russell and John's lifelong lyricist, Bernie Taupin. The R&B big-band roll of "If It Wasn't for Bad," the country ballad "Gone to Shiloh"

and the storefront-church energy in "A Dream Come True" invoke both Russell's Seventies peak and his impact on John's early hit albums such as *Tumbleweed Connection* and *Honky Château*. The tracks

were cut live in the studio with John and Russell on dueling pianos and a band that includes legendary R&B organist Booker T. Jones, steel guitarist Robert Randolph, a 10-piece gospel chorale and, on guest vocals, Neil Young and Brian Wilson.

The sessions in Los Angeles early this year were especially remarkable because Russell was recovering from brain surgery. "I was an hour late the first day, just getting out of bed," Russell says, cackling. "By then, Elton had already written five songs." *[Cont. on 40]*

STUDIO NOTES

Brandon Flowers Goes Solo

Album *Flamingo*
Due Out September

Earlier this year, the **Killers** decided to take some time off – but not **Brandon Flowers**. "I don't blame them for taking a break," says the singer, 29. "But I'm always writing, and I wanted to chase these songs. I also have a fear that if I stop for a year, it might mess me up." Working mostly with Madonna producer **Stuart Price** and **Daniel Lanois** in tandem (**Brendan O'Brien** also produced a few cuts), Flowers has made a solo set that walks a line between the Killers' New Wave rock and a more rootsy sound. Named after Flamingo Road, an off-Strip Vegas street that Flowers calls his "Penny Lane," the LP features tunes about his spiritual beliefs ("Playing With Fire"), regret ("Hard Enough," with **Jenny Lewis**) and the seedy side of his hometown ("Welcome to Fabulous Las Vegas"). He'll support the disc with a tour in the fall and reconnect with the Killers in early 2011. "I seem to be at the age where you peak, and it freaks me out," he says. "I don't want to miss my chance."

AUSTIN SCAGGS



IN BRIEF

■ **Robert Plant**'s next album, *Band of Joy*, is due September 14th and features covers of songs by indie trio Low, Los Lobos' "Angel Dance" and traditional Appalachian folk songs. The LP was co-produced by Plant and country musician **Buddy Miller**. Said Plant, "He's integral. You can hear his taste all over the instrumentation – mid-Fifties rockabilly, great country stuff and Memphis soul."

A man and a woman are dancing in a bedroom. The man is in the foreground, wearing blue and white striped pajama bottoms and a grey t-shirt. The woman is behind him, wearing a white tank top and grey sweatpants. They are both smiling and appear to be having fun.

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AND THEN THERE WERE THREE...
Fogarino, Kessler and Banks (from left) at Electric Lady.

JOHN AND RUSSELL

[Cont. from 38] "Leon had the surgery three weeks before we went into the studio - he was probably still under anesthetics," Burnett points out. "But you could see the music starting to wire him back up. By the second week, he was killin' it on the piano."

"The more we did, the more he came to life," John says. "Leon knows he's made a damn good record and is still worth a lot as a creative artist."

Russell sums up his talent this way: "I'm a collage artist - a little bit of this, a little bit of that," he says, laughing. As a teenager, playing in clubs in Oklahoma, he devoured inspiration from R&B and gospel radio; he recalls see-

Track by Track: Elton and Leon

"A Dream Come True"

JOHN: We had just convened in the studio. T Bone put up a YouTube clip of Mahalia Jackson, and it inspired us. I went to the piano and started writing. Leon came and played it with me - two pianos, two voices. It broke the ice.

ing a live extravaganza topped by Lloyd Price, in which stars like Clyde McPhatter and Bo Diddley "would do two songs, leave, then someone else would come out. That's what Mad Dogs and Englishmen was about."

"I Should Have Sent Roses"

RUSSELL: Bernie had this set of lyrics. I set them on the piano and just sang. Unbeknownst to me, T Bone recorded it on his phone. I told Bernie he was my new favorite lyric writer. He said, "Who was the first?" I said, "Jimmy Reed."

"Monkey Suit"

JOHN: No one uses two pianos on a record anymore, since Phil Spector, probably. The original track of this is just Leon and me playing pianos, perfectly in time. We recorded the band on top of that, because we couldn't make it any better.

"The Hands of Angels"

RUSSELL: I wrote it for Elton. I wanted to give him something for doing this for me: "What can I give this guy? He has 10 of everything." I went in and sang it, two keys too high. Then I did it again, lower. That's the take on the album.

Russell was hip to John before that Troubadour debut; Russell tried to sign him to his Shelter label. "I've always been interested in soul singers - white soul singers in particular," Russell says. But he is modest about his influence on John.

"He says, 'I got this and that from you' - I don't hear it," Russell insists. "It's his own thing."

John isn't buying that. "He calls me the guv'nor," John says, "and I call him the master. Because that's what he is."

DAVID FRICKE

Interpol

Album Interpol
Due Out September 14th

Interpol had big plans for the summer: They were going to open for U2 at stadiums across the country and were set to release their fourth record. But then Bono injured his back, canceling the tour, and the band's bassist, Carlos D, quit the group. "He has other ventures he wants to pursue," says singer Paul Banks, sitting at a console at New York's Electric Lady Studios. Says guitarist Daniel Kessler, "You can just check his website." (Slint's Dave Pajo will play bass and Secret Machine's Brandon Curtis will play keys on Interpol's rescheduled tour.)

After a stint on Capitol, which released Interpol's third album, the sharply dressed group returned to indie label Matador - a journey chronicled on the opening track, "Success." "It's about the foibles of fame and narcissism," says Banks. The new disc expands on the moody post-punk Cure sound Interpol mined on their earlier records, with more-commanding vocals from Banks. "It feels like Paul is owning the moment, in every which way, on every single song," says drummer Sam Fogarino. On the lead single, "Barricade," heavy, reverb-haunted guitar riffs meet driving drums. The poppy "Lights" leads into a final three-song suite, united by the sound of static that runs throughout. And as on Interpol's previous records, the mood stays dark. "I rely on certain themes because those are things I obsess over," says Banks. "Those being sex and alienation and fear." GUS WENNER

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ON THE ROAD

Strokes Blast Back With U.K. Gigs

June 12th, Isle of Wight Festival, England

Strolling onstage to Queen's "We Will Rock You," the Strokes officially launched their long-in-the-works comeback with a taut, 85-minute set at the U.K.'s Isle of Wight Festival. "So, yeah, we're fucking playing again, doing this shit for you," frontman Julian Casablancas joked near the end of the 17-song set, including eight tunes from the band's 2001 debut. Not performed at the Isle of Wight show? Any new material, even though guitarist Albert Hammond Jr. recently said that a new record is "70 to 75 percent done." Instead, the U.K. gigs (the band also played a Scottish show and an unannounced warm-up club gig in London), showcased the group's precise, finely carved neo-garage sound on cuts like "Is This It" and "The Modern Age." After all, earlier this year, Casablancas gave a very succinct reason for this summer's trek through European and U.S. festivals: "The [money] was so crazy that we had to say yes."

LAST NITE Casablancas, in Scotland, didn't play any new cuts at the band's U.K. shows.



Arcade Fire Debut Songs at Surprise Show



ON FIRE Tim Kingsbury, Butler and Régine Chassagne (from left) in Sherbrooke, Quebec

"We're going to play some new songs tonight - hope that's all right," Arcade Fire frontman Win Butler said three numbers into a secret show 90 miles outside Montreal that followed an even more secret show days earlier at a historic mansion. In addition to classic anthems like "Keep the Car Running" and "Neighborhood #1 (Tunnels)," the band broke out seven tunes from its forthcoming third LP, *The Suburbs* - including the epic "We Used to Wait" and the slow-burning "Rococo." The band's U.S. tour kicks off in August and includes a stop at Madison Square Garden. **BERNARD PERUSSE**

TOUR BRIEFS



Tool

Through July 16th
Tickets: \$50-\$70

"Maybe I'll just come out in my birthday suit," says **Tool** frontman **Maynard James Keenan**, attempting to figure out how to shock fans during the band's upcoming summer tour. "A 46-year-old naked dude running around onstage - let's see how that goes over." Keenan is gearing up for the prog-metal band's 17-city summer jaunt, which includes two stops at Denver's Red Rocks. As on past tours, expect dark psychedelic visuals and a killer laser show. Tool are also writing their first new material since 2006's *10,000 Days*, and Keenan says they might debut some of it live. "If it comes together, you'll hear new stuff," he says. "If it's not ready, you won't."



Rock the Bells Festival

August 21st-29th
Tickets: \$75-\$150

Headliners: Lauryn Hill, Wu-Tang Clan, Snoop Dogg

In its seventh year, hip-hop festival Rock the Bells pulled off a major feat: snagging the reclusive **Lauryn Hill** as a headliner. "She thought highly enough of us to be a part of it," says RTB founder Chang Weisberg of the singer, who will play cuts from her 1998 LP *The Miseducation of Lauryn Hill*. Co-headliners **Snoop Dogg**, **A Tribe Called Quest**, **Slick Rick**, **Rakim** and **Wu-Tang Clan** will each perform one of their classic LPs in its entirety. "Rock artists do this all the time, but it hasn't gone down in hip-hop," says Weisberg. "We're trying to make these shows historic."



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PROFILE



FAMILY MAN BOH frontman Bridwell, in Paris, had a kid and got married while making his new LP.

Band of Horses Find Their Way Home on Hit Third Album

How singer Ben Bridwell went from homeless to opening for Pearl Jam

A DECADE AGO, BAND OF Horses' Ben Bridwell was broke and basically homeless in Seattle. "I was sleeping on rooftops and breaking into Ryder trucks," says Bridwell, whose grizzly beard and neck tattoo make him look like Waylon Jennings' drinking buddy. "I remember getting a tall boy, a bag of chips and a Snickers, and thinking, 'That's today's food groups.'" But tonight, onstage at New Jersey's Prudential Center, where BOH are opening for Pearl Jam, it's clear how far he's come: "This is my daughter, Annabelle," he says, holding a tiny blond child wearing giant noise-canceling headphones. "She'll be two years old tomorrow. Will you help me sing 'Happy Birthday'?"

Over lunchtime beers in a New York bar the next day, Bridwell seems amazed at where he's ended up — married with a kid and embarking on his first arena tour behind a hit

record. *Infinite Arms*, Band of Horses' major-label debut, was a Top 10 release. "Now we spend our nights in sold-out stadiums," he says. "The lows were low, but the highs are high." And after working with a revolving door of sidemen, Bridwell has gelled with a core group of musicians, who share writing credits on the new LP: "We finally sound like a real band."

"There was a lot of drugs and drinking," Bridwell says. "I needed to get out."

Bridwell began writing the new LP during a rough patch — 2007's *Cease to Begin* was an indie hit, but the singer's life was falling apart. "There was a lot of drugs and drinking," he says. "I needed to get out." So to make *Infinite Arms*, Bridwell hit the road, recording everywhere from L.A. to Asheville, North Carolina, to Muscle Shoals, Alabama. He shacked up in two isolated cabins: one in Minnesota, the other in South

Carolina. "He'd sit outside and record the frogs croaking," says keyboardist Ryan Monroe. "You can hear those frogs at the end of *Infinite Arms*."

Along the way, Annabelle was born. Bridwell married her mother, whom he'd met on tour. For the first time in his life, he settled down, and *Infinite Arms* became an album about finding a place to go back to. Even the song titles — "On My Way Back Home," "Evening Kitchen," "Neighbor" — express longing for a more domestic life. "Every house not a home," Bridwell sings on "Neighbor," "but...there's a light on the porch here for someone."

These days, Bridwell's own porch light is in South Carolina. "It's mostly farming and horse boarding there," he says of his rural town. "There's one convenience store, no gas stations, no police force." But his new family is there, and his new band rounds out his concept of home. "We had ex-members before we released an album," he says. "Now it's a real family — everyone's here to stay."

MELISSA MAERZ

IN THE NEWS



Donald Fagen's All-Star Tour

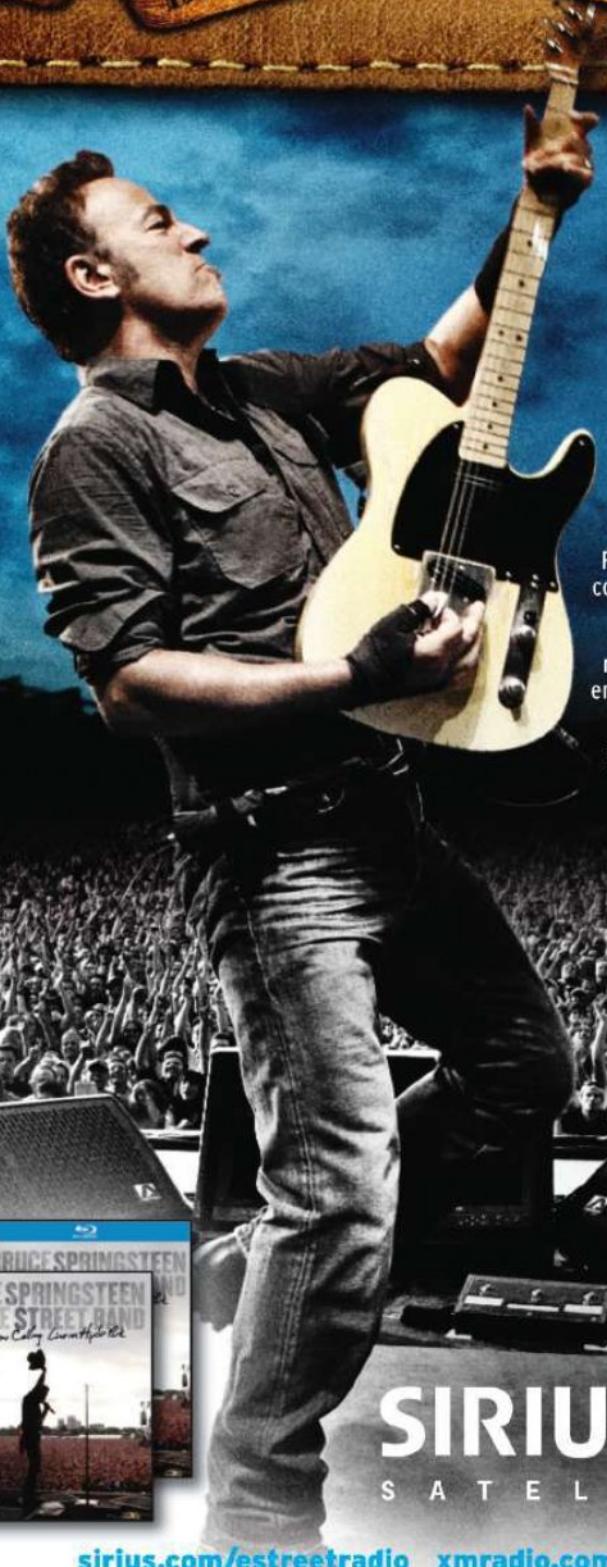
Calling themselves the Dukes of September, **Michael McDonald, Boz Scaggs and Steely Dan's Donald Fagen** are teaming up for a tour that kicks off in August. The trio will play together for the entire show and take turns singing. "This is a real band — not some *American Idol*/TV thing," says Fagen. "There's going to be no synths and we're going to try to respect the music." In addition to their own hits, the trio plan on covering tunes by the **Grateful Dead, the Band and Ray Charles**. Steely Dan have an Australian tour in November, but no new album planned. "We throw ideas around once in a while," says Fagen, "but we can't seem to get serious about it." In the meantime, Fagen is working on a solo LP. "Only one song is done," he says. "It's got a James Brown-ish feel."



Isley Bassist Dies at 56

Marvin Isley, the bassist during the **Isley Brothers'** Seventies funk era, died on June 6th in Chicago of diabetes. Isley joined the band of siblings in 1973, and his thick, propulsive bass lines fueled some of the group's biggest songs — including the Top 10 hits "That Lady (Part 1)" and "Fight the Power Part 1," which Marvin co-wrote. "He was a humble guy," says friend **Bootsy Collins**. "But when he had something to say on the bass, he would say it. Those solid, smooth bass grooves will really be missed."

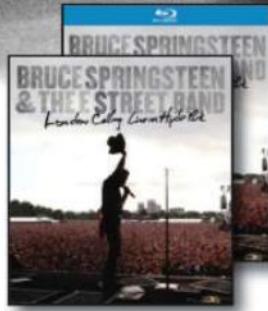
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Tom Petty

On the live-in-the-studio feel of 'Mojo,' the pros of legalization and why he doesn't drive anymore

By Austin Scaggs

IF YOU'RE PLANNING TO SEE TOM PETTY AND THE Heartbreakers on their 45-date summer tour, you'd better know your *Mojo*. The band's greatest hits will be represented, but Petty promises that a healthy chunk of the show will draw from the group's latest LP, *Mojo*. "This is the first album since [1994's] *Wallflowers* that I feel we can go out and really get behind," says Petty. The disc is Petty and Co.'s most laid-back record in years, featuring badass guitar wizardry from Mike Campbell on "First Flash of Freedom" and, in a Heartbreakers first, an easygoing reggae groove, on "Don't Pull Me Over." A highlight is "Running Man's Bible," Petty's ode to his bandmates past and present, specifically bassist Howie Epstein, who died in 2003 from a suspected heroin overdose. In the end, though, the song is about sticking together for 35 years. "Here's one to glory and survival," Petty, 59, sings. "And stayin' alive, it's the running man's bible."

Why is the album called *Mojo*?

It sounded good, and it was something that we were looking for. The [2008] *Mudcrutch* album kicked off the whole idea of this record, and it was because we recorded it quickly and loosely. For *Mojo*, we didn't use



headphones, everybody was in the same room, and we did very few overdubs. We'd record it in one or two takes. We couldn't have made this album in the Eighties.

To me, this album has a feeling of being on the run, outrunning the cops...

...or outrunning life itself. I didn't write it as a theme. Inevitably, though, you find a theme creeping in. But any attempt to intellectualize my stuff embarrasses me.

Tell me about "Running Man's Bible."

I'd always wanted to deal with Howie's death, and there's some of that in there. It's one of those embarrassingly revealing songs. It just crept into my mind one day. I was playing the guitar, and it started falling out, and I wrote it down as quick as I could.

On "Don't Pull Me Over," you sing that pot "should be legalized." Do you agree with that statement?

Very much so. We could solve a lot of problems with the tax money, and the medical benefits are well-proven. Pretending that America isn't using marijuana is ridiculous, so I'm glad I got that statement in. That said, the pot store doesn't look right to me. Why wouldn't it be sold at a pharmacy like any other prescription?

You mention an Oldsmobile 442 on "Let Yourself Go."

Are you a classic-car buff?

Not really, but I do own a '64 1/2 Mustang. To tell you the truth, it's really my wife's car. I'm not allowed to drive it.

Are you a bad driver?

Yeah, I've had a few close calls, so everyone has asked me to please not drive, and I don't. Haven't driven in a long time.

What do you do to kill time on the road?

I haven't really solved that problem. I watch a lot of old movies – detective ones, and French noir and crime stories, like *Le Doulos* and *Elevator to the Gallows*.

Do you eat well on tour?

If we're in Texas or the South, we have barbecue brought out to the plane – and then we feast.

The band seemed amazingly tight on *Saturday Night Live*.

We're joined in the cause. We respect the band as more important than our individual problems, and we're getting along ridiculously well. It's disgusting to see old men so happy.

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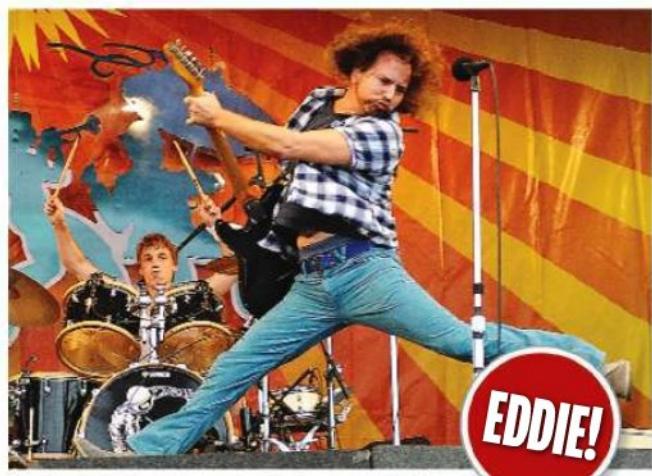
1 M.I.A. "XXXO"
Our girl Maya got all rich and babied up, but she didn't go soft: Her new disc is full of abrasive agit-funk. Except for this slice of truffle-dusted pop deliciousness! Over a New Wave-y groove, she sing-raps about love in the age of social networking: "You're tweeting me like Tweety Bird on your iPhone." Poke us back, M!



2 MARK RONSON
"Bang Bang Bang" video
Most stylish video of all time? Maybe! M. Ro is back with a new synth-pop sound and a video that's like Wes Anderson remaking *Tron* as a musical. Bonus hotness: Q-Tip's hottest guest spot since "Groove Is in the Heart." Bonus bonus: child break dancers!



3 GYPTIAN
"Hold Yuh"
This sun-soaked reggae blast has been bubbling on hip-hop radio for months, but now that summer is here, it's blowing up. The first 20 times we heard it, we thought, "Aw, this dude really loves a hug." Then we read the lyrics, and we thought, "Whoa, buddy." (Seriously, Google it.)



4 EDDIE VEDDER "Better Days" leak
Ed Ved goes all downward dog on this heartstring-pulling raga-folk jam for the ladies. How do we know it's for the ladies? Because he made it for the *Eat Pray Love* soundtrack! Unintended consequence: Your lonely aunt is going to hit you up for PJ tix.



5 RAY LAMONTAGNE
"Beg, Steal or Borrow"
Our theory is that Ray Ray – usually a desperately bummed-out dude – grew his beard to catch his tears. But his latest, a CSN-style country rocker, has a hopeful message that's just as mixtape-ready as "Trouble." Stay positive, bro!



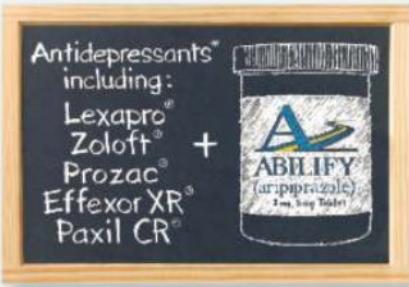
"I was reluctant to talk to my doctor about my unresolved depression symptoms. I'm glad I finally did."

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† Based on 6-week clinical studies comparing ABILIFY + antidepressant versus antidepressant alone.

- Call your doctor if you have high fever, stiff muscles, confusion, and increased heart rate or blood pressure—these may be signs of a rare but life-threatening condition called **neuroleptic malignant syndrome**
- Call your doctor if you develop abnormal or uncontrollable facial movements, as these could be signs of **tardive dyskinesia**, which may become permanent
- If you have **diabetes**, or have risk factors or symptoms of diabetes, your blood sugar should be monitored regularly. High blood sugar has been reported with ABILIFY and medicines like it. In some cases, extreme high blood sugar can lead to coma or death
- Other risks** may include dizziness upon standing, decreases in white blood cells, which can be serious, seizures, impairment in judgment or motor skills, and trouble swallowing. Until you know how ABILIFY affects you, you should not drive or operate machinery

The **common side effects** in adults in clinical trials (≥10%) include nausea, vomiting, constipation, headache, dizziness, an inner sense of restlessness or need to move (akathisia), anxiety, and insomnia. Tell your doctor about all the medicines you're taking, since there are some risks for drug interactions. You should avoid alcohol while taking ABILIFY.

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For more information, see the Prescribing Information and the Medication Guide called *Antidepressant Medicines, Depression and Other Serious Mental Illnesses, and Suicidal Thoughts or Actions*.

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People who are allergic to ABILITY or to any substance that is in it. Allergic reactions have ranged from rash, hives and itching to difficulty breathing and swelling of the face, lips, or tongue. Please talk with your healthcare professional.

What is the most important information that I should know about ABILITY?

Elderly patients, diagnosed with psychosis as a result of dementia (for example, an inability to perform daily activities as a result of increased memory loss), and who are treated with antipsychotic medicines including ABILITY, are at an increased risk of death when compared to patients who are treated with a placebo (sugar pill). ABILITY is not approved for the treatment of patients with dementia-related psychosis.

Antidepressants may increase suicidal thoughts or behaviors in some children, teenagers, and young adults, especially within the first few months of treatment or when the dose is changed. Depression and other serious mental illnesses are themselves associated with an increase in the risk of suicide. Patients on antidepressants and their families or caregivers should watch for new or worsening depression symptoms, unusual changes in behavior, or thoughts of suicide. Such symptoms should be reported to the patient's healthcare professional right away, especially if they are severe or occur suddenly. ABILITY is not approved for use in pediatric patients with depression.

Serious side effects can occur with any antipsychotic medicine, including ABILITY. Tell your healthcare professional right away if you have any conditions or side effects, including the following:

Stroke or ministroke in elderly patients with dementia:

An increased risk of stroke and

ministroke has been reported in clinical studies of elderly patients with dementia (for example, increased memory loss and inability to perform daily activities). ABILITY (aripiprazole) is not approved for treating patients with dementia.

Neuroleptic malignant syndrome (NMS): Very high fever, rigid muscles, shaking, confusion, sweating, or increased heart rate and blood pressure **may be signs of NMS, a rare but serious side effect that could be fatal.**

Tardive dyskinesia (TD): Abnormal or uncontrollable movements of face, tongue, or other parts of body may be signs of a serious condition known as TD, which may be permanent.

High blood sugar and diabetes: Patients with diabetes and those having risk factors for diabetes (for example, obesity, family history of diabetes), as well as those with symptoms such as unexpected increases in thirst, urination, or hunger should have their blood sugar levels checked before and during treatment. Increases in blood sugar levels (hyperglycemia), in some cases serious and associated with coma or death, have been reported in patients taking ABILITY, and medicines like it.

Orthostatic hypotension: Lightheadedness or faintness caused by a sudden change in heart rate and blood pressure when rising too quickly from a sitting or lying position (orthostatic hypotension) has been reported with ABILITY.

Leukopenia, Neutropenia, and Agranulocytosis: Decreases in white blood cells (infection fighting cells) have been reported in some patients taking antipsychotic agents, including ABILITY. Patients with a history of a significant decrease in white blood cell (WBC) count or who have experienced a low WBC due to drug therapy should have their blood tested and monitored during the first few months of therapy.

Suicidal thoughts: If you have suicidal thoughts, you should tell your healthcare professional right away.

Dysphagia: Medicines like ABILITY have been associated with swallowing problems (dysphagia). If you had or have swallowing problems, you should tell your healthcare professional.

What should I talk to my healthcare provider about?

Patients and their families or caregivers should watch for new or worsening depression symptoms, unusual changes in behavior and thoughts of suicide, as well as for anxiety, agitation, panic attacks, difficulty sleeping, irritability, hostility, aggressiveness, impulsivity, restlessness, or extreme hyperactivity. Call your healthcare provider right away if you have thoughts of suicide or if any of these symptoms are severe or occur suddenly. Be especially observant within the first few months of antidepressant treatment or whenever there is a change in dose.

Tell your healthcare provider about any medical conditions you may have and all medicines that you are taking or plan to take, including prescription and over-the-counter medicines, vitamins, or herbal products.

Be sure to tell your healthcare provider:

- If you have suicidal thoughts
- If you have or have had a low white blood cell count (WBC)
- If you or anyone in your family have or had seizures
- If you or anyone in your family have or had high blood sugar or diabetes
- If you are pregnant, plan to become pregnant, or are breast-feeding

What should I avoid when taking ABILITY?

- Avoid overheating and dehydration
- Avoid driving or operating hazardous machinery until you know how ABILITY affects you
- Avoid drinking alcohol
- Avoid breast-feeding an infant

What are the possible side effects of ABILITY (aripiprazole)?

Common side effects in adults include: nausea, vomiting, constipation, headache, dizziness, an inner sense of restlessness or need to move (akathisia), anxiety and insomnia. It is important to contact your healthcare professional if you experience prolonged, abnormal muscle spasm or contraction which may be signs of a condition called dystonia.

This is not a complete list of side effects. For full patient information, visit www.ability.com. Talk to your healthcare professional if you have questions or develop any side effects.

What percentage of people stopped taking ABILITY due to side effects?

In clinical trials, the percentage of adults who discontinued taking ABILITY due to side effects was 6% and 2% for patients treated with sugar pill.

Can I safely take ABILITY while I'm taking other medications?

ABILITY can be taken with most drugs; however, taking ABILITY with some medicines may require your healthcare professional to adjust the dosage of ABILITY.

Some medicines* include:

- ketoconazole (NIZORAL®)
- quinidine (QUINIDEX®)
- fluoxetine (PROZAC®)
- paroxetine (PAXIL®)
- carbamazepine (TEGRETOL®)

It is important to tell your healthcare professional about all the medicines you're taking, just to be sure.

How should I take ABILITY?

- Take ABILITY exactly as directed by your healthcare professional
- ABILITY is usually taken once a day and can be taken with or without food
- If you miss a dose, take it as soon as you remember. However, if it is time for your next dose, skip the missed dose and take only your regularly scheduled dose
- Talk to your healthcare professional before stopping ABILITY or changing your dose

General advice about ABILITY:

- ABILITY should be kept out of the reach of children and pets
- Store ABILITY Tablets and the Oral Solution at room temperature
- For patients who must limit their sugar intake, be aware that **ABILITY Oral Solution contains sugar**
- For patients who cannot metabolize phenylalanine (those with phenylketonuria or PKU), **ABILITY DISCMELT® contains phenylalanine**
- If you have additional questions, talk to your healthcare professional

Find out more about ABILITY:

Additional information can be found at www.ability.com

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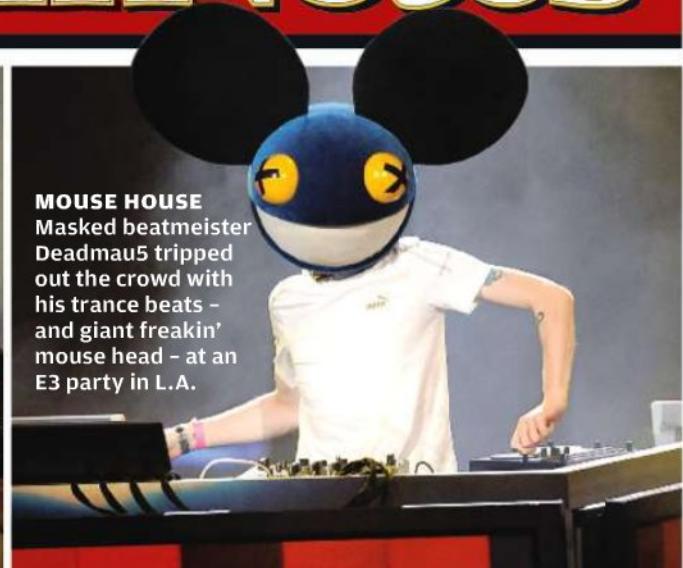
"I think everyone should have the chance to be equally miserable." —Eminem on gay marriage

Random Notes

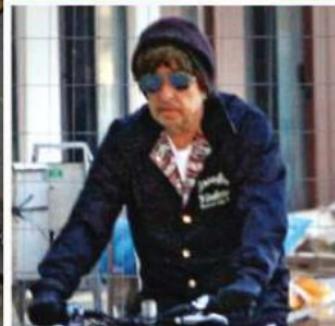


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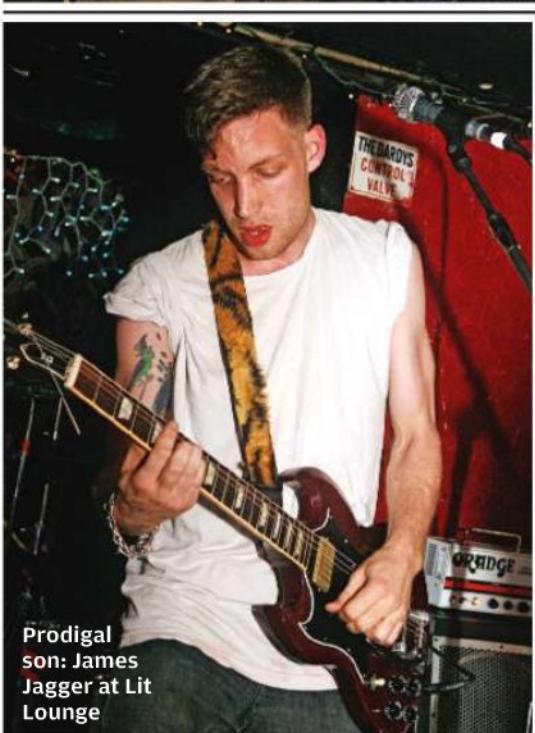
At an impromptu ab showdown at the CMT Music Awards in Nashville, John Mayer offered rampant pubic growth, while Jersey Shore's Mike "The Sitch" Sorrentino extolled the GTL ethos.



MOUSE HOUSE
Masked beatmeister Deadmau5 tripped out the crowd with his trance beats – and giant freakin' mouse head – at an E3 party in L.A.



IS IT ROLLING, BOB?
On a day off in Slovakia, Bob Dylan took a ride on his chrome horse searching for the diplomat and his Siamese cat.



Prodigal son: James Jagger at Lit Lounge

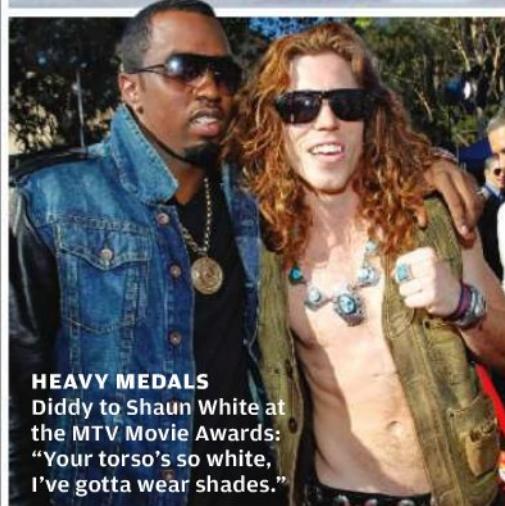
Junior Jagger

Mick's son James Jagger made his New York debut with his new outfit, Turbogeist. "The band started out as a joke," notes James, who says the trashy group bonded over a shared love of Pantera and Prince. Turbogeist are already U.K. indie darlings, without help from Sir Mick. "If we can do it on the music's merit," says James, "that's the way to go."

Back From the Brink

He walks! Bono was nearly crippled while prepping for U2's megatour, but he emerged from emergency back surgery looking no worse for the wear – except for that fugly denim-on-denim ensemble.

Bono in Monaco



HEAVY MEDALS
Diddy to Shaun White at the MTV Movie Awards: "Your torso's so white, I've gotta wear shades."



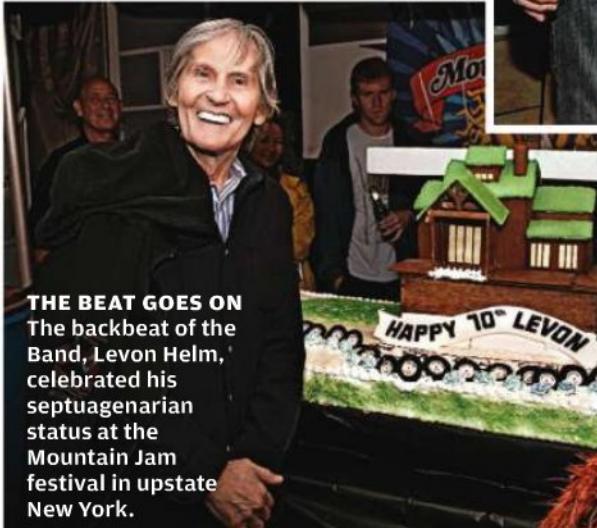
JAY DE VIVRE!
At the French Open in Paris, Jay-Z and his love match, Beyoncé, celebrated Rafael Nadal's first-set touchdown.



ALL THE OLD DUDES
Brit-rock gods Bowie and Beck paid tribute to the late great Les Paul at New York's Iridium Jazz Club.



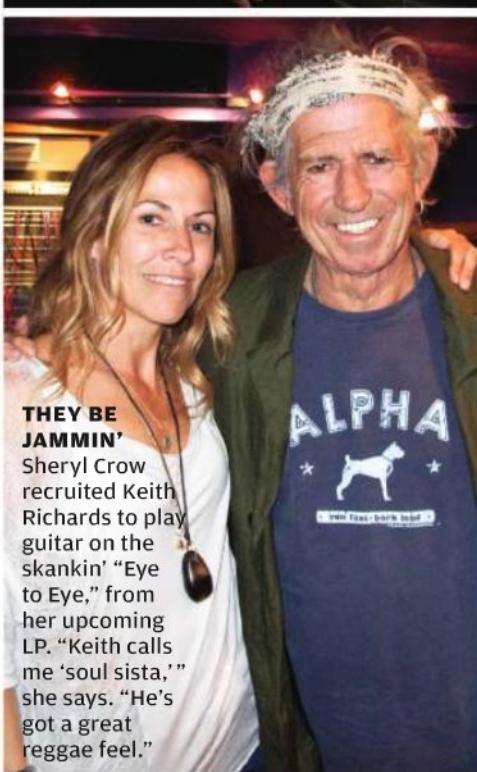
Combat rock:
Maines in New Jersey



THE BEAT GOES ON
The backbeat of the Band, Levon Helm, celebrated his septuagenarian status at the Mountain Jam festival in upstate New York.



LET IT REIGN
Aretha stepped to the Apollo stage toting her handbag (nobody touches the Queen's purse!) and wearing a Furby on her right hand. Respect that, bitches.



THEY BE JAMMIN'
Sheryl Crow recruited Keith Richards to play guitar on the skankin' "Eye to Eye," from her upcoming LP. "Keith calls me 'soul sista,'" she says. "He's got a great reggae feel."

Dixie Punk

On the Dixie Chicks' first tour in four years — opening for the Eagles — firecracker frontwoman Natalie Maines emerged looking ready for combat. Or maybe just an opening slot at Lilith Fair.

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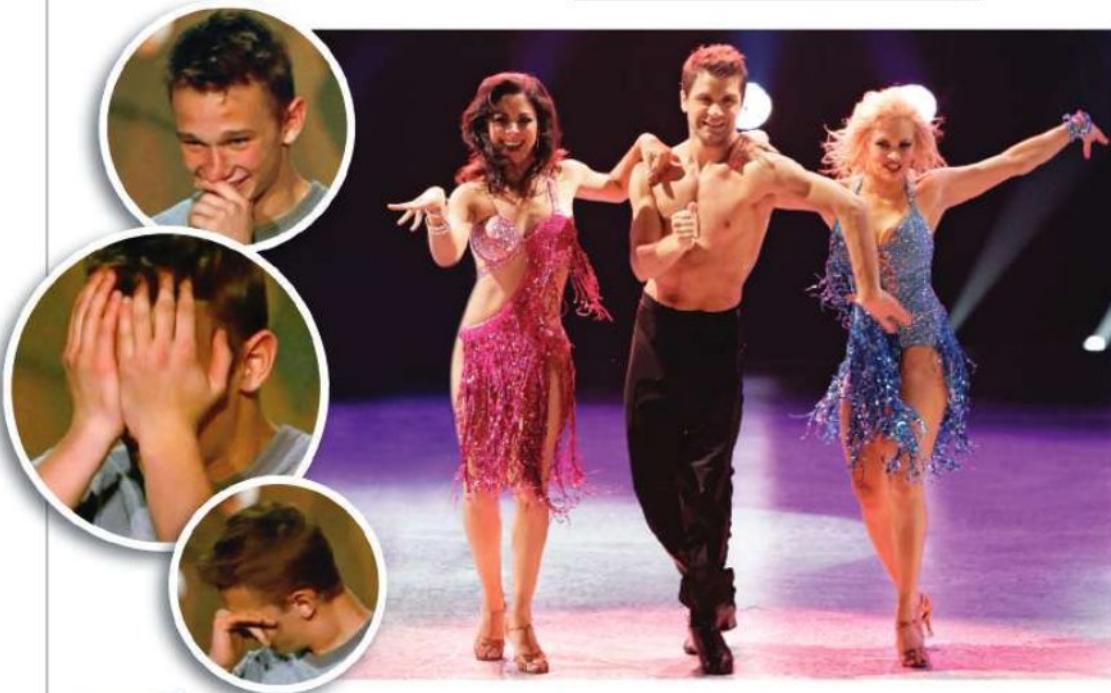
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FOR GOOD* Since IZZE began, we've partnered with Global Education Fund (GEF), which provides educational opportunities for needy children around the world. Today, GEF is focused in Kenya, where IZZE is helping change the lives of 100 young people through scholarships, textbooks and leadership training. Join us in making a difference at facebook.com/izze.



The Crying Game

The summer's number-one show, 'So You Think You Can Dance,' has a simple formula: Dance, bawl your eyes out, repeat **By Rob Sheffield**

SO YOU THINK YOU Can Dance" is back on top as America's favorite show, and that can mean only one thing — men sobbing every few minutes after doing the fox trot while dressed up in the official uniform of the

So You Think You Can Dance

Wednesdays, 8 p.m.
Thursdays, 9 p.m., Fox

Pussycat Dolls' luge team. It may have started out as a summer replacement for *American Idol*, but sequin for sequin, this show leaves *Idol* in the dust. Tearful breakdowns are a side dish on most talent shows, but here, they're the main course. These have to be the hardest-feeling hours on TV, a cutthroat caring competition.

Hell, the season has barely begun, and it's already open warfare between the judges and the contestants to see who can turn on their heart lights and cry more. So far, the favorite has to be 18-year-old Kent Boyd, who totally lost his shit.

Kent: "Sob! I'm so proud of myself. Snivel! I'm from a freakin' farm!"

Lil C, the hip-hop judge: "Sob! It just breaks my heart. Choke! You're so good. Sob! I hate you for making me cry!"

Jesus. Whoever stands off-stage with the Xanax-dart blowgun is going to be busy.

Dancers have never been the most stable creatures in the showbiz ecosystem. More than any other performers, they are required to be in the moment, turning their tonight's-the-night energy on and off at a choreographer's bark. They suffer incredible physical abuse while taking emotional risks that range from ripping their tights to wearing feathers. Hot and needy, that's the recipe.

Desperation is what keeps dancers on their toes, which is why America has always loved behind-the-scenes dramas that get into the dancer's mind. The Depression era gave us "the show must go on" musicals like *42nd Street*, while the Seventies had psychodramas like *A Chorus Line*. *So You Think You Can Dance* is just the latest version of this tradition. We don't just want the razzle-dazzle of the body in flight. We want to see the emotional scars. Clearly, a bruised and broke America craves the sight of dancers

turning pain and humiliation into glory.

The brilliance of *So You Think You Can Dance* is that it puts all that desperation front and center. There's nothing the judges hate more than a technically proficient talent who isn't fucked up enough on the inside. Head judge Nigel Lythgoe admitted as much recently. "This isn't just about choreography!" he screamed at the kids dur-

THE WATCH LIST

You're Cut Off!

Wednesdays, 9 p.m., VH1

It's princess rehab: Nine Paris Hilton clones go cold turkey, getting weaned off their credit cards and glitzy habits. All the material girls are as obnoxious as any reality addict could hope for. But the prize tiara goes to Gia, whose husband says, "She's a total bitch and stuff like that."

The Gates

Sundays, 10 p.m., ABC

It had to happen: the vampire version of *Desperate Housewives*. Unfortunately, the vampires aren't steamy enough to make anyone swoon. But bonus points for throwing in a teen wolf. **R.S.**

ing tryouts. "This is about feeling the music! Where is your heart?" That's why they go for damaged creatures like Alex Wong, who wanted to be on this show so badly he *quit* the Miami City Ballet. That might not be the sanest career move for a ballet dancer, but it means he's right at home here.

It's one thing to see the contestants cracking up — they're the ones sweating it all out on stage. But the most unstable basket cases may be the judges themselves. Where did Fox find these people? Nigel Lythgoe's pursed lips and bared teeth represent a very English kind of showbiz masochism, the spirit of grim U.K. seaside resorts and end-of-the-pier vaudeville shows. Hollywood director Adam Shankman's mouth seems to have no "nontremble" setting, while ballroom-dance expert Mary Murphy and contemporary choreographer Mia Michaels wear glops of makeup for the express purpose of making it run. "This is really hard for me, Giselle," Murphy sobbed during tryouts. "There is so much dance in that darn body of yours. So much passion, so much feeling. It's a shame." Get this woman a beer, pronto, and keep her away from dancing. She can't take it.

These judges, who all have impeccable credentials, didn't have to find a Paula Abdul to emote for them, because nobody in show business can compete with the dance pros — they're screwed up on a level well beyond ordinary Hollywood screwed up, and they're proud of it.

The weirdest thing is that *So You Think You Can Dance* offers the contenders zero chance at becoming a star. At least *Idol* can make the dubious promise to turn you into the next Kelly Clarkson. But your jackpot in this contest is what, exactly? A backup-dancer job on Rihanna's tour? The donkey costume in the local *Shrek on Ice*? For the dancers, there's no fame and fortune waiting, and they know it. All they want is an audience to watch them as the judges cradle their heads in their hands during yet another Viennese waltz to "I Want to Know What Love Is." Now that's entertainment. **•**

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21st-Century Joke Machine

Aziz Ansari is the prototype for the modern comedian – not a drunken maniac but a boundlessly ambitious workaholic who moves at broadband speed **By Gavin Edwards**

AZIZ ANSARI IS THE COMIC OF THE MOMENT, and not just because he's the funniest guy in the room. He's the first comedian who feels like he couldn't be happening any time but the 21st century: He's multicultural, multilingual and multiplatform. He's as relentless as a spambot, a nerd who acts like a player, at once strangely self-confident and awkwardly self-conscious. "Clap if you use Craigslist," he tells audiences. "Hold on, hold on – I'm not talking about 'Hey, I'm looking for an apartment.' I'm talking about 'Give me a hand job, I'll give you my coffee table.'"

As soon as Ansari finishes one project, the next four begin. He stars in *Parks and Recreation*. He's writing three screenplays for Judd Apatow (Ansari played the seethingly competitive hack comic Randy in *Funny People*). In recent weeks, he popped up in *Get Him to the Greek*, hosted the MTV Movie Awards and killed at Bonnaroo. He's just begun a nationwide stand-up tour and will start shooting *30 Minutes or Less*, with Danny McBride. Ansari, 27, says, "If this is the amount of work that leads you to run around on the interstate in your diaper, I'm right there." He pauses, then adds, "Well, just below that."



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HOW ARE WE GOING to end this?" asks Ansari. "They can't all end with me shooting people." He is standing at a microphone in the L.A. home studio of producer Dave Sitek (of TV on the Radio); Sitek and Ansari are collaborating on a spoof of hip-hop mixtapes, with Ansari performing as his bombastic alter ego, Randy. Sitek's providing the beats, guest rappers are contributing verses, and Ansari-as-Randy is making jokes about oral sex, Trader Joe's and the Kia Sportage.

Today, Ansari's working on an R&B slow jam to complement the ultraviolent skits he's just recorded. Sitek walks in — he's been listening in the next room so he won't ruin a take by laughing. "I want to add little vocal flourishes," Ansari says.

"If you overdo it," Sitek says, "it'll turn out great."

"The goal when you're a minority in comedy is to get people to treat you like a white person," Ansari says.

After a few more takes, they put the track aside. The conversation turns to Mötley Crüe: specifically, how its members masked the aroma of groupie sex by fucking a burrito before going home to their girlfriends. Ansari's never heard this story, and his eyes light up. Soon he's spitting out punch lines:

"Does your dick smell like pico de gallo?"

"My dick was hard and this burrito fell on it!"

Ansari tours as much as many rock bands but recognizes that comics don't achieve the same level of debauchery. As he puts it, "A comedian on tour — they'd just fuck the burrito."

MUCH OF ANSARI'S freshness comes from the way he plays with notions of race and representation — by essentially not acknowledging it, making the audience grapple with the inherent humor of this awkward Indian kid doing nothing to conform to any kind of racial stereotypes. In *Parks and Rec-*



The Geek Squad

Aziz Ansari leads a new crop of hip-hop-fluent, Internet-savvy, superdorky comedians taking television by storm **By Jonah Weiner**

Hannibal Buress

WHO: Ansari regularly tweets this Chicago-raised stand-up's praises. The bespectacled and stocky Buress, 27, plays the B.S.-calling nerd, delivering withering jabs in a slow, understated Midwestern drawl.

BIG BREAK: After working the stand-up and late-show circuit, Buress landed a writing job at *Saturday Night Live* this season (he wrote the Charles Barkley golf sketch).

KILLER BIT: He's great at taking the piss out of hip-hop culture. "I need a hood-rat communication course," he recently tweeted. He's poked fun at dancing Crips and riffed on the "to be continued" trend in rap videos: "So much suspense," he says. "I need to know: Are they gonna pour more champagne on these bitches or is somebody gonna bring a towel?"

Clark Duke

WHO: Three years ago, this Arkansas-born former child actor, whose doughy baby face throws his sarcastic, slimy charms into sharp relief, teamed up with his friend Michael Cera for the brilliant online mockumentary *Clark and Michael*, chronicling the pair's passive-aggressive friendship and abortive attempts to make it big in Hollywood.

BIG BREAK: Duke, 25, played a dysfunctional, enraged, sex-starved nerd in both *Hot Tub Time Machine* and *Kick-Ass*, and he plays a kooky Christian on ABC's *Greek*.

KILLER BIT: In 2008's otherwise unmemorable *Sex Drive*, scene-stealing Duke is fellated by a woman with an Altoid in her mouth. "That is curiously strong," he deadpans. "I feel like my dick's been bar mitzvahed."

Donald Glover

WHO: After two seasons in the *30 Rock* writers' room, Glover, 26 — who made his bones performing with New York's Upright Citizens Brigade and who moonlights as (surprisingly good) rapper Childish Gambino — quit the gig without a backup plan. Despite modeling for hip L.A. fashion line Band of Outsiders, Glover's got huge nerd appeal — his Twitter campaign to become the next Spider-Man has gone viral.

BIG BREAK: Winning the role of Troy on *Community*.

KILLER BIT: The mock exposé on "Bro-Rape" that he and his buddies turned into a YouTube sensation (7.6 million hits so far). Playing a convicted raper of "bros," Glover reminisces, "I mean, the Phish farewell tour? That was like an all-you-can-rape buffet."

reaction, the basic joke about his character is that he's named Tom Haverford and identifies with hip-hop more than his own ethnic background.

Ansari grew up in Bennettsville, South Carolina, the elder son of two Indian immigrants. There were no other Indian families in town, but he wants to be clear: "You read that I was the only minority in school, you envision this little brown boy sitting in a corner by himself. It wasn't like that — the level of teasing I got was on par with what a fat white kid would go through," he says, then decides, "65 percent of what a fat white kid would go through."

Ansari says he's experienced very little prejudice in show business. "The goal when you're a minority in comedy is to get people to treat you like a white person." But when he's cast in roles that were originally intended for a Caucasian, there's an unexpected consequence of success: "In *30 Minutes or Less*, there's a part for my twin sister, which means she can't be a white girl anymore. That's my acting goal: crushing the dreams of white girls."

"I've always had an obsessive personality, whether it's playing guitar or foosball," Ansari says. "You have to be obsessed to do stand-up — when you start, it's

so hard." At a certain point, comedic productivity becomes a compulsion. Recently, Ansari was spending his scant free time on a fake Twitter account for the Chinese restaurant P.F. Chang's. He sent out messages like "Dangerous kung pao toxins have leaked in location #238 in Greer, MI. Unfortunately, we must seal in the patrons & close it down" and "Even if you are from a broken home, at P.F. Chang's we still require that you eat family style."

"There's no reason to do that," Ansari says. "But ultimately, if you do comedy, you have to have the desire to do something really dumb."

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BP's Next Disaster

The oil giant plans to start drilling in the Arctic this fall – and the Obama administration is doing nothing to stop it

★ *By Tim Dickinson* ★

ON JUNE 15TH, AS BP'S CATASTROPHIC SPILL in the Gulf neared its third month, President Obama addressed the nation from the Oval Office. His administration, he assured the American people, would not let such a disaster happen again. He had put an indefinite hold on plans to open up new coastal areas, including Florida and Virginia, to offshore exploration. And he had frozen all new permits to drill in deep waters for six months, to give a blue-ribbon commission time to study the disaster. "We need better regulations, better safety standards and better enforcement," the president insisted.

But Obama's tough-guy act offers no guarantee that oil giants like BP won't be permitted to repeat the same mistakes that led to the nightmare in the Gulf. Indeed, top environmentalists warn, the suspension of drilling appears to be little more than a stalling tactic designed to let public anger over BP's spill subside before giving Big Oil the go-ahead to drill in an area that has long been off-limits: the Arctic Ocean. The administration has ap-

proved plans by both BP and Shell Oil to drill a total of 11 exploratory wells in the Chukchi and Beaufort Seas above Alaska – waters far more remote and hostile than the Gulf. Shell's operations could proceed as soon as the president's suspension expires in January. And thanks to an odd twist in its rig design, BP's drilling in the Arctic is on track to get the green light as soon as this fall.

"The administration seems to want to avoid just shutting down these leases, even though they have every legal right to," says Charles Clusen, who leads the Alaska project for the Natural Resources Defense Council. "My fear is that people will start to forget about the Gulf spill, and the government will give Shell permits next year. We'll have had a pause, but not enough to assess the resources at risk or to develop technology that would be truly safe."

Ken Salazar, the Interior secretary whose staff allowed BP to drill in the Gulf based on pro-industry rules cooked up during the Bush years, has made no secret of his determination to push the "frontier" of oil drilling into the Arctic. The region's un-

tapped waters are believed to hold as much as 27 billion barrels of oil – an amount that would rival some of the largest oil fields in the Middle East. "Everything I've heard internally, from sources within both the administration and industry, tells me that the administration is all over wanting these guys out in the Arctic Ocean," says Rick Steiner, a top marine scientist in Alaska who helped guide the response to the *Exxon Valdez* spill. "They're trying to solve this political problem with this Gulf spill in time to get these guys out in the Arctic next summer."

The White House dismisses any accusation of stalling as "not accurate," noting that Shell's permits are "on hold" until the president's commission finishes its work. But an administration spokesman admits that BP's plan – which uses an unproven approach to extracting undersea oil – is not covered by the six-month moratorium on offshore drilling. This fall, the company plans to begin drilling for oil near Prudhoe Bay via an oil rig it created by building an island – a glorified mound of gravel – three miles out in state waters. Because the

island rig is connected to the mainland by a causeway, BP and Interior agree that the "onshore" facility is not subject to restrictions on "offshore" drilling. It's the same kind of legal fiction that states like Indiana use to permit gambling on "river-boat" casinos that are permanently docked on dry land.

Here's what BP has in store for the Arctic: First, the company will drill two miles beneath its tiny island, which it has christened "Liberty." Then, in an ingenious twist, it will drill *sideways* for another six to eight miles, until it reaches an offshore reservoir estimated to hold 105 million barrels of oil. This would be the longest "extended reach" well ever attempted, and the effort has required BP to push drilling technology beyond its proven limits. As the most powerful "land-based" oil rig ever built, Liberty requires special pipe to withstand the 105,000 foot-pounds of torque – the equivalent of 50 Mack truck engines – needed to turn the drill. "This is about as sexy as it gets," a top BP official boasted to reporters in 2008. BP, a repeat felon subject to record fines for its willful safety violations, calls the project "one of its biggest challenges to date" – an engineering task made even more dangerous by plans to operate year-round in what the company itself admits is "some of the harshest weather on Earth."

But despite such warning signs, BP's project has the blessing of Minerals Man-

agement Service – the government agency that oversees offshore drilling. Last year, one month after it gave BP the go-ahead to drill in the Gulf, MMS bestowed a leadership award on the company in recognition of Liberty's "visionary approach" to drilling. While regulators must still approve the final paperwork for the project, MMS tells **ROLLING STONE** that it considers Liberty safe. It says that BP has the capacity to respond to a worst-case discharge of 20,000 barrels a day, and adds that the "island has been designed to contain surface liquids

in the Arctic, warning that federal regulators operating on Bush-era guidelines had “greatly understated” the risks of drilling. Both industry and government, the scientists added, displayed a “lack of preparedness for Arctic spill responses” and had failed to “fully evaluate the potential impacts of worst-case scenarios.”

That's putting it mildly. Shell has received all the environmental permits it needs to drill five exploratory wells in the Arctic - but in light of the BP disaster in the Gulf, the documents read like a sick

Experts warn that an oil spill in the Arctic would be far worse than the disaster currently unfolding in the Gulf.

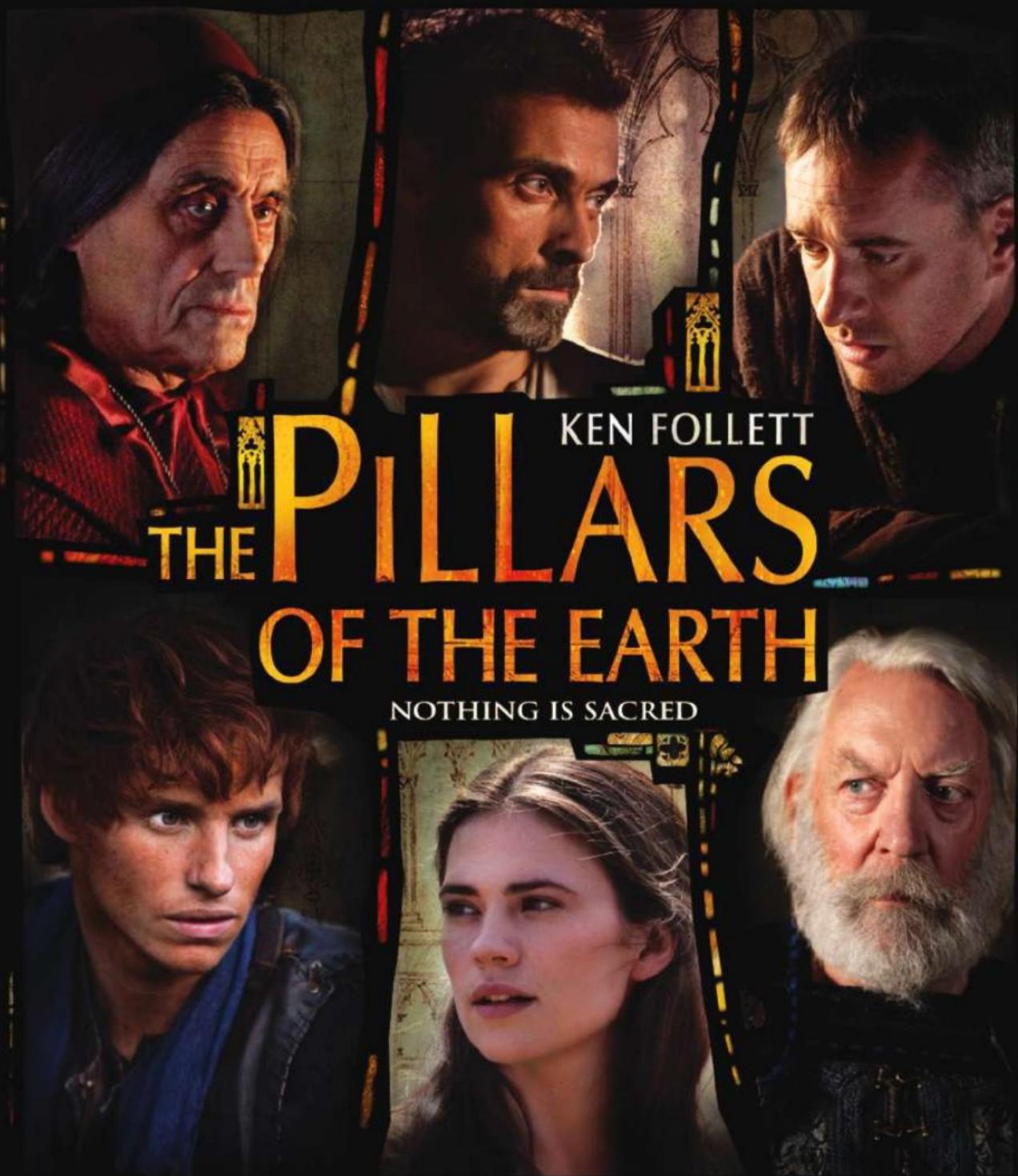
within the footprint of the island." Environmentalists scoff at the idea that any spill would be limited to Liberty's gravelly isle. "If the thing blew," says Clusen, "the oil would be falling into the water."

THE OBAMA ADMINISTRATION has been warned by its own scientists that drilling in the Arctic poses a grave risk to the environment. Last September, the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration urged the president to halt future leases

joke. According to the Environmental Assessment that Interior conducted last December on Shell's drilling plan, "A very large spill from a well-control incident is not a reasonably foreseeable event, and therefore, this EA does not analyze the impacts of such a worst-case scenario." The response plan that Shell put together in case of a disaster is equally disturbing: The oil giant says it is only prepared to respond to a spill of 5,500 barrels a day – a fraction of the 60,000 barrels currently estimated to be pouring into the Gulf.



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THE CANADIAN FILM/VIDEO TAX CREDIT

2010

MOVIE
CENTRAL

MOVIE
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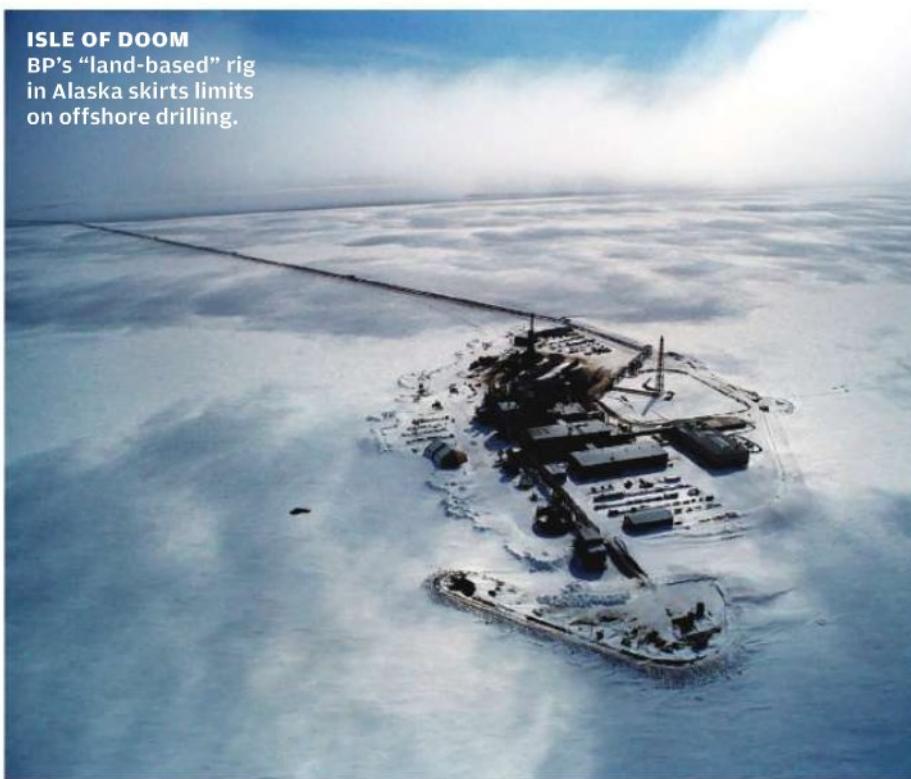
Shell, the eighth-largest corporation in the world, has a disturbing record when it comes to the environment: Its operations in Nigeria spilled at least 100,000 barrels of crude last year alone.

A spokesman for the Interior Department assures *ROLLING STONE* that the final paperwork for Shell's drilling in the Arctic won't be considered until next January, giving the department time to "gather additional scientific information about resources, risks and environmental sensitivities" in the region. But the spokesman concedes that federal regulators have made no move to revise the faulty environmental assessments upon which Shell's permits were originally approved. That process, experts say, would have to be well under way by now if Interior officials want to have a meaningful assessment in hand by the time the suspension expires.

Experts also warn that a spill in the Arctic would be far worse than the disaster currently unfolding in the Gulf, where experienced contractors and relief equipment are close at hand. By contrast, the sites in the Arctic where Shell plans to drill are devilishly remote. The closest Coast Guard station is on Kodiak Island, some 1,000 miles away. The nearest cache of boom to help contain a spill is in Seattle – a distance of 2,000 miles. There are only two small airports in the region, and even if relief supplies could somehow be airlifted to the tundra, there are no industrial ports to offload equipment into the water. Relief equipment can realistically be brought to the region only by boat – and then only seasonally. The Arctic is encased in ice for more than half the year, and even

ISLE OF DOOM

BP's "land-based" rig in Alaska skirts limits on offshore drilling.



the coastlines of Russia and Canada, and possibly reaching as far as Norway and Greenland. "It could realistically be a circumpolar event," says Steiner.

Such a disaster would threaten the Arctic's bountiful marine life, including polar bears, walruses, seals and migratory seabirds from every continent but Europe, to say nothing of gray whales and the endangered bowhead whale, on whose continued survival the native hunting communities along the Arctic coast depend. "It would

last fall in shallow waters off the coast of Australia is proof that catastrophe can strike at any depth.

"Drilling in the Arctic should make the hairs stand up on the back of your neck," says Sylvia Earle, the former chief scientist at the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration. "There are values there that transcend the value of any fossil fuel we can extract – irreplaceable ecosystems that we don't know how to put together again. There are some places you should not drill, period."

The Arctic, it turns out, is not the only place that the Obama administration is poised to give oil companies a new lease on life. In another indication that the president's six-month moratorium on deep-water drilling may be nothing but a stalling tactic, MMS has continued to accept bids on drilling tracts in the Gulf. Indeed, since President Obama announced his halt to deep-water drilling on May 27th, MMS has approved bids on at least 96 tracts in deep water. Two of the bids are from BP – and one is in the same undersea canyon where the company's gusher continues to foul the Gulf.

The White House contends that MMS is simply "finalizing paperwork" from bids submitted prior to the disaster. But environmentalists are aghast. "These new leases are based on the same fundamentally flawed and patently illegal environmental analyses used to greenlight Deepwater Horizon," says Mike Senatore of Defenders of Wildlife, which filed suit against MMS in June to block the expansion of drilling. "This agency is at the epicenter of the worst environmental disaster in history, and yet it's still going about business as usual."

Federal regulators have bestowed a leadership award on BP for its "visionary approach" to drilling in the Arctic.

icebreakers can't assure access in the dark of winter. "If it's this hard to clean this up in the relatively benign conditions of the Gulf of Mexico," Sen. Sheldon Whitehouse cautioned Salazar at a hearing after the BP spill, "good luck trying to implement this sort of a cleanup in the Arctic."

Shell, in fact, has never conducted an offshore-response drill in the Chukchi Sea. Perhaps that's because there's no proven technology for cleaning up oil in icy water, which can render skimming boats useless – much less to cope with a gusher under the ice. In the worst-case scenario, according to marine scientists, a blowout that takes place in the fall, when the seas are freezing over, could flow unabated until relief wells could be drilled the following summer. In the interim, oil could spread under the sea ice, marring

wipe out the indigenous cultures and their subsistence lifestyle," says Clusen. And because the Arctic's frigid waters don't support the bounty of micro-organisms that scientists are counting on to help break down oil in the Gulf, a massive spill may prove almost impossible to clean up. "If you put a million barrels of oil in the Arctic Ocean," warns Steiner, "it would be there for decades."

In its recent appeals to government regulators, Shell has claimed that, because it would be drilling in shallow waters of roughly 150 feet, its operations in the Arctic would be safer than BP's well in the Gulf, which ruptured 5,000 feet below the surface. But the government's own data shows that most blowouts occur in shallow water. And the 10-week-long gusher that followed the blowout of a rig



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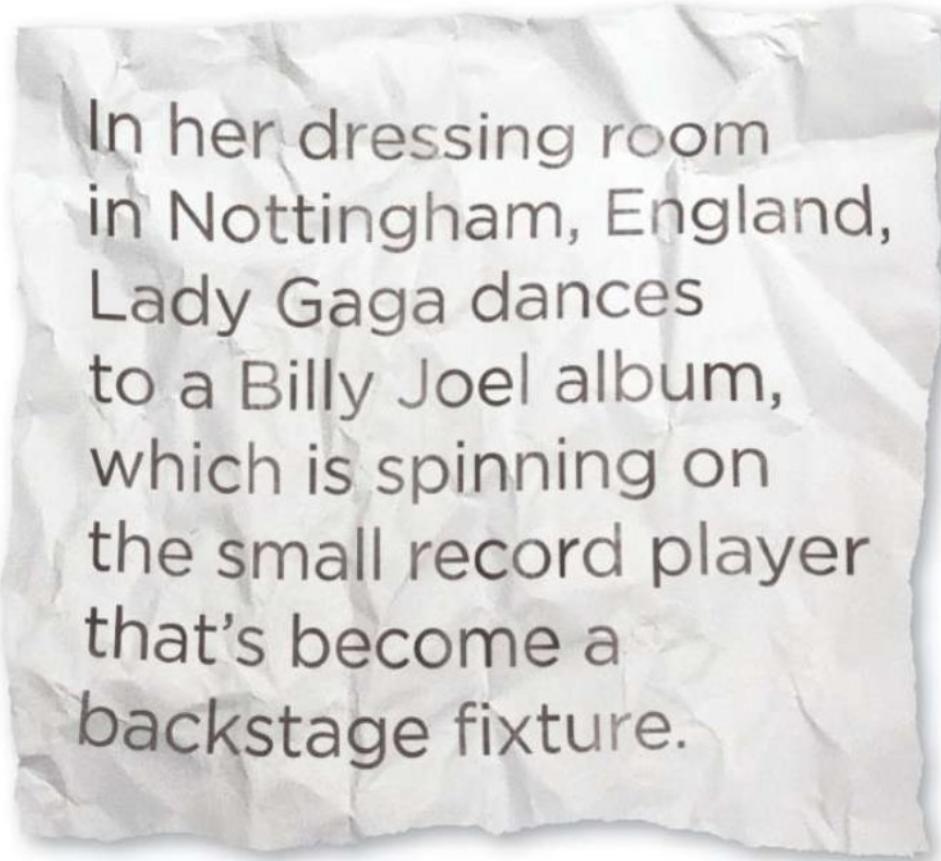
THE BROKEN
HEART & VIOLENT
FANTASIES OF

LADY GAGA

BY NEIL STRAUSS
PHOTOGRAPH BY
TERRY RICHARDSON



"I think about laying in my New York apartment with bug bites from bedbugs, and roaches on the floor," says Gaga. "I've come a long way."



In her dressing room in Nottingham, England, Lady Gaga dances to a Billy Joel album, which is spinning on the small record player that's become a backstage fixture.

She hops into a chair in front of her makeup mirror and plays a rough cut of the video for her latest single, "Alejandro," on mute on her MacBook Pro.

Considering her penchant for attention-grabbing outfits, the scene she keeps replaying is relatively sedate. "See, there's no phone on my head — or a phone booth," she says. Then she backs up the video and pauses it. "I'm not even wearing any makeup here. It's just me, and people will see that what's underneath everything is still me."

She pauses and savors the image a little longer: "And I can still be fierce."

Of course, a few scenes later in the video, she's dancing with assault rifles thrusting out of her breasts. "OK, so there's still a little Lady Gaga there," she confesses with a smile.

The former Stefani Joanne Angelina Germanotta is on a mission: to prove that Lady Gaga is art and that her art is not a mask. It is her life.

And if she were any less strong-willed, her life would be spinning out of control right now: Her grandfather is in the hospital, her father recently had heart surgery, and she was just told by doctors that she is at risk of developing lupus, an autoimmune disease that killed her aunt before Gaga was born.

Add to this the pressures of her sudden rise to cultural dominance, her relentless work ethic, her seemingly endless world tour and the fact that she has already completed demos for her next album, and you might imagine a star on the verge

of collapse. But that's not the way Gaga sees it.

"We're supposed to be tired," she says, before singing a few of the new songs she wrote on the road. "I don't know who told everyone otherwise, but you make a record and you tour. That's how you build a career. I told my manager today, 'I can't wait to take all my platinum records off the walls and make room for more.'"

Though Gaga's savvy and ambition are clear, there is also something naive and trusting about her in person. When her road manager tells her not to share her new music with a journalist, even if it's off the record, she dismisses the warning. "He's going to write about other stuff," she says. "I just want him to know who I am."

And who is she? Some say Lady Gaga came into being the day that she and her former producer and boyfriend, Rob Fusari, came up with the nickname, based on the Queen song "Radio Ga Ga." But if you follow her story and music carefully, she is more likely a product of heartbreak: first from her father, a moonlighting rock musician who cut her off after she dropped out of college; then from Island/Def Jam, which signed her and then dropped her, unimpressed with the Fiona Apple-style piano rock she was recording at the time; and finally, and perhaps most devastatingly for her, from a passionate and tempestuous relationship with a heavy-metal drummer, the only boyfriend she says she ever truly loved, just before she became famous.

After her breakup, she promised herself that she would never love again and would make him rue the day he doubted her.

And this may be the origin of her transformation from Stefani to Gaga. As anyone who has seen her tour — which at this point would be roughly 1.4 million people — knows, it is not just a stage spectacle like a Madonna or Kiss show. It is a highly personal piece of performance art dressed up as a pop spectacle. As she puts it over and over in the show, she is a "free bitch," and the audience should be too: free not just of society's pressures to conform but also of letting the men in their lives control or define them. She sees her audience as a collection of mini versions of her socially and romantically rejected self, telling them at one point, "Let's raise a glass to mend all the broken hearts of my fucked-up friends." Her success is the ultimate misfit's revenge.

The following night in Birmingham, Lady Gaga is backstage again, preparing for her show. This time, she is listening to Bruce Springsteen's *Born to Run* on vinyl, wearing in tribute a blue bandanna around her head and an unbuttoned black studded vest with a black bra underneath. When she uses words like "fierce" or describes her sexual conquests of beautiful men, one sees why the hermaphrodite rumors about her have been so persistent: She seems, at times, like a gay man trapped in a woman's body. She sits on the couch, lowers the volume and considers the idea that Lady Gaga was born of heartbreak.

*I have a theory about you.
Go ahead. Should I lay down?
You might need to.*

We don't have enough couches to lay me down.

Have you ever been to therapy?

No. I've, like, spoken to spiritual guides and things. I'm terrified of therapy because I don't want it to mess with my creativity.

So the question is: Do you think if you'd never gotten your heart broken by that guy you were dating in the East Village five years ago, you wouldn't have become as successful as you did afterward?

No, I wouldn't. No, I wouldn't have been as successful without him.

So here's the thought . . .

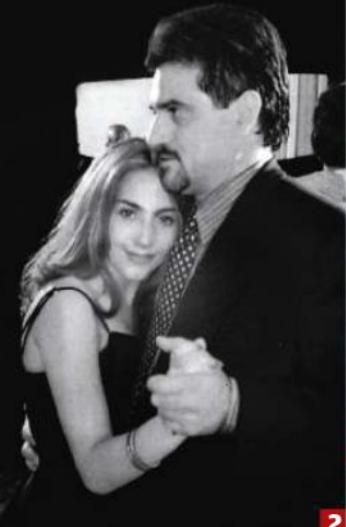
You made me cry [wipes tears from her eyes].

Do you think that all that love you directed toward men now goes toward your fans instead?

Well, I've really never loved anyone like I loved him. Or like I love him. That relationship really shaped me. It made me into a fighter. But I wouldn't say that my love for my fans is equated to my attention for men. But I will say that love comes in many different forms. And I sort of resolved that if you can't have the guy of your dreams, there are other ways to give love. So I guess in some ways you're kind of right.

Did he contact you at all after you got famous?

Contributing editor NEIL STRAUSS profiled Ben Stiller in RS 1101.



Germanotta Goes Gaga

(1) The proto-Gaga Stefani Germanotta with friend Justin Tranter of Semi Precious Weapons in New York, 2007. (2) With her father, Joseph, in 2004. (3) With ex-boyfriend Rob Fusari in 2007; he's now suing her for \$30 million, claiming that he co-wrote some of her hits (Gaga is countersuing, saying he was an "unlicensed employment agent"). (4) The young Gaga; she used this picture in her high school yearbook. (5) Facing off with paparazzi at a Mets game in June. (6) With collaborator Lady Starlight circa 2007. (7) Her senior-class photo at the Convent of the Sacred Heart high school.

I don't want to talk about him.

OK.

I'm sorry. I want to, but he's too precious to talk about.

I'm surprised. I thought that you'd be over it by now.

Oh, I love my friends and my past, and it's made me who I am. I didn't just, like, wake up one day and forget how I got here. In fact, I'll always have one high heel in New York City. I live in Hollywood, but you can't make me love Hollywood. I'll never love Hollywood.

Do you think with that guy it was obsession or love?

Love. But, you know, I don't really know very much about love. I suppose if I knew everything about love, I wouldn't be good at making music, would I?

I don't know. Some artists make their best music when they're in love.

I'm terrified of babies, though.

Because?

I think, creatively as a woman, you change once you give birth. I'm totally not ready for that.

Did you ever have any resolution with your father after he cut you off during your wild days?

It's just recently that I've been healed in a way, because my father had this heart surgery that he was supposed to have since I was a kid. The fear of losing the man of my dreams, such as my dad – there's fucking Freud for you – was terrifying. So the biggest fear of my life passed.

Do you ever feel like you're fulfilling your dad's unrealized rock-star ambitions?

Yeah, sure I do. I love my daddy. My daddy's everything. I hope I can find a man that will treat me as good as my dad.

You usually fall for dirty musician types, and your dad's a musician. So . . .

It's loopy.

That's an interesting word to choose.

"Loopy" is my dad's nickname for me. Loops! My dad is so funny. He called me the other day and he's like, "I'm drunk, and I'm fucking really depressed because my dad is sick. This sucks." And I said, "You know, Dad, this is just part of life, and I'm sorry, but I'm here for you." And he said, "You're right, Loops, it's part of life." My whole life, my dad was trying to hide from me that he was a real dude, and now I'm old enough, we're the best of friends, because he's just given up on trying to be the father.

He probably thought, "I tried to change her, but I can't." So he just had to accept that you're going to be who you're going to be.

Well, did you just sum up every relationship I've ever had, or what?

They say that most workaholics are that way because it's an addiction and a way to avoid other things.

In so many ways, my music also heals me. So is it heroin, and I need the fix to

feel better? Or is it that music is healing? I guess that's the big question. When you work as hard as I do, or you resign your life to something like music or art or writing, you have to commit yourself to this struggle and commit yourself to the pain. And I commit myself to my heartbreak wholeheartedly. It's something that I will never let go. But that heartbreak, in a way, is my feature. It's a representation of the process of my work. As artists, we are eternally heartbroken.

I didn't mean to get so deep so early. . . .

I'm deeper than you thought [laughs]. And we didn't talk about my favorite wacky outfit.

So do you think workaholism is a way of avoiding intimacy and the vulnerability that comes with that?

Well, sex is certainly not, like, a priority at the moment.

Sex is different than intimacy.

I guess I view sex and intimacy as the same. But I'm at a different place in my life now than I was two years ago. So I guess I'm a woman now.

In what way do you mean?

I don't know when or why you realize that you've become a woman, but I'm a woman. I think different. I feel different. And I care less and less about what

if you're like, "Why don't you want people to know?" then I know you're with me for the wrong reasons, so I'm like, "Fuck off."

Of course, the more you try to hide things—

I guess what I'm trying to say is, this is showbiz for me. It might not be showbiz for the rest of you, but for me, this is showbiz. If I were to ever, God forbid, get hurt onstage and my fans were screaming outside of the hospital, waiting for me to come out, I'd come out as Gaga. I wouldn't come out in sweatpants because I busted my leg or whatever.

And that's what Michael [Jackson] did. Michael got burned, and he lifted that glittered glove so damn high so his fans could see him, because he was in the art of show business. That's what we do. Some people don't. They want to relate in a different way. I don't want people to see I'm a human being. I don't even drink water onstage in front of anybody, because I want them to focus on the fantasy of the music and be transported from where they are to somewhere else. People can't do that if you're just on Earth. We need to go to heaven.

Are you finding that the songs you're writing for your new album all have a certain theme?

**"WHEN I WAKE UP IN THE MORNING,
I FEEL JUST LIKE ANY OTHER INSECURE
24-YEAR-OLD GIRL. THEN I SAY,
'BITCH, YOU'RE LADY GAGA, YOU
GET UP AND WALK THE WALK TODAY.'"**

people think as the hours go by. I feel very strong.

Is there anyone you're able to open up with and show your vulnerabilities to?

Well, there are very few people I can do that with. I do it with my fans. I mean, last night onstage I told them about my grandpa being sick. But there's some things I keep sacred for myself. As someone who has written two albums about it, I have the right to choose whether or not I want to be a celebrity, and I don't want to be one. And I feel that I'm relatively clever enough to control that people pay attention more to my music and to my clothing than they do to my personal life. Trust me, I'd much rather people write about what I wear and what I'm singing and what I do in my videos than about who I'm fucking. I mean, that, for me, is the kiss of death.

Do you feel like you're sacrificing certain parts of yourself and your life for your art and career?

It's kind of good for me, though, isn't it? Because what if we want to date? We're not gonna tell anybody. And we're gonna lie profusely that we're not together. And

Yeah, that's how I work. I always have these concept records. I just sort of spiritually harness onto something, and then everything grows out of this one seed. But I don't want to say too much, because, in truth, it's not going to come out until the top of next year, and I'm going to announce the title of the album at midnight on New Year's. And no one knows that, so you can print that.

Thanks.

I think I'm just gonna get the album title tattooed on me and put out the photo. I've been working on it for months now, and I feel very strongly that it's finished right now. It came so quickly. Some artists take years; I don't. I write music every day. I really want to play you something. Just turn the tape off for one second.

[Tape is turned off, and she sings the title track of the new album.]

That chorus came to me, like, I swear, I didn't even write it. I think God dropped it in my lap. And I swear to you that I'm in a place now writing music where there's this urgency to protect and take care of my fans.

Was any of that written on Ecstasy?



In Toronto last June:
"I don't want people
to see I'm a human
being onstage."

No. I love Ecstasy. But I don't take it very much. Well, I like MDMA. I don't like Ecstasy.

Your fans seem to really like what you stand for, because some people need to be reminded that it's OK to be different.

I love what they stand for. I love who they are. They inspire me to be more confident every day. When I wake up in the morning, I feel just like any other insecure 24-year-old girl. But I say, "Bitch, you're Lady Gaga, you better fucking get up and walk the walk today," because they need that from me. And they inspire me to keep going.

Is it frustrating to have a new album ready yet still be touring playing the old one?

I love writing on the road, because I go out there every night, and while I'm

onstage performing the old songs, I literally imagine them singing the lyrics to my new songs. If I can't imagine them singing the lyrics in the audience, why even write the song? What? To fulfill some fucking therapy in my soul?

What about "Speechless"? That sounds therapeutic.

I wrote that song to soothe my spirit, but nobody gives a shit if the chorus isn't good. I don't mean to sound crass, but just that's how I view music. Not everybody gives a shit about your fucking personal life. Music is a lie. It is a lie. Art is a lie. You have to tell a lie that is so wonderful that your fans make it true. That has been my motivation and my inspiration for the longest time, and the new album is a lie that I want to become true so desperately.

Do you feel there's a side of you that forces you to stay strong for the fans, to be an example of having no fears?

Sometimes I don't. Sometimes I break down and cry onstage. I totally wear my heart on my sleeve.

When you talk really brazenly sexually or when you dress showing a lot of skin, there's sort of a form of...

Rebellion?

No, not rebellion. There's a form of social control. It's like saying, "I'm kind of uncomfortable socially, and I'll make you more uncomfortable, and that way I'll feel more comfortable."

Oh, I see what you're saying. I wish I could say yes, because that's an interesting analysis, but I just feel really comfortable in those moments. I'm quite a schizophrenic person. Let's call a spade a spade, right? But I'm OK with that, and I recognize that. It's really interesting to me, because I put out music videos, and I do performances, and I am 79 percent of the time shocked by how people respond, because I don't really think it's particularly groundbreaking or shocking. I think it's just me and who I am, and I'm a feminist.

It's interesting to speak with you, because you have this intellectual and artistic side, but half of your hits are about clubbing and being drunk. . . .

Well, now I have a little bit more of an opportunity to be that, don't I? I don't mean to speak arrogantly about my musical strategy as a pop artist in the Warholian sense, but today you have to almost trick people into listening to something intelligent.

So you're thinking, "I'm going to trick this idea down your throat"?

Or seduce people to be interested in something that is uncomfortable. Why are we still talking about "Don't ask, don't tell"? It's like, what fucking year is it? It makes me crazy! And I have been for three years baking cakes – and now I'm going to bake a cake that has a bitter jelly.

Elaborate on that metaphor a little.

The message of the new music is now more bitter than it was before. Because the sweeter the cake, the more bitter the jelly can be. If I had come out as who I was, no one would be listening. Now people are listening. So I can be inspirational, and I'm in a different place in my life. I'm interested in different things. I've got fame now. So I don't want to write about it anymore.

[Fifteen minutes before her performance that night, Lady Gaga asks if she can continue the interview afterward. As soon as the show ends, she rushes from the stage to the tour bus, covered in stage blood. As the bus lurches out of the backstage parking lot, she hears screaming outside, then yells to the bus driver, "Hold on, will you stop the bus? I'm just going to say hi to my fans."

Her security guards look disapprovingly at her, then relent. She walks to the door of the bus and opens it, and hundreds of fans stampede toward her. The security



Meeting Queen Elizabeth after performing at the Royal Variety Performance in England in December

"THERE ARE SOME THINGS THAT ARE SO TRAUMATIC IN MY PAST, I DON'T EVEN FULLY REMEMBER THEM."

guards start yelling for the driver to shut the door, and the bus pulls away. She smiles, pleased, as she walks back to continue the interview while her tour manager serves her white wine and chicken fingers, which she dips copiously in ketchup.]

How do you think you developed the resources to be able to handle fame and grow along with it?

I think it's my family. I think it's the friendships that I've built that are really strong and wonderful. My best girlfriend from high school – and my friends that I made downtown in New York when they really welcomed me into this society of freakish kids that band together. I was actually talking to [performance artist and collaborator] Lady Starlight today, and I just said, "Without you guys, I wouldn't be where I am today, for sure." They gave me a sense of belonging somewhere. It'll make me cry just talking about it, because when you feel so much like you don't fit in anywhere, you'd do anything just to make a fucking friend. And when I met the right people, they really supported me. I'll never forget when she turned to me one day and she said, "You're a performance artist." I was like, "You think so?" When people believe in you, that's what makes you grow.

I notice that people who grow up in a stable home with parents who they know love them can deal with success better.

Oh, yeah! But I was a bad kid. So I had a lot of home issues when I was in high school especially. I was a fucking nightmare. My mom always laughs at me now, because I get drunk when I'm at home with my parents at a bar down the street.

I'm like, "I was such a bad kid, I'm so sorry!" I get so upset. My mom's like, "You made up for it. It's fine."

You have a lot of things in your behavior that are signs of someone who had a traumatic experience in adolescence or childhood. Is that something you would ever discuss publicly?

Probably not.

When Christina Aguilera began talking about the dark issues in her past – growing up around domestic abuse – there was no negative response to it, and it ended up informing her work.

[Hesitates] I feel like I tell this story in my own way, and my fans know who I really am. I don't want to teach them the wrong things. And you also have to be careful about how much you reveal to people that look up to you so much. They know who I am. They know how they can relate to me. I've laid it all on the table. And if they're smart like you, they make that assessment, but I don't want to be a bad example.

A bad example in the sense of being a victim?

Yeah, and I'm not a victim. And my message is positive. My show has a lovely naiveté and melancholy to it: a pop melancholy. That's my art. If I told that other story in that way, I don't know if that's the best way I can help the universe.

Because if you did talk about it, then things you did would be misinterpreted and seen through that experience?

Yeah. Maybe if I was writing my own book or something. I guess it's hard to.... If I say one thing in our interview right now,

it will be all over the world the day after it hits the stands. And it would be twisted and turned. And it's like you have to honor some things. Some things are sacred.

I understand.

There are some things that are so traumatic, I don't even fully remember them. But I will say wholeheartedly that I had the most wonderful mother and father. I was never abused. I didn't have a bad childhood. All of the things I went through were on my own quest for an artistic journey to fuck myself up like Warhol and Bowie and Mick, and just go for it.

That's interesting that you have this idea that the artist has to expose himself to these dark parts of life.

You do, but all of the trauma I caused to myself [pauses]. Or it was caused by people that I met when being outrageous and irresponsible. What I'm trying to say is that I like to, within moderation, respect that I'm not Mick Jagger or David Bowie, and I don't just have fans that are a certain age. There are, like, nine-year-olds listening to my music, so I guess I try to be respectful of them if at all possible.

You do talk about cocks and pussy all the time, but I know what you mean.

I do, but cock and pussy is not the same as the things that I could talk about.

You seem to have become more religious or spiritual in the last year or so.

I've had a few different experiences. I'm really connected to my Aunt Joanne, and she's not with us anymore. And then there was my father's surgery. And also, my life has changed so much. It's hard not to believe that God hasn't been watching out for me when I've had such obstacles with drugs and rejection and people not believing in me. It's been a long and continuous road, but it's hard to just chalk it all up to myself. I have to believe there's something greater than myself.

Like a higher power?

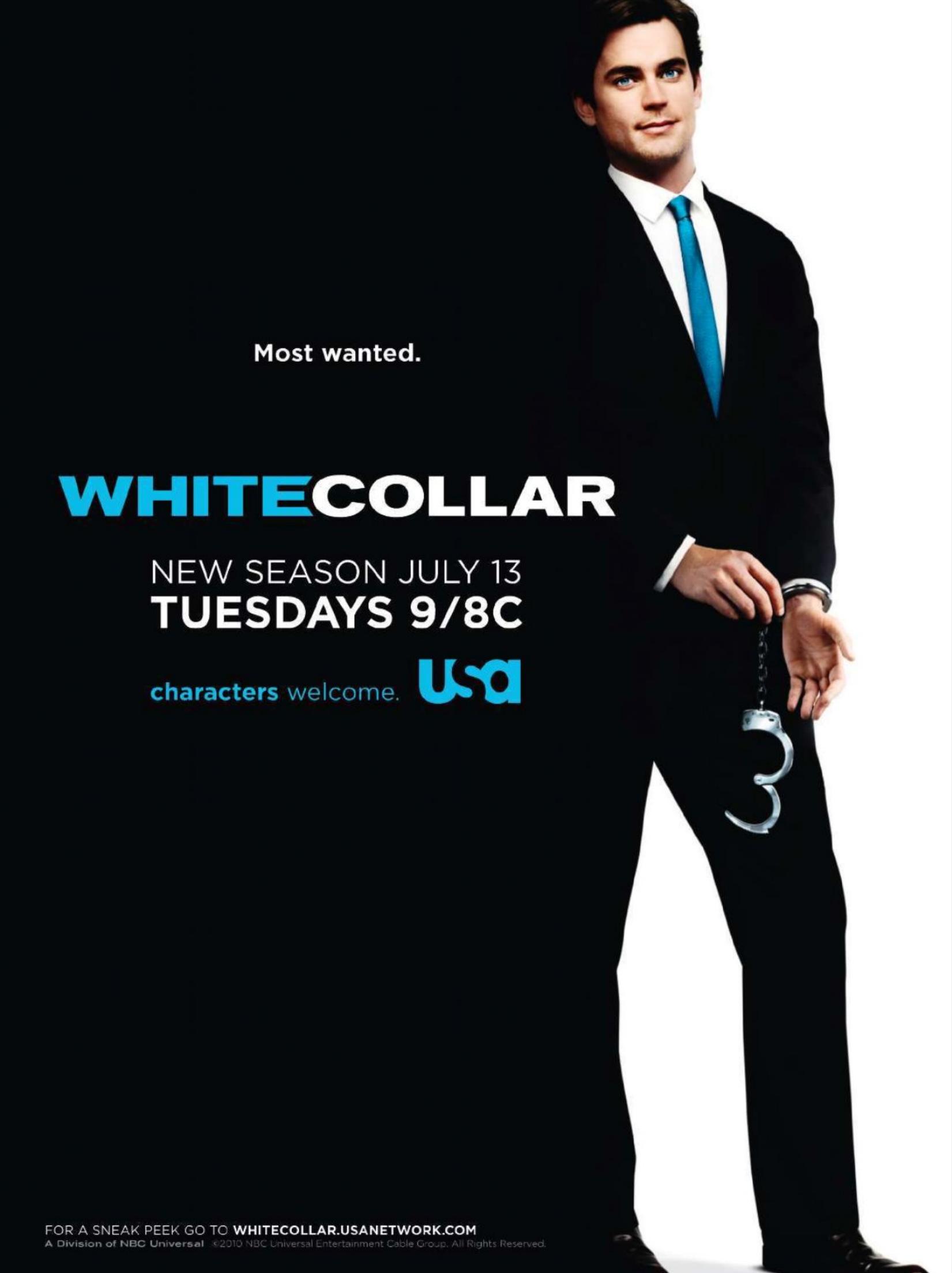
Yeah, a higher power that's been watching out for me. Sometimes it really freaks me out – or, I should say, it petrifies me – when I think about laying in my apartment [in New York] with bug bites from bedbugs and roaches on the floor and mirrors with cocaine everywhere and no will or interest in doing anything but making music and getting high. So I guess I've come a really long way, and I have my friends to thank for that, and I have God.

So do you think that getting addicted to work replaced drugs in your life?

You just learn to put your energy into something creative and wonderful. I work with Deepak Chopra, and I called him and told him some wacky dream I had about... I don't want to say. It's too morbid.

You seem like you have morbid dreams.

I do have morbid dreams. But I put them in the show. A lot of the work I do is an exorcism for the fans but also for myself. The [video] piece in the show where I'm eating the heart, it's a real bovine heart.



Most wanted.

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What made you do that?

My father was about to have surgery, or maybe he had just had surgery. So Nick Knight, who did all the visuals for the shows, said to me, "It's time for you to let go of this." And he gave me the heart as kind of a way to face my fear.

So you were saying earlier that you had gone to Deepak Chopra with your dream. What happened?

Oh, right. I was freaking out. I was hysterically crying before the show, like, "The devil's trying to take me, Deepak. I'm a good girl!" I don't know if I really believe in stuff like that. I think I was just worried about my dad. And Deepak goes, "You are so very creative, my Gaga. You should make this into a video." And I guess in his own way, he spoke to me about learning to respect and honor my insanity. It's part of who I am.

Do you have any recurring dreams?

[Hesitates] I have this recurring dream sometimes where there's a phantom in my home. And he takes me into a room, and there's a blond girl with ropes tied to all four of her limbs. And she's got my shoes on from the Grammys. Go figure – psycho. And the ropes are pulling her apart.

I never see her get pulled apart, but I just watch her whimper, and then the phantom says to me, "If you want me to stop hurting her and if you want your family to be OK, you will cut your wrist." And I think that he has his own, like, crazy wrist-cutting device. And he has this honey in, like, Tupperware, and it looks like sweet-and-sour sauce with a lot of MSG from New York. Just bizarre. And he wants me to pour the honey into the wound, and then put cream over it and a gauze.

So I looked up the dream, and I couldn't find anything about it anywhere. And my mother goes, "Isn't that an illuminati ritual?" And I was like, "Oh, my God!"

People keep reporting that you're exhausted from pushing it too hard on the road. You've been on tour for...

Three years. It'll be four years when we're done. And then I'm going to put out a new album. So, see ya! [Laughs cruelly] We're already designing that show.

Are you worried that you're going to hit a point where there's a backlash?

From where?

No one can predict it. But when you look at anyone who gets to a certain point in their career, all of a sudden something

random happens, and everybody turns on them, and then of course at some point later, everybody loves them again.

I'm not worried about it. I believe in karma. I'm really good to the people around me. I don't know if you made any observations of our wonderful team, but I love everybody here. My assistant is one of my best friends. I'm not a diva, in any sense of the word.

But apart from that, the media likes to build people up so they can tear them down, then build them up again. Everybody goes through that.



"MUSIC IS A LIE. ART IS A LIE. YOU HAVE TO TELL A LIE THAT IS SO WONDERFUL THAT YOUR FANS MAKE IT TRUE."

I mean, they've tried everything. But they haven't done it. When they start saying that you have extra appendages, you have to assume that they're unable to destroy you. I've got scratch marks all over my arms, and they say I'm a heroin addict. It's from my costumes. When I pass out onstage, they say that I'm burning out, when I have my own (A) personal health issues and (B) it's fucking hot up there and I'm busting my ass every night. I've heard that Audrey Hepburn used to faint on the set all the time, and nobody thought she was a burnout.

What are your health issues right now?

I don't have lupus. I'm a borderline lupetic person, which means I have it in my system, and they don't know a lot about it. I don't want my fans to worry, so I didn't talk about it. But it's just more making sure that I reduce stress in my life to make sure that I don't develop it.

Did doctors give you a regimen of some sort to follow?

It's in my family, so I don't really listen to doctors very much when it comes to it, because it's so personal. I talk to people that I know that have it, or my father, whose sister died from it. There's nothing to worry about, but I do get

very tired sometimes, and I naturally wonder....

Of course, you get to be a hypochondriac.

I don't want to be one, so most of the time I'm like, "Fuck it, I'm fine." At a certain point, you're so beyond the point of exhaustion that you don't know: Do I have a health problem that may or may not be real, or am I just really tired?

So what changes did you make in your life once you found out?

I make much more of an effort now to minimize the drama or the stress in my life.

I take care of myself. I drink, and still live my life, but I could never let my fans down. That would kill me to have to face that extra obstacle every day to get onstage. It's completely terrifying, so I'm just really focused on mind, body and soul. And also Joanne – I believe that her spirit is inside of me, so, you know, my closest friends have told me that it was just her way of peeking in to say hello.

That's an interesting way to think about it.

And I've got her death date on my arm. [Shows passage in German from Rainer Maria Rilke's "Letters to a Young Poet"]

Next to the Rilke quote?

Yeah. She was a poet and a writer, and I guess I truly believe that she had unfinished work to do and she works through me. She was, like, a total saint. So maybe she's living vicariously through a sinner [laughs].

There are all these videos of you on YouTube playing alternative and classic rock. Do you ever want to go back to that and do a Billy Joel kind of thing?

I totally wrote one for this new album. It's so good. And it's very personal. The song is about my sadness in the most real and honest kind of way, and the song is about how whenever I become so unbearably lonely, my father has always been my friend. He would take my calls, and he'd listen to me crying and poetically talk about my sorrow, and he would say, "You know, Loop, you're gonna be OK if your songs are on the radio."

[The tour bus stops at a hotel in Birmingham, where Lady Gaga's assistant boards the bus.]

I'll let you get to Manchester. Thanks for the time.

Use the stuff that's going to make me a legend. I want to be a legend. Is that wrong?



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REGGAE'S MAD SCIENTIST

THE SOUNDS INSIDE **LEE "SCRATCH"**
PERRY'S HEAD CHANGED THE WORLD -
REGGAE AND RAP WOULDN'T EXIST
WITHOUT HIM. AND HE DID IT ALL
WITHOUT EVER LEARNING TO PLAY
AN INSTRUMENT OR MAKE A DAMN
BIT OF SENSE. BY **JAY BULGER**
PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER YANG



JUST BEFORE DAWN, IN THE GARAGE OF HIS MANSION, SET HIGH above a medieval village in the Swiss Alps, Lee "Scratch" Perry balances precariously on the top step of a ladder and spray paints an abstract self-portrait. Dozens of medals and pendants hang from his army jacket and jangle as one of reggae's founding fathers stretches his wiry frame to reach the canvas. His foot taps to the beat of a dark dub track he created more than 30 years ago. His black biker boots are covered with a mosaic of shattered mirror pieces that he has glued to the leather. His mohawk and beard are painted cardinal red. "Being a madman is good thing!" Perry shouts over the music. "It keeps people away. When they think you are crazy, they don't come around and take your energy, making you weak. I am the Upsetter! Suffer, you were born to suffer! I am the Upsetter!" ↗ It is a title Perry conferred on himself with



DUB CONQUEROR
Perry, the psychedelic
godfather of reggae,
in New York

LEE "SCRATCH" PERRY



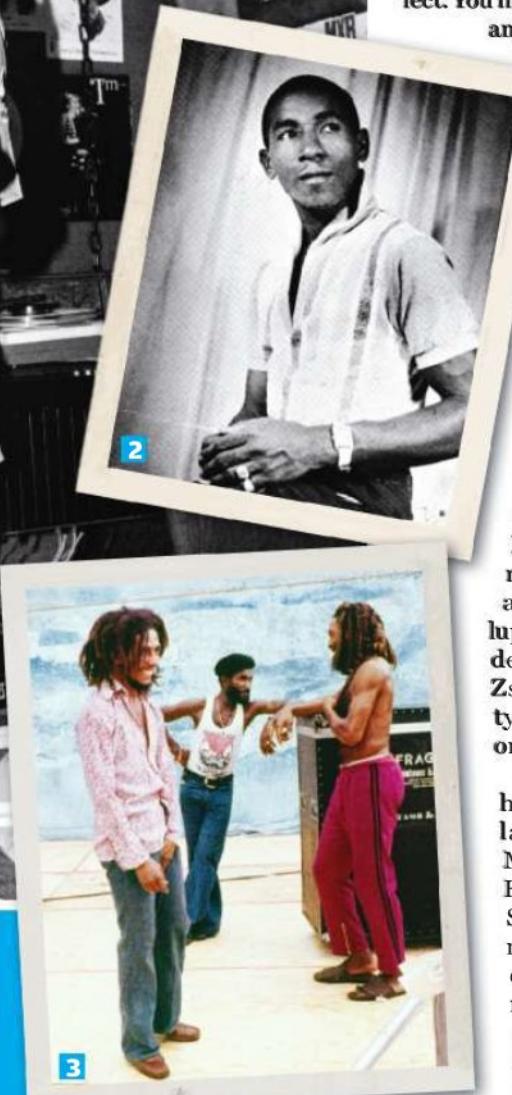
The Upsetter

Perry helped create reggae and became one of the most influential producers of his era. (1) At his Black Ark studio in the Seventies. (2) As a young producer in 1966. (3) In 1975, with Marley, who recorded his early hits with Perry.

his 1968 Jamaican single "I Am the Upsetter." It is also a perfect description of Perry's historic, confrontational impact as a record producer, in the late Sixties and Seventies, on reggae and beyond. Perry cannot read or write music, but with his intuitive ear for the natural complexities of reggae rhythms and the spiritual rebellion in R&B voices, Perry produced Bob Marley and the Wailers' best early recordings – Seventies sessions including the righteous anthems "Soul Rebel," "Small Axe" and "Duppy Conqueror" – and the mid-Seventies Rasta-protest classics *War Ina*

Babylon by Max Romeo and *Police and Thieves* by Junior Murvin. Meanwhile, Perry's pursuit of extremes on his seminal dub releases – mesmeric rhythm tracks chopped and rebuilt with primitive electronics and confounding logic – laid the foundations for hip-hop, electronica and the entire remix industry.

"You could never put your finger on Lee Perry – he's the Salvador Dalí of music," says Keith Richards, who has been working on some recordings with Perry. "He's a mystery. The world is his instrument. You just have to listen. More than a producer, he knows how to inspire the artist's soul. Like Phil Spector, he has a gift of not only hearing sounds that come



JAY BULGER profiled Cream drummer Ginger Baker in RS 1085.

from nowhere else, but also translating those sounds to the musicians. Scratch is a shaman."

Along the way, the 74-year-old Perry has also been called a madman, charlatan, con man and prophet; but mostly, he is just an obsessive-compulsive artist who believes that he is a vessel for the divine, placed on this earth to spread a gospel of peace, harmony and positive vibrations. "They say man is not perfect," he says. "Well, then I say I don't want to be a human being! Because I have to be perfect. You must believe you have a guardian angel, only then can you be perfect too."

AFTER AN HOUR of painting, the garage door swings open and Perry's wife and manager, Mireille, shouts, "Lee, you need air!" Large tubes of industrial-strength glue and spray paint have created a toxic fog that hangs like a cloud in the room. Perry turns around, his eyebrows raised. "I am shark," he says to me. "She is my shadow, the fish that cleans my gills. My wife, my knife, enemy of my mess!" Perry laughs, looking up and down at his blond wife's voluptuous body spilling out of her designer dress. Like a Swiss Zsa Zsa Gabor, the 50-year-old beauty puckers up and lays a wet one on her husband.

For the past 15 years, Perry has been living here in a tiny village just outside Zurich, with Mireille and their two children. He still can't speak a word of Swiss-German, and Mireille runs the day-to-day operations of the Perry household. A former dominatrix, Mireille has engaged in a two-decade-long struggle with Perry over his lack of cleanliness. "I am tidy, so I give him this room to make his mess," she says, "but he must learn to be clean in the house."

Perry battles against this enforced domestication, and every so often, he defecates in champagne glasses, placing them in cabinets throughout the house or burying them in the backyard. He justifies this habit by explaining that shit and piss are the essence of humanity: "The rain holds the sky, the rain goes in the water, we swim in the water, we piss in the water, and we drink the water. To live, we must piss and shit the water out. I believe in my piss. I believe in my shit."

"I don't understand it," says Mireille with a sigh. "I guess sometimes he just takes his belief in the natural too far."

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When his wife leaves the garage, Perry returns to his work and paints the words "Reggae Judgment in the USA" on the wall, a warning, he says, to **ROLLING STONE**. Despite his isolation, Perry still produces a tremendous volume of music – he has three releases out this year, and he will be playing dates in Europe and the U.S.

He bends over the assortment of colors, takes a dab of purple and white, and begins to paint his own face lavender and says to me, "You must become the Mad Hatter of Manhattan. You will wear a funny hat – only then will **ROLLING STONE** understand the Upsetter."

RAINFORD HUGH "LEE" PERRY was born on March 20th, 1936, in the rural sugar-cane fields of Kendal, Jamaica. The third of four children, Perry grew up watching his mother perform the Ettu dance – a ceremony held to commune with the spirits of the afterlife in which the devotees enter trancelike states. At 20, according to his biography, *People Funny Boy*, by David Katz, Perry left his village, eventually finding his way to the teeming capital of Kingston, where he got a job running errands at Studio One, the Motown of Jamaica.

Perry worked his way up through the organization by writing catchy songs like "Chicken Scratch." "Everyone has to start from Scratch!" he says about the popular dance anthem that gave him his nickname. In 1966, Perry left Studio One and subsequently produced the song "The Upsetter," marking the birth of the incendiary alter ego that Perry would carry with him for the rest of his life. "The Upsetter is a two-edged sword," Perry has said. "I upset to bring them up, but I also upset to destroy them!"

In 1969, walking by a church, Perry was mesmerized by the soulful sound of the congregation's music. Inspired, he recorded "People Funny Boy" – a track widely credited as one of the first reggae songs. Decades before "sampling" became the norm, the tune featured a baby crying, hinting at Perry's future sonic surrealisms. "Reggae is a useful exercise I created to get the people skipping," Perry says today, but in his usual contradictory way, he has also described his music as "revolution – it's war."

That same year, a young and frustrated Bob Marley returned to Jamaica from the United States, where he had been working in a Delaware auto factory. After regrouping with bandmates Peter Tosh and Bunny Wailer, Marley came to Perry seeking musical and spiritual guidance. "Scratch helped my father look deeper into himself," says



PERRY'S HIGHS

The essentials from Lee Perry's catalog
BY DAVID FRICKE

BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS

SOUL REBELS (*Upsetter*, 1970)

Perry's first album with the Wailers is a reggae milestone – the group's emerging spiritual militancy anchored in bony propulsion and sweet-water echo. "Soul Rebel" and Peter Tosh's vocal in "400 Years" are pure Rastaman vibrations.

THE UPSETTERS

THE UPSETTER SHOP, VOLUME 2, 1969 TO 1973 (*Heartbeat*, 1999)

This compilation helps make sense of Perry's blizzard of productions with raw, delightful sides by the Mellotones, falsetto marvel Eric Donaldson and singer Carl Dawkins, who covers the Temptations' "Cloud Nine" with help from the Wailers.

THE UPSETTERS

SUPER APE (*Island*, 1976)

The Caribbean-psychadelic flow of haunted-Rasta soul singing ("Zion's Blood"), DJ toasting ("Croaking Lizard") and spooked dub is a legendary peak of Perry's sorcery.

THE CONGOS

HEART OF THE CONGOS (*Blood and Fire*, 1996)

Perry's rare mix of this 1977 album is a masterpiece of Jamaican group-harmony glow, Rasta-sermon urgency and intricate rhythmic hypnosis.

THE CLASH

"COMPLETE CONTROL" (*Columbia U.K.*, 1977)

First, the Clash covered Perry's street-war smash "Police and Thieves." Then the band got Perry to add his Jamaican-Phil Spector spatial dynamics to their fuck-you guitars and vocal rage. The result: the Clash's first great single.

the studio while we played our music, and then he screwed us. We never saw a dime from those albums we did with him. Records that other people have made millions from. Lee Perry's ignorance cost us a lot of money, and I never forgave him."

For his part, Perry says, "I'd rather not talk on Bunny Wailer – he's a miserable person."

Whatever their differences, for the rest of his life Marley would return to Perry in search of inspiration, advice and to occasionally collaborate on songs like "Jah Live." "The only person Bob worked with whom he really respected was Lee Perry," says Chris Blackwell, who would assume production responsibilities for the Wailers from Perry. Blackwell had the band re-record many of the original Perry tracks, removing some of the grit, weirdness and mysticism from songs like "Duppy Conqueror" and "Small Axe" for release in the U.S., taking Marley and reggae music into the mainstream.

In Marley's absence, Perry began focusing less on vocally based music and more on "versions," a form of remixing, stripping the tracks down to their core and then building them back up. For years, Jamaican producers had been creating "dub plates": custom mixes for local DJs. Often, Perry would create multiple versions of each song. In the absence of a great singer, Perry began "toasting," what we now know as freestyle. With his 1973 release of "Cow Thief Skank" years before DJs were mixing between turntables, Perry spliced rhythms while rhyming over the beat. "It was Lee Perry's sound and the Jamaican toasters that inspired us to start hip-hop," says Afrika Bambaataa, who, along with DJ Kool Herc, created the basis of hip-hop in the South Bronx.

In 1973, Perry built his legendary Black Ark studio, a small backyard bunker behind his home in Kingston, and embarked on a five-year period of around-the-clock production increasingly fueled by marijuana and alcohol. Black Ark would become the birthplace of countless reggae and dub classics. "Dub is the shadow of the song. It is the ultimate beginning with no ending," says Bill Laswell, who produced Herbie Hancock's "Rockit," using the dub sound as its basis. This psychedelic approach to reggae transformed the producer into the composer, and the mixing board became his instrument as he created boundless soundscapes and journeys into nature's sonic fragmentation. "The bass is the brain, and the drum is the heart," Perry says. "I listen to my body to find the beat. From there, it's just experimenting with the sounds of the animals in the ark."

"Perry was using a 4-track at the Black Ark studio, but he could get about a hundred other tracks bouncing in and out of there by using stones, water, kitchen utensils and whatever else was available," reggae legend Max Romeo [Cont. on 122]



PREVIEW PERRY'S DOC

Exclusive: Watch a clip from "The Upsetter" at rollingstone.com.



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THE FURIOUS LIFE & FINAL DAYS OF DENNIS HOPPER

Before he straightened up and settled down, he was Hollywood's greatest madman, a rebel who changed the movie business.

But in his last months, as he was dying of cancer, the rage returned

By Vanessa Grigoriadis

AMERICAN IDOL
Hopper on the
Sunset Strip in
1969, not long
after he directed
Easy Rider

FYOU WANTED TO UNDERSTAND DENNIS HOPPER LATE IN his life, after five decades of fighting the system, firing up revolutions and invoking dark nightmares onscreen, all you had to do was look at his home in Venice, California. That it looked like no other home – a weird warehouse set among decrepit craftsman beach houses – was to be expected. That he kept a handgun and loose rounds in his sock drawer upstairs – you'd be almost disappointed if they weren't there. The property's most unexpected feature wasn't the multimillion-dollar art collection or the in-ground pool, but the white picket fence in front of the main house, a sign of a man proud of his neatly kept compound, placed there either ironically or sincerely, as a jab at the stereotype of American family life.

Hopper built this home, an industrial, open-plan loft with rooms connected by a maze of metal catwalks, in the late Eighties, when he was engineering his comeback as a villain in *Blue Velvet*. When he turned 56, he brought his future wife – his fifth – to live in the house. Hopper had met Victoria Duffy, a slim, 24-year-old hostess, at a restaurant a week after his fourth divorce, from ballet dancer Katherine La-Nasa. Though he was leaving behind a young son, Henry, Hopper's reputation for vicious intensity and offscreen menace seemed to be a thing of the past. Now, he took his tea with lemon and honey, wore Hugo Boss suits, and steered clear of drugs and alcohol, except for pot. He also spent long afternoons playing golf with his close friend Jack Nicholson. "Hoppy was very slow when he golfed, very specific," says Nicholson. "He was a tremendous physical specimen."

Hopper still rode motorcycles, but these days the stoner hippie rebel of *Easy Rider* went on leisurely road trips with a gang of friends who called themselves the Guggenheim Motorcycle Club, including Lauren Hutton, Jeremy Irons and Laurence Fishburne. They would fly to a country where the Guggenheim Museum was staging a promotion – Russia, the United Arab Emirates, Spain – and spend several days riding BMW bikes to the event, trailed by vehicles carrying their gear. He even voted for George W. Bush twice – partly because it was the contrarian thing for a Hollywood actor to do, and Hopper always needed to do the contrarian thing.

Over the years, Hopper added to his house in Venice, buying two Frank Gehry studios next door and building another structure to form a sort of ragtag compound. He worked constantly, shooting 25 films in the past decade. But even pushing himself as hard as he could, he couldn't seem to follow up on the promise of his early years, coming up in the old studio system during the 1950s, when he seemed destined to become an icon like Paul Newman or a flickering meteor like James

Dean. Instead, after taking one of the most extreme chemical and artistic detours in Hollywood history, Hopper became, in comfortable old age, something more unexpected than any of his previous incarnations: a dependable workaday actor and respected art collector. He considered himself, in his final years, a failure. "I never felt I played the great part," he said. "I never felt that I have directed the great movie. And I can't say that it's anybody's fault but my own."

Nine years ago, Hopper was diagnosed with prostate cancer, but it didn't really slow him down until his condition worsened in 2008. As he began to deal emotionally with the little time he had left, he turned sentimental and looked to the past. Hopper did not always have a great relationship with his older kids – especially his first child, Marin, who was five years older than his current wife. Now that he was sick, he wanted his children close to him, and he was in possession of a home large enough to accommodate everyone. When Marin, a former editor at *Elle* magazine, began having marital problems, he invited her to move into one of the houses on his compound. He also provided a cottage for his teenage son, Henry, a painter of Jackson Pollock-esque drip art who was recently cast in a Gus Van Sant movie. "These kids hadn't been close to Dennis since he left their mothers," recalls a family friend. "They were toddlers then. All

they wanted was to be in the center of his life again."

In 2008, before he began filming the TV show *Crash* in New Mexico, Hopper learned that his cancer had metastasized. As his prognosis worsened, he became increasingly angry and vulnerable, and some of the old demons seemed to kick loose. Most of his rage was directed at Victoria. "You're a human garbage can!" she recalls him yelling. "I can dump anything on you!" In another fight, he told her that she had "caused" his cancer, but insisted that he didn't want to get divorced. "I will never let you leave me," he told her. (Before his death, Hopper denied making the statements.) As the marriage deteriorated, life in the compound began to resemble a scene from *King Lear*, with some of Hopper's heirs eavesdropping on each other in the open-plan house while jockeying for position with the dying patriarch. Hopper and his camp were soon casting Victoria as a gold-digging psycho, while Victoria's allies put the blame squarely on his kids.

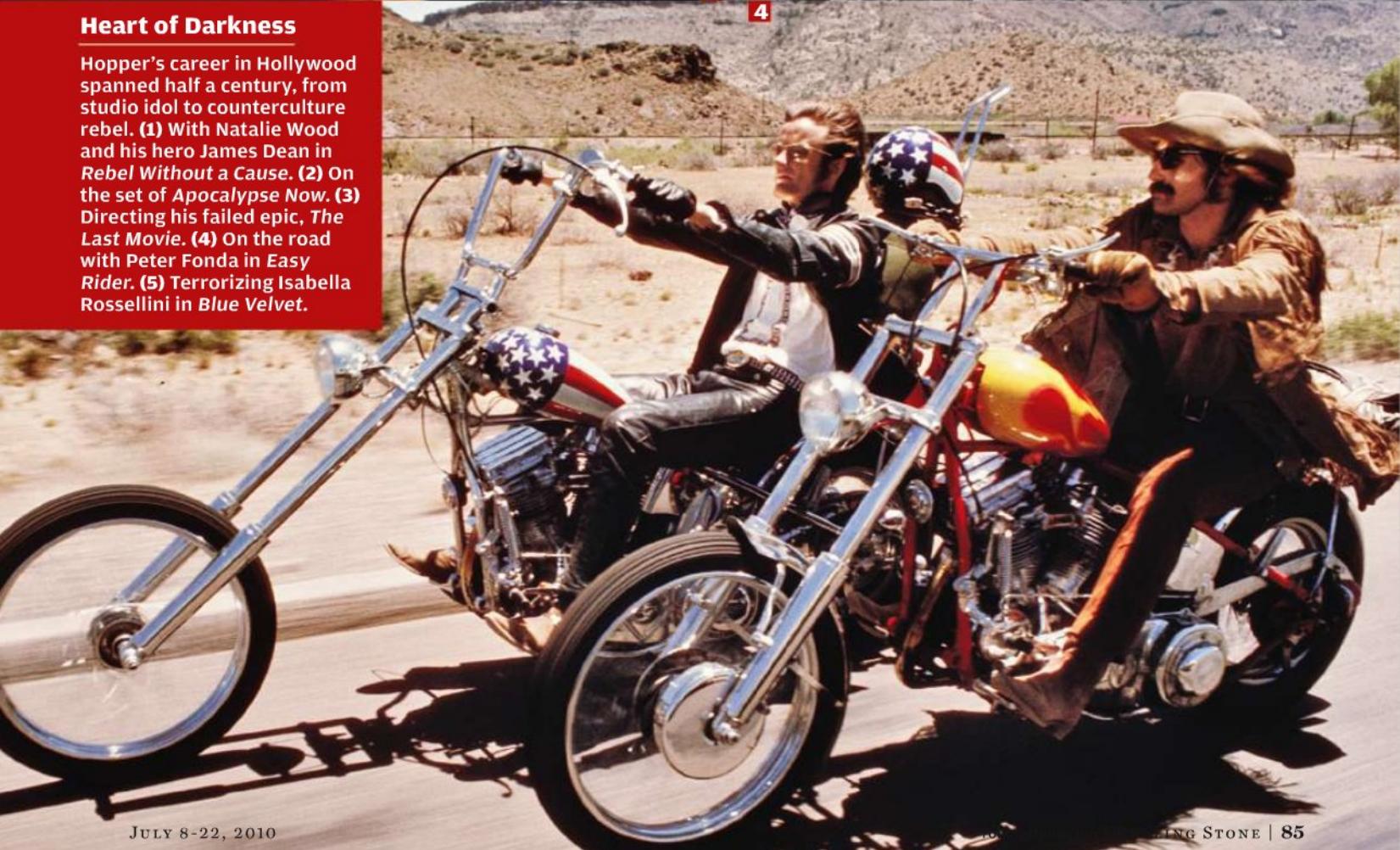
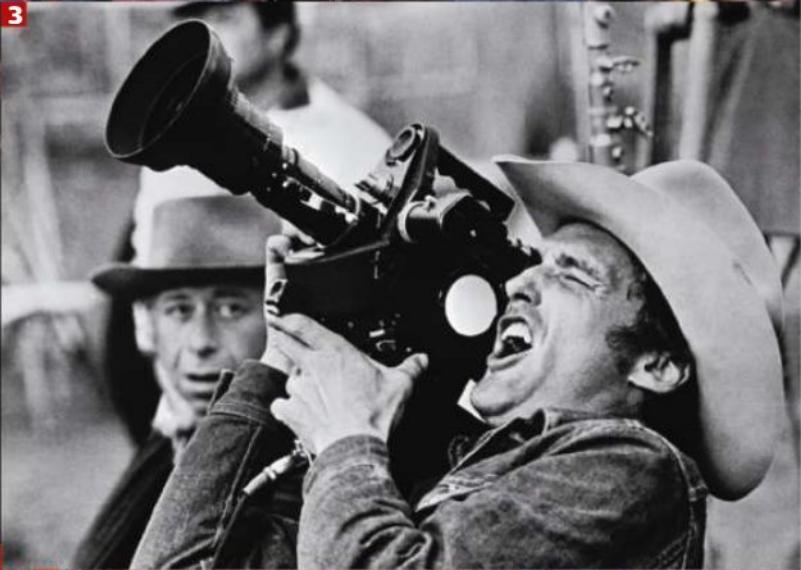
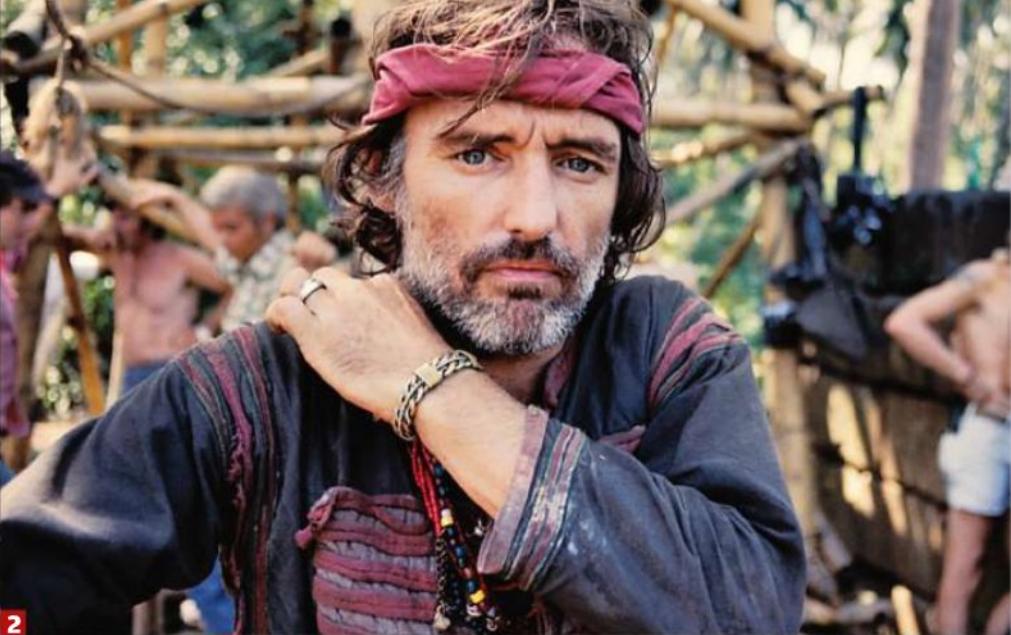
"As sick as it sounds, Marin and Henry liked having Dennis beat up emotionally on Victoria," says a friend. "They wanted their dad back, the out-of-control dad that never gave them enough attention when they were growing up. Now, they wanted to control him."

DECADENT, REBELLIOUS, SELF-indulgent and deeply interested in creating a mythology that would outlive him, Hopper represented both the menace and the allure of the eternal fighter. The mental image that Nicholson says he will always have of his friend is one of raw will: Hopper running at full tilt, "screaming, unstoppable." In his 1971 song "The Pilgrim," Kris Kristofferson sang of Hopper, among others, as a "walking contradiction, partly truth and partly fiction, taking every wrong direction on his lonely way back home." He will always be remembered for the triumph of *Easy Rider*, which kicked off a golden age of American cinema in 1969. "It seems like Dennis invented the language of the Sixties when you hear him say, 'Hey, maaaaan,' in an interview, or even in *True Romance*," says Val Kilmer, a longtime friend of Hopper's. "That twinkle in his eye was as movie-star as it gets. That grin and the way he looked away, then slashed you back with a laser-like look, then a quick nod. He practiced that a lot, you could tell. Actors practice the stuff that works on people. And he worked on people."

At the beginning, he was a heartland kid. Hopper was born in 1936, between the world wars, in the cowboy town of Dodge City, Kansas, where he spent a somber childhood on a farm in the wheat fields. His mother earned his mistrust early by keeping an important secret: Shortly after his father left for World War II, when Hopper was five, she told him that he had been

"YOU'RE A HUMAN GARBAGE CAN!" HOPPER YELLED, ACCORDING TO HIS WIFE VICTORIA. "I CAN DUMP ANYTHING ON YOU!"

Contributor VANESSA GRIGORIADIS profiled Shaun White in RS 1100.



Heart of Darkness

Hopper's career in Hollywood spanned half a century, from studio idol to counterculture rebel. (1) With Natalie Wood and his hero James Dean in *Rebel Without a Cause*. (2) On the set of *Apocalypse Now*. (3) Directing his failed epic, *The Last Movie*. (4) On the road with Peter Fonda in *Easy Rider*. (5) Terrorizing Isabella Rossellini in *Blue Velvet*.

killed in battle, even though she knew he was working as a spy in Asia. He reappeared at the close of the war, a phantom at their doorstep. "Dennis had major mommy issues," says a source close to Hopper.

He consoled himself at the movies. "I remember the loneliness of holding your pillow and thinking it's Elizabeth Taylor or Leslie Caron, and not being able to tell anyone," he recalled. "The only way I thought I could stop being unhappy and lonely was to become an artist – so creative and beautiful that everyone would say, 'Wow.'"

In 1950, Hopper's family moved to San Diego, hoping to treat his younger brother's asthma with sea air. At his new high school, Hopper fell in love with acting, though his parents didn't approve. His home life, he recalled later, was "a nightmare – everybody neurotic, because they weren't doing what they wanted to do, and yelling at me when I wanted to be creative, because creative people ended up in bars." In 1954, Hopper moved to Hollywood, where he quickly landed the small part of Goon, a teen gang member, in *Rebel Without a Cause*.

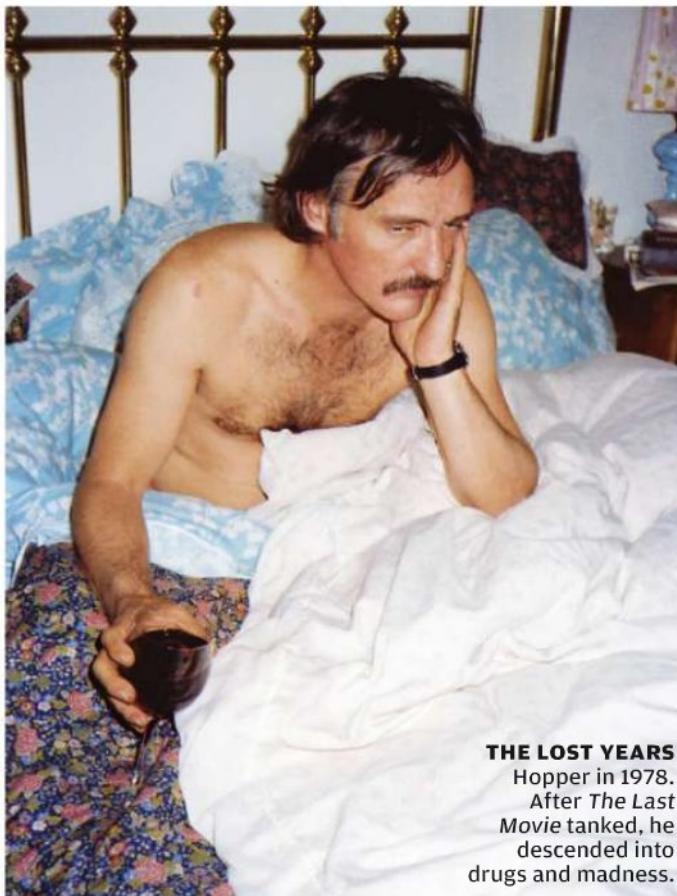
On the set, Hopper grew to idolize James Dean, who introduced him to Method acting and drugs. "Jimmy and I were into peyote and grass when it was still something you couldn't even mention to your closest buddies," recalled Hopper, who kept a pan of peyote bubbling on the stove "like it was a pot of coffee." Following Dean's lead, he focused on being a troublemaker. One night, Hopper filled a bathtub with champagne in preparation for an orgy with Natalie Wood, but when she sat down in the bath, she started screaming and had to be taken to the emergency room. "It burned her pussy," Hopper said. "Set her on fucking fire."

Hopper experienced Dean's death in 1955 as the "most personal tragedy in my life." The best way he knew to honor his friend was to take on the mantle of delinquency, dissidence and self-destruction. "The light that always shined through Dennis was James Dean," says gallery owner Tony Shafrazi, who served as best man at two of Hopper's weddings. Within two years, Hopper found himself blackballed in Hollywood after a fight with director Henry Hathaway on the set of *From Hell to Texas*. For the next decade, he lived in exile, enrolling in the Actors Studio in New York and marching with Martin Luther King Jr. from Selma to Montgomery.

He also picked up photography, which became one of his life's passions – his first

published photo was the cover art for Ike and Tina Turner's *River Deep – Mountain High*, and he took some of the early photos of artists like Neil Young and the Grateful Dead. Friends nicknamed him "the Tourist" for the camera he often wore around his neck. "Hoppy was always more of a visual than a verbal guy," recalls Nicholson. The art collection that Hopper started in those years would grow to be almost as impressive as his film legacy: At Andy Warhol's first pop-art show, in 1962, he bought one of the artist's very first Campbell's soup can prints for \$75. "Some people went to the beach, some people went to play tennis," Hopper said. "I was a gallery bum."

Hopper might never have come back



THE LOST YEARS

Hopper in 1978. After *The Last Movie* tanked, he descended into drugs and madness.

to Hollywood had he not married Brooke Hayward, the daughter of überagent Leland Hayward and a close friend of Jane Fonda, in 1961. Hopper was still persona non grata at the studios, but he was able to get some work in biker B-movies alongside Jane's brother Peter. In 1967, Hopper and Fonda starred together in *The Trip*, a Roger Corman schlock opus about LSD written by Nicholson, who hadn't yet made it into the mainstream. "Dennis was supposed to be the lead in the first play I ever did," recalls Nicholson. "But he went to Mexico to learn bullfighting instead, so I was pretty happy when our paths crossed again." Hopper and Fonda even went into the desert at one point and shot the acid sequences themselves.

There was little indication that Hopper and Fonda's next biker movie, *Easy Rider*, would transcend the genre. With Hopper attached to direct and star in the movie, they could barely scrape together \$360,000 in financing. As they were preparing the film, Hopper got arrested for smoking pot on the Sunset Strip. Early casting hit a snag as well: Rip Torn, originally cast in Nicholson's part of an ACLU lawyer in a Texas drunk tank, dropped out after Hopper threatened him with a steak knife at a New York restaurant. (In the late Nineties, Hopper, not above embroidering a story to shed a more flattering light on himself, was forced to pay Torn \$475,000 in damages after he claimed on *The Tonight Show* that Torn was the one who pulled the knife on him.)

Easy Rider, which would go on to make \$50 million, changed the game of Hollywood filmmaking by proving that art movies made for young audiences by young directors could generate big profits. But Hopper was too difficult a personality to cash in on the revolution he helped launch. He was 33 years old, a countercultural icon and the hottest new director in Hollywood. Even Charles Manson was a fan, asking Hopper to star in a movie of his life. But the accolades weren't enough for Hopper: In later years he began to insist that he had written *Easy Rider* himself (the screenplay credit is shared by Hopper, Fonda and Terry Southern). "Twenty-seven years later, Dennis tried to get me to sign a declaration that he and he alone wrote the screenplay for *Easy Rider*," Fonda writes in his memoir, *Don't Tell Dad*. "One can imagine the love-hate relationship I've had with him all this time."

The film also ruined Hopper's first marriage. As his fame grew, he became abusive to Hayward, breaking her nose in one fight. She walked out on him with Marin, then five years old. "When we got divorced, I probably could have gone for half his cut from *Easy Rider*," Hayward said later. "But I refused to take a nickel from him, because I didn't want him coming after me with a shotgun and shooting me."

In 1970, Hopper married Michelle Phillips, of the Mamas and the Papas, for eight days. "Seven of those days were pretty good," he said later. "The eighth day was the bad one." In a possibly apocryphal story, Hopper tied her to a radiator so she wouldn't leave him. "What am I going to do?" he asked her when she left. "Have you thought about suicide?" she replied.

HOPPER COULD HAVE COASTED on the success of *Easy Rider* for years, but his next move proved to be his undoing: He decided to direct and star in *The Last Movie*, a pet project about a stuntman who stays on the set of a Hollywood Western after it finishes shooting in Peru. He built the set 14,000 feet above sea level in the Peruvian Andes, shipping in Hollywood stars like Fonda and hiring hundreds of Indians as extras. It was impossible to keep the drugs and orgies on the set quiet, because Hopper invited reporters from seemingly every magazine in the U.S. to visit him in Peru. To edit the 37 hours of film he had shot, Hopper set up shop in a sprawling ranch house in Taos, surrounded by a cult of writers, druggies and hippie mystics.

The Last Movie won the Venice Film Festival, but it closed quickly in the U.S. "I overestimated my audience," Hopper said, crushed by the rejection. "What they really wanted was 1940-opiate kind of movies where they didn't have to do a whole lot of thinking — what Spielberg and Lucas came up with." He was never again able to direct anything on such a grand scale.

sighted with a black eye the next day — he wasn't the oddest duck on that notoriously bizarre set: That award probably goes to Marlon Brando, who insisted on filming their scenes together on separate nights, because he didn't like Hopper. But much of the crew loved him, even with his addictions. "All of his performance was improvisational," recalls Laurence Fishburne, who plays a young soldier in the film. "It was stunning, the stream of consciousness coming out of him. I was just a kid, 15 years old, but I was blown away by his ability. He didn't pay much attention to me, but I shadowed him for a while, because I thought, 'Here's a guy who's free, here's a guy who's really free.'"

In 1983, Hopper finally hit rock bottom. He was in Mexico, playing the head of the DEA, ironically enough, in the long-forgotten movie *Jungle Fever*, when he suddenly wandered into the streets of Cuernavaca naked and raving. Two stuntmen from the film were dispatched to take him to the airport and fly him home before he ruined the production. On the plane, he thought he saw flames on the wing, and tried to open the emergency hatch. After a couple of tries

His collection included Basquiat, Robert Rauschenberg, David Salle, Keith Haring and a large portrait of him by Julian Schnabel. "I painted it for him when Rip Torn was making all that trouble with lawsuits, because he was down and I wanted to cheer him up," says Schnabel.

Hopper had never gotten over the loss of his first collection, which he had been forced to hand over to Hayward in his divorce years earlier. To make some money, she promptly turned around and sold much of it — including his prized Warhol soup can, whose value he had recognized years before it became iconic. According to a source close to Hopper, that original collection could have been worth \$200 million today. His current collection was once appraised at \$16 million, but those familiar with it say it could be worth as much as \$300 million. Now, in Hopper's final months, the question of who would control it — along with a valuable collection of his own photographs — took increasing precedence in his mind.

Victoria, the daughter of a psychologist and a neurologist in Boston, may have been a hostess when she met Hopper, but

HOPPER CALLED JAMES DEAN'S DEATH "THE MOST PERSONAL TRAGEDY OF MY LIFE." TO HONOR HIS FRIEND, HE TOOK ON THE MANTLE OF DELINQUENCY AND SELF-DESTRUCTION.

"That's one of the sad things, to me," says Nicholson. "Hoppy was a great director, in my opinion, and his acting career was totally impressive — he survived so many not-so-great movies. But it's a tough gig, being a director. You've got to make money, that's part of the ballgame."

Cast out of Hollywood for a second time, Hopper descended into darkness. He was furious at himself for blowing his big opportunity. For the next 12 years he spent much of his time in Taos, drinking half a gallon of rum a day, snorting coke and riding around town on a chopper with a gun slung across his back. A rotating cast of bands and artists visited his ranch, from T Bone Burnett to Robby Romero, and Hopper shot off guns at his home day and night. He had a child with his third wife, actress Daria Halprin, but the marriage rapidly disintegrated. "It was during our marriage that Dennis had some of his most difficult years with alcoholism and drug abuse," Halprin recalls. "Our marriage suffered tremendously."

The only work available to Hopper were roles that played on his drug addiction, like the crazy photojournalist in *Apocalypse Now*. Even though he reportedly threw a flaming mattress out of the hotel one night — his girlfriend at the time was

in rehab and a stay in a mental ward, he finally got sober, and immediately started looking for another comeback.

Hopper called David Lynch and begged to be cast in *Blue Velvet* in the role of Frank Booth, the terrifying sadist who inhales an amyl-nitrate mix through a face mask he carries in his pocket. ("That's the way you would have seen Dennis behaving any number of nights in the Sixties," Hayward has said.) Hopper knew the role was made for him. "I've got to play this part," he told Lynch, "because I am Frank."

AS HE APPROACHED HIS SEVENTIES, Hopper no longer devoted himself to making great films. He signed up for a *Super Mario Bros.* movie, the voice on a GPS recording, a lousy NBC *Pentagon* drama. He didn't even mind taking a paycheck from Ameriprise, an investment service, for a series of TV commercials. The obsessions that had claimed Hopper for decades — the drugs, the drinking, the violence — had been replaced by his passion for collecting art. Almost every room of his home in Venice was hung with museum-quality paintings. "I once sat down with him at a table in his studio, and he was using a Damien Hirst skull as a paperweight," says a friend.

by the end of his life she had become a sophisticated Hollywood wife. With her clever eye for art, she helped hang shows of his photos and attended business meetings with him. But a few years before he died, their personal relationship began to deteriorate. He was, she later recalled, "wildly funny on good days, a towering inferno on bad." Although he did not physically abuse her, she says he warned that "something bad is going to happen to you, and you won't see it coming." (Hopper denied the allegation.) Even so, after 14 years of marriage, she made the decision to support him through his illness. She also knew that, under the terms of their prenuptial agreement, she stood to walk away with nothing if they divorced.

But her patience was wearing thin. In his final years, Hopper still enjoyed his guns and drugs, although in smaller quantities. He kept a loaded shotgun in the house, and a pistol in his bedroom. Last October, when he went to get the weapons after hearing some firecrackers outside, he flipped out when he discovered that Victoria had turned them in to the Santa Monica police. She also flew off the handle at his son Henry, accusing him of leaving Hopper's pot lying around in a room where Galen, her six-year-old daughter, liked to

play. (At the end of his life, Hopper was smoking as much as \$700 a week of medical marijuana.) Hopper doted on Galen; even Victoria admits in court documents that he "loves Galen deeply and likes to watch TV with her." But that didn't stop him from taking his son's side in the argument. "Dennis could never be the authority figure, which is part of why the world loves him," says a source close to Hopper. "He just wanted to be the pal, to be loved by his kids."

As Hopper and Victoria's fights escalated, Marin and Henry rushed to their father's defense. As they saw it, Victoria was creating an unnecessary disturbance in their dad's few remaining days. "Victoria has made my father's life a living hell," Henry later alleged in court documents. Feeling outnumbered, Victoria invited her mother to stay at the compound — a move that infuriated Hopper. "My kids all have rights to this property," he seethed at her. "Your mother does *not* have rights."

Hopper loved art because it was a refuge for him, a way of communicating with others offscreen, something that he admitted could be difficult for him. Sadly, his art col-

lection would end up destroying his family. Last July, deciding that it was time to put Victoria in her place, Hopper removed her as a director of his art trust, replacing her with Marin. Three months later, while he was in Europe promoting a book of his photographs, Victoria met with his business manager and grew suspicious that Hopper had changed his will. Afterward, she insisted that Hopper accompany her to therapy to discuss the estate plan, but he refused. "Victoria wants Dennis' money," says a friend of the family. "She saw that art collection as a way to catapult herself into being a celebrity in the art world, and because she was going to be denied control of it, she went crazy."

In the prenup, Victoria was supposed to get 25 percent of Hopper's estate, plus a quarter of his \$1 million life-insurance policy — but only if they were still married and living together at the time of his death. (Galen was supposed to receive an additional 15 percent of everything he had, with the remainder split among his other children.) The problem with the prenup is that when it was written, Hopper's compound in Venice included only the house with the metal front and a small studio. Now, it had sprawled to include five separate homes. And who was to say that Vic-

toria wasn't residing on the property if she simply packed up and moved into one of the new buildings on the property?

BEFORE VICTORIA TOOK SUCH A dramatic step, she decided to confront Hopper a few weeks before Christmas about changes to the will. The next day, she came home to find that he had left the compound — Marin had moved him into the Beverly Hills Hotel. In court papers, Victoria implies that she moved Hopper to stop him from changing his mind about the will, but Marin said his doctor advised that he leave to escape the stress at home.

While Hopper was gone, Victoria took advantage of his absence. She hired a former assistant on poor terms with Hopper to help her remove several dozen pieces of art she claimed had been given to her as gifts, including sculptures by Robert Graham and a Banksy piece titled *In the Future Everyone Will Be Anonymous for Fifteen Minutes*. Hopper valued the combined works at \$1.5 million.

Two days later, Victoria took Galen and left for Boston to visit her mother — or that,

ing nightmare. She is the one who made the decision to change the family dynamic. Victoria is such a devious control freak she would never let any of the children be with Dennis — she didn't want anybody else to have his attention."

In January, Victoria finally moved out of the big house with Galen, taking up residence in one of the Gehry cottages that Hopper used as an art studio. But the fighting continued to escalate. The studio, which Galen called "the camp house," had little furniture except for a queen bed and a sectional couch. But when Victoria asked Hopper for \$30,000 to buy additional furniture, he refused. "I'll give her a bed," he reportedly said. "But she wants \$30,000 for the furniture? Please." The camp house wasn't set up to support full-time residents — there wasn't enough power to have the heat and lights on at the same time — but when Victoria tried to fix it, Hopper's lawyer sent her a letter explaining that she had "damaged a Frank Gehry-designed house (most famous architect in the world) by putting in unnecessary ventilation for reasons that none of us understand." Victoria and Hopper had never merged bank

AS HIS MARRIAGE AND HEALTH DETERIORATED, LIFE IN THE COMPOUND BECAME LIKE "KING LEAR," WITH HOPPER'S HEIRS JOCKEYING FOR POSITION WITH THE DYING PATRIARCH.

at least, was the first story. "Then she said she had to leave because someone was trying to kill her and put sugar in her [gas] tank," Marin claims in court papers. "Then she said she was anorexic and she would have a heart attack if she stayed." While Victoria was away, her enemies seized the opportunity to smear her: A tabloid paper implied she was "stepping out" with a Democratic strategist who lived in Boston, an accusation she vehemently denies.

Hopper lost his mind. A deal was struck to provide for Victoria, but she accused his children of standing in the way of a settlement. "Perhaps something has happened in Hopper's mind, which makes him seek our destitution," she says in court papers. "It is possible, but perhaps it is just the wishes of others."

Hopper's kids insist they were only protecting their father. "To claim my father is . . . under the influence of his children (who are with him in his time of need) is appalling to me," Henry says in court documents. "We are here to serve him and support him. We are not here to exploit him in any way." A friend of the children denies virtually every allegation Victoria has made. "Any creator of psychodrama is Victoria," he says. "Everyone was very copacetic until she started acting like a fuck-

accounts, and he had cut her credit-card limits to \$5,000. She had not had a paying job in 18 years: A friend recalls her running around L.A. telling everyone she was broke.

Two days after she moved into the camp house, Victoria claims, Hopper served her divorce papers in front of their six-year-old daughter. Their last conversation was brief. "I expressed to him that I will always love him for the years we spent together, and for our beautiful daughter we share," she says in court documents. "He responded: 'Get the fuck out.'"

AFTER THEY SEPARATED, HOPPER tried to strip away more of Victoria's dignity. He secured an agreement preventing her from coming within 10 feet of him and his kids on the compound. The court awarded Victoria \$12,000 a month in spousal and child support, but he refused to sit for depositions in the divorce case. Victoria became incensed, insisting that he wasn't too sick to testify. She also filed a police report about the Banksy sculpture, which she claimed was stolen from the garage in the camp house.

But she was wrong about how sick he was. In April, Hopper took all of his chil-



1

Family Feud

Hopper with wife Victoria (1) at his Venice Beach compound (2). In his final months, Victoria fought with his son Henry (3) and daughter Marin (4), who lived on the property. To relax, Hopper watched TV with Galen, his six-year-old (5).



2



3



4



5

children to Taos for one last trip, to show them where he wanted to be buried. He would have liked to have died in Taos, which he called his "heart home," but he knew he couldn't – he wanted to be near Galen, who was with Victoria in Los Angeles. He also began working with Schnabel on a large retrospective of his own artwork, to be shown at the Museum of Contemporary Art in July. "I thought it would resuscitate Dennis in a way, and bring him back to life," says Schnabel. "He was very involved in collating a lot of this information, and I thought that his body would just get better as he's doing this. Maybe that was just wishful thinking, you know?"

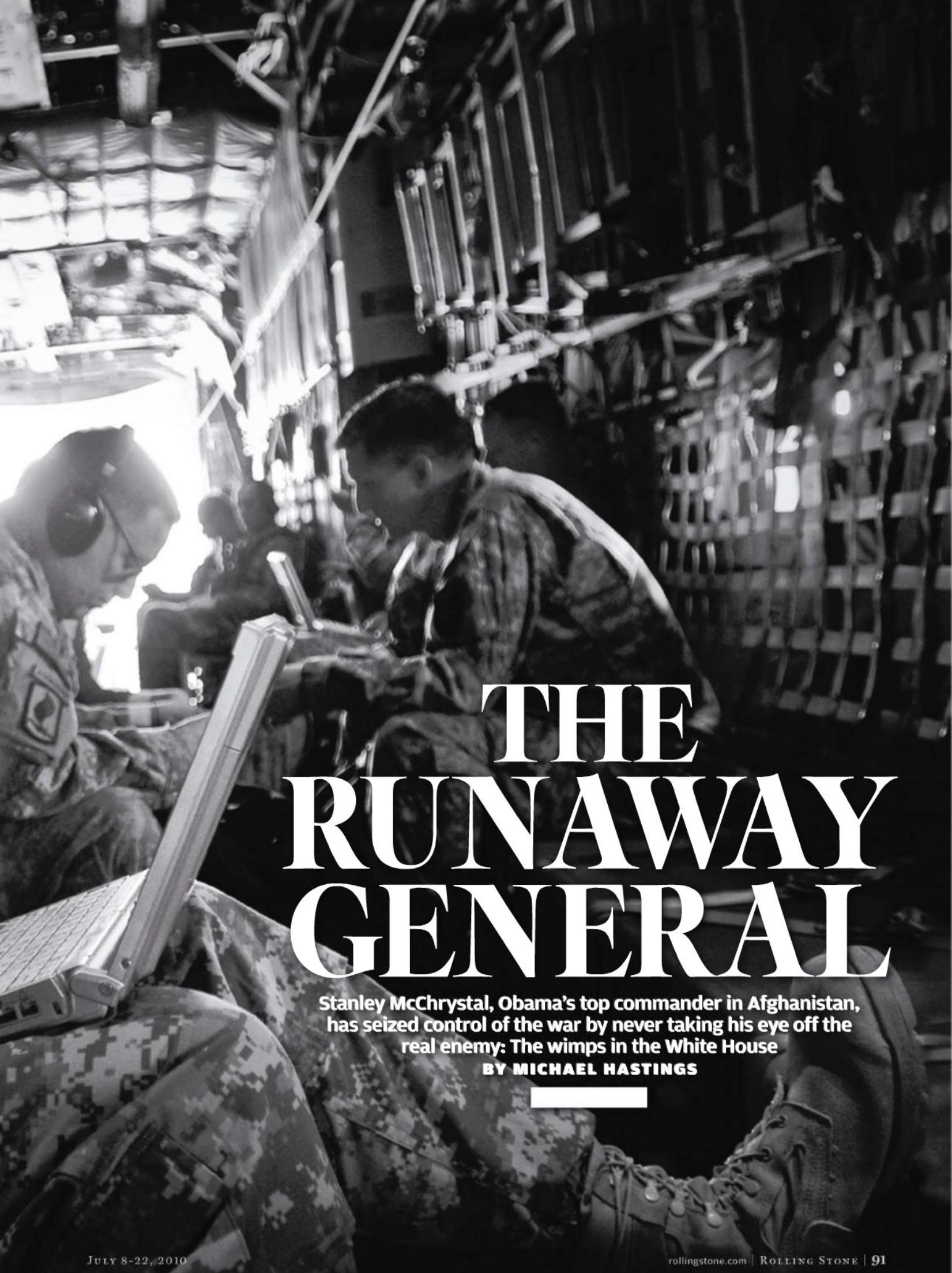
In his final weeks, Hopper decided to distance himself from the divorce entirely. He had asked a family friend, the Coca-Cola heir Alex Hitz, to deal with the press, and he let it drift out of his mind. The night Hopper died, on May 29th, he was with his children. He lay in his bed, and said Henry's name twice. "He was so proud of Henry's acting," says his friend Shafrazi. "Then his eyes shifted to something in front of him ahead, and he was gone." The children's friends immediately filled the home with food and laughter, and invited those closest to Hopper to board a private plane for the funeral in Taos a few days later. But his youngest child did not attend the ceremony: Hopper had refused to let Victoria come, and she didn't want Galen to go through the stress of her father's funeral without her mother present.

Late in his life, on one of his road trips with the Guggenheim Motorcycle Club, Hopper was touched when his friend Laurence Fishburne confessed that he felt intimidated by the art world. "Let me walk you through the museum," Hopper suggested. "Let me show you what this is about." Leading Fishburne through the quiet galleries, Hopper explained the process in poignant terms. "These paintings, all these pieces in the museum, are your friends, and you're coming to visit your friends," he said. "And if there's somebody in here that you don't like, you don't have to spend time with them."

It was the same at the funeral. According to a source close to Hopper, Victoria wasn't the only one who wasn't invited: Hopper's children had a list of people who were banned from paying their respects, including his former literary agent and a photographer he had long been close to. But for those who did attend, it marked the passing of a legend. In an adobe church depicted in paintings by Georgia O'Keeffe, Hopper's brother read "The Pilgrim," Kristofferson's ode to his lonely and contentious friend. There was a lot of laughter and crying. Then Hopper was laid to rest on sacred Indian land. As his body was lowered into the ground, mourners heard a final, furious roar. "There was a whole lot of bikers lined up," says Nicholson. "And when they set their engines off, that set me off too."



McChrystal works
aboard a C-130
between visits to the
battlefield in March.



THE RUNAWAY GENERAL

Stanley McChrystal, Obama's top commander in Afghanistan, has seized control of the war by never taking his eye off the real enemy: The wimps in the White House

BY MICHAEL HASTINGS

HOW'D I GET SCREWED INTO GOING to this dinner?" demands Gen. Stanley McChrystal. It's a Thursday night in mid-April, and the commander of all U.S. and NATO forces in Afghanistan is sitting in a four-star suite at the Hôtel Westminster in Paris. He's in France to sell his new war strategy to our NATO allies – to keep up the fiction, in essence, that we actually *have* allies. Since McChrystal took over a year ago, the Afghan war has become the exclusive property of the United States. Opposition to the war has already toppled the Dutch government, forced the resignation of Germany's president and sparked both Canada and the Netherlands to announce the withdrawal of their 4,500 troops. McChrystal is in Paris to keep the French, who have lost more than 40 soldiers in Afghanistan, from going all wobbly on him.

"The dinner comes with the position, sir," says his chief of staff, Col. Charlie Flynn.

McChrystal turns sharply in his chair.

"Hey, Charlie," he asks, "does this come with the position?"

McChrystal gives him the middle finger.

The general stands and looks around the suite that his traveling staff of 10 has converted into a full-scale operations center. The tables are crowded with silver Panasonic Toughbooks, and blue cables crisscross the hotel's thick carpet, hooked up to satellite dishes to provide encrypted phone and e-mail communications. Dressed in off-the-rack civilian casual – blue tie, button-down shirt, dress slacks – McChrystal is way out of his comfort zone. Paris, as one of his advisers says, is the "most anti-McChrystal city you can imagine." The general hates fancy restaurants, rejecting any place with candles on the tables as too "Gucci." He prefers Bud Light Lime (his favorite beer) to Bordeaux, *Talladega Nights* (his favorite movie) to Jean-Luc Godard. Besides, the public eye has never been a place where McChrystal felt comfortable: Before President Obama put him in charge of the war in Afghanistan, he spent five years running the Pentagon's most secretive black ops.

"What's the update on the Kandahar bombing?" McChrystal asks Flynn. The city has been rocked by two massive car bombs in the past day alone, calling into question the general's assurances that he can wrest it from the Taliban.

Writer MICHAEL HASTINGS has reported from Iraq and Afghanistan for two years. This is his first story for RS.

"We have two KIAs, but that hasn't been confirmed," Flynn says.

McChrystal takes a final look around the suite. At 55, he is gaunt and lean, not unlike an older version of Christian Bale in *Rescue Dawn*. His slate-blue eyes have the unsettling ability to *drill down* when they lock on you. If you've fucked up or disappointed him, they can destroy your soul without the need for him to raise his voice.

"I'd rather have my ass kicked by a roomful of people than go out to this dinner," McChrystal says.

He pauses a beat.

"Unfortunately," he adds, "no one in this room could do it."

With that, he's out the door.

"Who's he going to dinner with?" I ask one of his aides.

"Some French minister," the aide tells me. "It's fucking gay."

The next morning, McChrystal and his team gather to prepare for a speech he is giving at the École Militaire, a French military academy. The general prides himself on being sharper and ballsier than anyone else, but his brashness comes with a price: Although McChrystal has been in charge of the war for only a year, in that short time he has managed to piss off almost everyone with a stake in the conflict. Last fall, during the question-and-answer session following a speech he gave in London, McChrystal dismissed the counterterrorism strategy being advocated by Vice President Joe Biden as "shortsighted," saying it would lead to a state of "Chaos-istan." The remarks earned him a smackdown from the president himself, who summoned the general to a terse private meeting aboard Air Force One. The message to McChrystal seemed clear: *Shut the fuck up, and keep a lower profile.*

Now, flipping through printout cards of his speech in Paris, McChrystal wonders aloud what Biden question he might get today, and how he should respond. "I never know what's going to pop out until

I'm up there, that's the problem," he says. Then, unable to help themselves, he and his staff imagine the general dismissing the vice president with a good one-liner.

"Are you asking about Vice President Biden?" McChrystal says with a laugh. "Who's that?"

"Biden?" suggests a top adviser. "Did you say: *Bite Me?*"

WHEN BARACK OBAMA entered the Oval Office, he immediately set out to deliver on his most important campaign promise on foreign policy: to refocus the war in Afghanistan on what led us to invade in the first place. "I want the American people to understand," he announced in March 2009. "We have a clear and focused goal: to disrupt, dismantle and defeat Al Qaeda in Pakistan and Afghanistan." He ordered another 21,000 troops to Kabul, the largest increase since the war began in 2001. Taking the advice of both the Pentagon and the Joint Chiefs of Staff, he also fired Gen. David McKiernan – then the U.S. and NATO commander in Afghanistan – and replaced him with a man he didn't know and had met only briefly: Gen. Stanley McChrystal. It was the first time a top general had been relieved from duty during wartime in more than 50 years, since Harry Truman fired Gen. Douglas MacArthur at the height of the Korean War.

Even though he had voted for Obama, McChrystal and his new commander in chief failed from the outset to connect. The general first encountered Obama a week after he took office, when the president met with a dozen senior military officials in a room at the Pentagon known as the Tank. According to sources familiar with the meeting, McChrystal thought Obama looked "uncomfortable and intimidated" by the roomful of military brass. Their first one-on-one meeting took place in the Oval Office four months later, after McChrystal got the Afghanistan job, and it didn't go much better. "It was a 10-minute photo op," says an adviser to McChrystal. "Obama clearly didn't know anything about him, who he was. Here's the guy who's going to run his fucking war, but he didn't seem very engaged. The Boss was pretty disappointed."

From the start, McChrystal was determined to place his personal stamp on Afghanistan, to use it as a laboratory for a controversial military strategy known as counterinsurgency. COIN, as the theory is known, is the new gospel of the Pentagon brass, a doctrine that attempts to square the military's preference for high-tech violence with the demands of fighting protracted wars in failed states. COIN calls for sending huge numbers of ground

troops to not only destroy the enemy, but to live among the civilian population and slowly rebuild, or build from scratch, another nation's government – a process that even its staunchest advocates admit requires years, if not decades, to achieve. The theory essentially rebrands the military, expanding its authority (and its funding) to encompass the diplomatic and political sides of warfare: Think the Green Berets as an armed Peace Corps. In 2006, after Gen. David Petraeus beta-tested the theory during his "surge" in Iraq, it quickly gained a hardcore following of think-tankers, journalists, military officers and civilian officials. Nicknamed "COINdinitas" for their cultish zeal, this influential cadre believed the doctrine would be the perfect solution for Afghanistan. All they needed was a general with enough charisma and political savvy to implement it.

As McChrystal leaned on Obama to ramp up the war, he did it with the same fearlessness he used to track down terrorists in Iraq: Figure out how your enemy operates, be faster and more ruthless than everybody else, then take the fuckers out. After arriving in Afghanistan last June, the general conducted his own policy review, ordered up by Defense Secretary Robert Gates. The now-infamous report was leaked to the press, and its conclusion was dire: If we didn't send another 40,000 troops – swelling the number of U.S. forces in Afghanistan by nearly half – we were in danger of "mission failure." The White House was furious. McChrystal, they felt, was trying to bully Obama, opening him up to charges of being weak on national security unless he did what the general wanted. It was Obama versus the Pentagon, and the Pentagon was determined to kick the president's ass.

Last fall, with his top general calling for more troops, Obama launched a three-month review to re-evaluate the strategy in Afghanistan. "I found that time painful," McChrystal tells me in one of several lengthy interviews. "I was selling an unsellable position." For the general, it was a crash course in Beltway politics – a battle that pitted him against experienced Washington insiders like Vice President Biden, who argued that a prolonged counterinsurgency campaign in Afghanistan would plunge America into a military quagmire without weakening international terrorist networks. "The entire COIN strategy is a fraud perpetuated on the American people," says Douglas Macgregor, a retired colonel and

leading critic of counterinsurgency who attended West Point with McChrystal. "The idea that we are going to spend a trillion dollars to reshape the culture of the Islamic world is utter nonsense."

In the end, however, McChrystal got almost exactly what he wanted. On December 1st, in a speech at West Point, the president laid out all the reasons why fighting the war in Afghanistan is a bad idea: It's expensive; we're in an economic crisis; a decade-long commit-



Obama meeting with McChrystal aboard Air Force One last October, after the general dissed Joe Biden

offensive that began in February to retake the southern town of Marja – continues to drag on, prompting McChrystal himself to refer to it as a "bleeding ulcer." In June, Afghanistan officially outpaced Vietnam as the longest war in American history – and Obama has quietly begun to back away from the deadline he set for withdrawing U.S. troops in July of next year. The president finds himself stuck in something even more insane than a quagmire: a quagmire he knowingly walked into, even though it's precisely the kind of gigantic, mind-numbing, multi-generational nation-building project he explicitly said he didn't want.

Even those who support McChrystal and his strategy of counterinsurgency know that whatever the general manages to accomplish in Afghanistan, it's going to look more like Vietnam than Desert Storm. "It's not going to look like a win, smell like a win or taste like a win," says Maj. Gen. Bill Mayville, who serves as chief of operations for

McChrystal. "This is going to end in an argument."

THE GENERAL'S TEAM MAKES JOKES ABOUT THE VP. "BIDEN?" LAUGHS A TOP AIDE. "DID YOU SAY: BITE ME?"

ment would sap American power; Al Qaeda has shifted its base of operations to Pakistan. Then, without ever using the words "victory" or "win," Obama announced that he would send an additional 30,000 troops to Afghanistan, almost as many as McChrystal had requested. The president had thrown his weight, however hesitantly, behind the counterinsurgency crowd.

Today, as McChrystal gears up for an offensive in southern Afghanistan, the prospects for any kind of success look bleak. In June, the death toll for U.S. troops passed 1,000, and the number of IEDs has doubled. Spending hundreds of billions of dollars on the fifth-poorest country on earth has failed to win over the civilian population, whose attitude toward U.S. troops ranges from intensely wary to openly hostile. The biggest military operation of the year – a ferocious

THE NIGHT AFTER HIS speech in Paris, McChrystal and his staff head to Kitty O'Shea's, an Irish pub catering to tourists, around the corner from the hotel. His wife, Annie, has joined him for a rare visit: Since the Iraq War began in 2003, she has seen her husband less than 30 days a year. Though it is his and Annie's 33rd wedding anniversary, McChrystal has invited his inner circle along for dinner and drinks at the "least Gucci" place his staff could find. His wife isn't surprised. "He once took me to a Jack in the Box when I was dressed in formalwear," she says with a laugh.

The general's staff is a handpicked collection of killers, spies, geniuses, patriots, political operators and outright maniacs. There's a former head of British Special Forces, two Navy Seals, an Afghan Special Forces commando, a lawyer, two fighter pilots and at least two dozen combat veterans and counterinsurgency experts. They jokingly refer to themselves as Team America, taking the name from the *South Park*-esque sendup of military cluelessness, and they pride themselves on their can-do attitude and their disdain for authority. After arriving in Kabul last summer, Team America set about changing the culture of the International Security Assistance Force, as the NATO-led mission is known. (U.S. soldiers had taken to deriding ISAF as short for "I



McChrystal visits an outpost in April. The outcome of the war, he concedes a top adviser, "is not going to look like a win."

Suck at Fighting" or "In Sandals and Flip-Flops.") McChrystal banned alcohol on base, kicked out Burger King and other symbols of American excess, expanded the morning briefing to include thousands of officers and refashioned the command center into a Situational Awareness Room, a free-flowing information hub modeled after Mayor Mike Bloomberg's offices in New York. He also set a manic pace for his staff, becoming legendary for sleeping four hours a night, running seven miles each morning, and eating one meal a day. (In the month I spend around the general, I witness him eating only once.) It's a kind of superhuman narrative that has built up around him, a staple in almost every media profile, as if the ability to go without sleep and food translates into the possibility of a man single-handedly winning the war.

By midnight at Kitty O'Shea's, much of Team America is completely shitfaced. Two officers do an Irish jig mixed with steps from a traditional Afghan wedding dance, while McChrystal's top advisers lock arms and sing a slurred song of their own invention. "Afghanistan!" they bellow. "Afghanistan!" They call it their Afghanistan song.

McChrystal steps away from the circle, observing his team. "All these men," he tells me. "I'd die for them. And they'd die for me."

The assembled men may look and sound like a bunch of combat veterans letting off steam, but in fact this tight-knit group represents the most powerful force shaping U.S. policy in Afghanistan. While McChrystal and his men are in indisputable command of all military aspects of the war, there is no equivalent position on the diplomatic or political side. Instead, an assortment of administration players compete over the Afghan portfolio: U.S. Ambassador Karl Eikenberry, Special Representative to Afghanistan Richard Holbrooke, National Security Advisor Jim Jones and Secretary of State Hillary Clinton, not to mention 40 or so other coalition ambassadors and a host of talking heads who try to insert themselves into the mess, from John Kerry to John McCain. This diplomatic incoherence has effectively allowed McChrystal's team to call the shots and hampered efforts to build a stable and credible government in Afghanistan. "It jeopardizes the mission," says Stephen Biddle, a senior fellow at the Council on Foreign Relations who sup-

ports McChrystal. "The military cannot by itself create governance reform."

Part of the problem is structural: The Defense Department budget exceeds \$600 billion a year, while the State Department receives only \$50 billion. But part of the problem is personal: In private, Team McChrystal likes to talk shit about many of Obama's top people on the diplomatic side. One aide calls Jim Jones, a retired four-star general and veteran of the Cold War, a "clown" who remains "stuck in 1985." Politicians like McCain and Kerry, says another aide, "turn up, have a meeting with Karzai, criticize him at the airport press conference, then get back for the Sunday talk shows. Frankly, it's not very helpful." Only Hillary Clinton receives good reviews from McChrystal's inner circle. "Hillary had Stan's back during the strategic review," says an adviser. "She said, 'If Stan wants it, give him what he needs.'"

McChrystal reserves special skepticism for Holbrooke, the official in charge of reintegrating the Taliban. "The Boss says he's like a wounded animal," says a member of the general's team. "Holbrooke keeps hearing rumors that he's going to get fired, so that makes him dangerous.

He's a brilliant guy, but he just comes in, pulls on a lever, whatever he can grasp onto. But this is COIN, and you can't just have someone yanking on shit."

At one point on his trip to Paris, McChrystal checks his BlackBerry. "Oh, not another e-mail from Holbrooke," he groans. "I don't even want to open it." He clicks on the message and reads the salutation out loud, then stuffs the BlackBerry back in his pocket, not bothering to conceal his annoyance.

"Make sure you don't get any of that on your leg," an aide jokes, referring to the e-mail.

BY FAR THE MOST CRUCIAL – and strained – relationship is between McChrystal and Eikenberry, the U.S. ambassador. According to those close to the two men, Eikenberry – a retired three-star general who served in Afghanistan in 2002 and 2005 – can't stand that his former subordinate is now calling the shots. He's also furious that McChrystal, backed by NATO's allies, refused to put Eikenberry in the pivotal role of viceroy in Afghanistan, which would have made him the diplomatic equivalent of the general. The job instead went to British Ambassador Mark Sedwill – a move that effectively increased McChrystal's influence over diplomacy by shutting out a powerful rival. "In reality, that position needs to be filled by an American for it to have weight," says a U.S. official familiar with the negotiations.

The relationship was further strained in January, when a classified cable that Eikenberry wrote was leaked to *The New York Times*. The cable was as scathing as it was prescient. The ambassador offered a brutal critique of McChrystal's strategy, dismissed President Hamid Karzai as "not an adequate strategic partner," and cast doubt on whether the counterinsurgency plan would be "sufficient" to deal with Al Qaeda. "We will become more deeply engaged here with no way to extricate ourselves," Eikenberry warned, "short of allowing the country to descend again into lawlessness and chaos."

McChrystal and his team were blindsided by the cable. "I like Karl, I've known him for years, but they'd never said anything like that to us before," says McChrystal, who adds that he felt "betrayed" by the leak. "Here's one that covers his flank for the history books. Now if we fail, they can say, 'I told you so.'"

The most striking example of McChrystal's usurpation of diplomatic policy is his handling of Karzai. It is McChrystal, not diplomats like Eikenberry or Holbrooke, who enjoys the best relationship with the man America is relying on to lead Afghanistan. The doctrine of counterinsurgency requires a credible government,

and since Karzai is not considered credible by his own people, McChrystal has worked hard to make him so. Over the past few months, he has accompanied the president on more than 10 trips around the country, standing beside him at political meetings, or *shuras*, in Kandahar. In February, the day before the doomed offensive in Marja, McChrystal even drove over to the president's palace to get him to sign off on what would be the largest military operation of the year. Karzai's staff, however, insisted that the president was sleeping off a cold and could not be disturbed. After several hours of haggling, McChrystal finally enlisted the aid of Afghanistan's defense minister, who persuaded Karzai's people to wake the president from his nap.

This is one of the central flaws with McChrystal's counterinsurgency strat-

before whipping a fastball down the middle.

McChrystal entered West Point in 1972, when the U.S. military was close to its all-time low in popularity. His class was the last to graduate before the academy started to admit women. The "Prison on the Hudson," as it was known then, was a potent mix of testosterone, hooliganism and reactionary patriotism. Cadets repeatedly trashed the mess hall in food fights, and birthdays were celebrated with a tradition called "rat fucking," which often left the birthday boy outside in the snow or mud, covered in shaving cream. "It was pretty out of control," says Lt. Gen. David Barno, a classmate who went on to serve as the top commander in Afghanistan from 2003 to 2005. The class, filled with what Barno calls "huge talent" and "wild-eyed teenagers with a strong sense of idealism," also produced Gen. Ray Odierno, the current commander of U.S. forces in Iraq.

The son of a general, McChrystal was also a ringleader of the campus dissidents – a dual role that taught him how to thrive in a rigid, top-down environment while thumbing his nose at authority every chance he got. He accumulated more than 100 hours of demerits for drinking, partying and insubordination – a record that his classmates boasted made him a "century man." One classmate, who asked not to be named, recalls finding McChrystal passed out in the shower after downing a case of beer he had hidden under the sink. The troublemaking almost got him kicked out, and he spent hours subjected to forced marches in the Area, a paved courtyard where unruly cadets were disciplined. "I'd come visit, and I'd end up spending most of my time in the library, while Stan was in the Area," recalls Annie, who began dating McChrystal in 1973.

McChrystal wound up ranking 298 out of a class of 855, a serious underachievement for a man widely regarded as brilliant. His most compelling work was extracurricular: As managing editor of *The Pointer*, the West Point literary magazine, McChrystal wrote seven short stories that eerily foreshadow many of the issues he would confront in his career. In one tale, a fictional officer complains about the difficulty of training foreign troops to fight; in another, a 19-year-old soldier kills a boy he mistakes for a terrorist. In "Brinkman's Note," a piece of suspense fiction, the unnamed narrator appears to be trying to stop a plot to assassinate the president. It turns out, however, that the narrator himself is the assassin, and he's able to infiltrate the White House: "The President strode in smiling. From the right coat pocket of the raincoat I carried, I slowly drew forth my 32-caliber pistol. In Brinkman's failure, I had succeeded."

McCHRYSYAL ISN'T JUST IN CHARGE ON THE BATTLEFIELD: HE ALSO CALLS THE DIPLOMATIC SHOTS.

egy: The need to build a credible government puts us at the mercy of whatever tin-pot leader we've backed – a danger that Eikenberry explicitly warned about in his cable. Even Team McChrystal privately acknowledges that Karzai is a less-than-ideal partner. "He's been locked up in his palace the past year," laments one of the general's top advisers. At times, Karzai himself has actively undermined McChrystal's desire to put him in charge. During a recent visit to Walter Reed Army Medical Center, Karzai met three U.S. soldiers who had been wounded in Uruzgan province. "General," he called out to McChrystal, "I didn't even know we were fighting in Uruzgan!"

GROWING UP AS A MILITARY brat, McChrystal exhibited the mixture of brilliance and cockiness that would follow him throughout his career. His father fought in Korea and Vietnam, retiring as a two-star general, and his four brothers all joined the armed services. Moving around to different bases, McChrystal took solace in baseball, a sport in which he made no pretense of hiding his superiority: In Little League, he would call out strikes to the crowd

After graduation, 2nd Lt. Stanley McChrystal entered an Army that was all but broken in the wake of Vietnam. "We really felt we were a peacetime generation," he recalls. "There was the Gulf War, but even that didn't feel like that big of a deal." So McChrystal spent his career where the action was: He enrolled in Special Forces school and became a regimental commander of the 3rd Ranger Battalion in 1986. It was a dangerous position, even in peacetime – nearly two dozen Rangers were killed in training accidents during the Eighties. It was also an unorthodox career path: Most soldiers who want to climb the ranks to general don't go into the Rangers. Displaying a penchant for transforming systems he considers outdated, McChrystal set out to revolutionize the training regime for the Rangers. He introduced mixed martial arts, required every soldier to qualify with night-vision goggles on the rifle range and forced troops to build up their endurance with weekly marches involving heavy backpacks.

In the late 1990s, McChrystal shrewdly improved his inside game, spending a year at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government and then at the Council on Foreign Relations, where he co-authored a treatise on the merits and drawbacks of humanitarian interventionism. But as he moved up through the ranks, McChrystal relied on the skills he had learned as a troublemaking kid at West Point: knowing precisely how far he could go in a rigid military hierarchy without getting tossed out. Being a highly intelligent badass, he discovered, could take you far – especially in the political chaos that followed September 11th. "He was very focused," says Annie. "Even as a young officer he seemed to know what he wanted to do. I don't think his personality has changed in all these years."

BY SOME ACCOUNTS, MCChrystal's career should have been over at least two times by now. As Pentagon spokesman during the invasion of Iraq, the general seemed more like a White House mouthpiece than an up-and-coming commander with a reputation for speaking his mind. When Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld made his infamous "stuff happens" remark during the looting of Baghdad, McChrystal backed him up. A few days later, he echoed the president's Mission Accomplished gaffe by insisting that major combat operations in Iraq were over. But it was during his next stint – overseeing the military's most elite units, including the Rangers, Navy Seals and Delta Force – that McChrystal took part in a cover-up that would have destroyed the career of a lesser man.

After Cpl. Pat Tillman, the former-NFL-star-turned-Ranger, was accidentally killed by his own troops in Afghanistan in April 2004, McChrystal took an active role in creating the impression that Tillman had died at the hands of Taliban fighters. He signed off on a falsified recommendation for a Silver Star that suggested Tillman had been killed by enemy fire. (McChrystal would later claim he didn't read the recommendation closely enough – a strange excuse for a commander known for his laserlike attention to minute details.) A week later, McChrystal sent a memo up the chain of command, specifically warning that President Bush should avoid mentioning the cause of Tillman's death. "If the circumstances of Corporal Tillman's death become public," he wrote, it could cause "public embarrassment" for the president.

MCCHRISTAL MAY HAVE SOLD OBAMA ON HIS STRATEGY, BUT HIS OWN TROOPS AREN'T BUYING IT.

"The false narrative, which McChrystal clearly helped construct, diminished Pat's true actions," wrote Tillman's mother, Mary, in her book *Boots on the Ground by Dusk*. McChrystal got away with it, she added, because he was the "golden boy" of Rumsfeld and Bush, who loved his willingness to get things done, even if it included bending the rules or skipping the chain of command. Nine days after Tillman's death, McChrystal was promoted to major general.

Two years later, in 2006, McChrystal was tainted by a scandal involving detainee abuse and torture at Camp Nama in Iraq. According to a report by Human Rights Watch, prisoners at the camp were subjected to a now-familiar litany of abuse: stress positions, being dragged naked through the mud. McChrystal was not disciplined in the scandal, even though an interrogator at the camp reported seeing him inspect the prison multiple times. But the experience was so unsettling to McChrystal that he tried to prevent detainee operations from being placed under his command in Afghanistan, viewing them as a "political swamp," according to a U.S. official. In May 2009, as McChrystal prepared for his confirmation hearings, his staff prepared him for hard questions about Camp Nama and the

Tillman cover-up. But the scandals barely made a ripple in Congress, and McChrystal was soon on his way back to Kabul to run the war in Afghanistan.

The media, to a large extent, have also given McChrystal a pass on both controversies. Where Gen. Petraeus is kind of a dweeb, a teacher's pet with a Ranger's tab, McChrystal is a snake-eating rebel, a "Jedi" commander, as *Newsweek* called him. He didn't care when his teenage son came home with blue hair and a mohawk. He speaks his mind with a candor rare for a high-ranking official. He asks for opinions, and seems genuinely interested in the response. He gets briefings on his iPod and listens to books on tape. He carries a custom-made set of nunchucks in his convoy engraved with his name and four stars, and his itinerary often bears a fresh quote from Bruce Lee. ("There are no limits. There are only plateaus, and you must not stay there, you must go beyond them.") He went out on dozens of nighttime raids during his time in Iraq, unprecedented for a top commander, and turned up on missions unannounced, with almost no entourage. "The fucking lads love Stan McChrystal," says a British officer who serves in Kabul. "You'd be out in Somewhere, Iraq, and someone would take a knee beside you, and a corporal would be like 'Who the fuck is that?' And it's fucking Stan McChrystal."

It doesn't hurt that McChrystal was also extremely successful as head of the Joint Special Operations Command, the elite forces that carry out the government's darkest ops. During the Iraq surge, his team killed and captured thousands of insurgents, including Abu Musab al-Zarqawi, the leader of Al Qaeda in Iraq. "JSOC was a killing machine," says Maj. Gen. Mayville, his chief of operations. McChrystal was also open to new ways of killing. He systematically mapped out terrorist networks, targeting specific insurgents and hunting them down – often with the help of cyberfreaks traditionally shunned by the military. "The Boss would find the 24-year-old kid with a nose ring, with some fucking brilliant degree from MIT, sitting in the corner with 16 computer monitors humming," says a Special Forces commando who worked with McChrystal in Iraq and now serves on his staff in Kabul. "He'd say, 'Hey – you fucking muscleheads couldn't find lunch without help. You got to work together with these guys.'"

Even in his new role as America's leading evangelist for counterinsurgency, McChrystal retains the deep-seated instincts of a terrorist hunter. To put pressure on the Taliban, he has upped the number of Special Forces units in Afghanistan from four to 19. "You better be out there hitting four or five targets tonight," McChrystal will tell a Navy Seal he sees in the hall-

Team of Rivals

Gen. Stanley McChrystal isn't just fighting the Taliban - he's waging political battles both at home and abroad

ALLIES

ROBERT GATES



Nicknamed "Yoda" at the White House, the defense secretary engineered McChrystal's hiring and is retooling the military for more counterinsurgency fights. "He's the mastermind," says a McChrystal staffer.

ADM. MIKE MULLEN



As chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, helped Gates push Obama to hire McChrystal. A big defender of the counterinsurgency doctrine, he has even recommended it as a way to fight drugs in Mexico.

GEN. DAVID PETRAEUS



Wrote Army's field manual on counterinsurgency. As CENTCOM commander, is letting McChrystal take center stage in Afghanistan. A defeat would ruin his "win" in Iraq: "He's 1-0," says a McChrystal insider.

HILLARY CLINTON



The secretary of state has backed McChrystal to the hilt, even going against her own ambassador, Karl Eikenberry. Her get-tough stance is fueling talk that she might replace Gates as defense secretary.

ENEMIES

JOE BIDEN



The biggest opponent of McChrystal's surge, the vice president argued for "CT-plus" - fewer troops, more counterterrorism. Look for him to push Obama to stick to his timetable for withdrawing troops in 2011.

GEN. JIM JONES



Obama's national security adviser; perceived by foes as an inept bureaucratic infighter. In March, contradicted Obama after a trip to Kabul, sparking an outcry by Karzai. Team McChrystal wants to see him go.

RICHARD HOLBROOKE



Insiders say Obama's envoy - a talented diplomat and notorious jerk - has lousy relations with Afghans and Pakistanis alike. Why he's staying: White House fears a "tell-all" more than his diplomatic blunders.

KARL EIKENBERRY



An ex-general who served two tours in Afghanistan, the U.S. ambassador should be a major player. But his relations with McChrystal and Karzai haven't recovered since he slammed them both in a leaked memo.

to confront such accusations from the troops directly. It was a typically bold move by the general. Only two days earlier, he had received an e-mail from Israel Arroyo, a 25-year-old staff sergeant who asked McChrystal to go on a mission with his unit. "I am writing because it was said you don't care about the troops and have made it harder to defend ourselves," Arroyo wrote.

Within hours, McChrystal responded personally: "I'm saddened by the accusation that I don't care about soldiers, as it is something I suspect any soldier takes both personally and professionally - at least I do. But I know perceptions depend upon your perspective at the time, and I respect that every soldier's view is his own." Then he showed up at Arroyo's outpost and went on a foot patrol with the troops - not some bullshit photo-op stroll through a market, but a real live operation in a dangerous war zone.

Six weeks later, just before McChrystal returned from Paris, the general received another e-mail from Arroyo. A 23-year-old corporal named Michael Ingram - one of the soldiers McChrystal had gone on patrol with - had been killed by an IED a day earlier. It was the third man the 25-member platoon had lost in a year, and Arroyo was writing to see if the general would attend Ingram's memorial service. "He started to look up to you," Arroyo wrote. McChrystal said he would try to make it down to pay his respects as soon as possible.

The night before the general is scheduled to visit Sgt. Arroyo's platoon for the memorial, I arrive at Combat Outpost JFM to speak with the soldiers he had gone on patrol with. JFM is a small encampment, ringed by high blast walls and guard towers. Almost all of the soldiers here have been on repeated combat tours in both Iraq and Afghanistan, and have seen some of the worst fighting of both wars. But they are especially angered by Ingram's death. His commanders had repeatedly requested permission to tear down the house where Ingram was killed, noting that it was often used as a combat position by the Taliban. But due to McChrystal's new restrictions to avoid upsetting civilians, the request had been denied. "These were abandoned houses," fumes Staff Sgt. Kenneth Hicks. "Nobody was coming back to live in them."

One soldier shows me the list of new regulations the platoon was given. "Patrol only in areas that you are reasonably certain that you will not have to defend yourselves with lethal force," the laminated card reads. For a soldier who has traveled halfway around the world to fight, that's like telling a cop he should only patrol in areas where he knows he won't have to make arrests. "Does that make any fucking sense?" asks [Cont. on 120]

way at headquarters. Then he'll add, "I'm going to have to scold you in the morning for it, though." In fact, the general frequently finds himself apologizing for the disastrous consequences of counterinsurgency. In the first four months of this year, NATO forces killed some 90 civilians, up 76 percent from the same period in 2009 - a record that has created tremendous resentment among the very population that COIN theory is intent on winning over. In February, a Special Forces night raid ended in the deaths of two pregnant Afghan women and allegations of a cover-up, and in April, protests erupted in Kandahar after U.S. forces accidentally shot up a bus, killing five Afghans. "We've shot an amazing number of people," McChrystal recently conceded.

DESPITE THE TRAGEDIES AND miscues, McChrystal has issued some of the strictest directives to avoid civilian casualties that the U.S. military has ever encountered in a war zone. It's "insurgent math," as he calls it - for every innocent person you kill, you create 10 new enemies. He has ordered convoys to curtail their reckless driving, put re-

strictions on the use of air power and severely limited night raids. He regularly apologizes to Hamid Karzai when civilians are killed, and berates commanders responsible for civilian deaths. "For a while," says one U.S. official, "the most dangerous place to be in Afghanistan was in front of McChrystal after a 'civ cas' incident." The ISAF command has even discussed ways to make *not* killing into something you can win an award for: There's talk of creating a new medal for "courageous restraint," a buzzword that's unlikely to gain much traction in the gung-ho culture of the U.S. military.

But however strategic they may be, McChrystal's new marching orders have caused an intense backlash among his own troops. Being told to hold their fire, soldiers complain, puts them in greater danger. "Bottom line?" says a former Special Forces operator who has spent years in Iraq and Afghanistan. "I would love to kick McChrystal in the nuts. His rules of engagement put soldiers' lives in even greater danger. Every real soldier will tell you the same thing."

In March, McChrystal traveled to Combat Outpost JFM - a small encampment on the outskirts of Kandahar -



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Eminem
comes back
from the edge,
with demons
in check

Eminem ★★★★

Recovery *Aftermath/Interscope*

BY JODY ROSEN



What is an Eminem album in the post-Eminem era? It's a problem the rapper has been grappling with for some time now. For a few years – from the release of his major-label debut, *The Slim Shady LP* (1999), through the big-screen triumph of *8 Mile* (2002) – Em's stranglehold on the zeitgeist was complete. He wasn't just music's biggest star, he was a cultural obsession – the bane of Middle American parents and an equal-opportunity offender across the political spectrum, whose every new song seemed to raise pressing questions about art, morality, race, class and celebrity.

But over the past five years, Eminem has seemed peripheral, releasing half-baked records full of pallid provocation and drug-addiction confessions. On his seventh album, *Recovery*, Eminem admits he's been in a slump: "I just wanna thank everybody for bein' so patient, bearin' with me over these last couple of years while I figure this shit out."

What has he figured out? Among other things, how to relax a little. Em will always be tightly wound – Lil Wayne he's not – but *Recovery* is his most casual-sounding album in years, with odes to a "white-trash party" ("W.T.P.") and songs that hearken back to his freewheeling early records – rhymes as goofy and imaginative as they are violent and profane. In "On Fire,"

Eminem spins a murder-and-dismemberment fantasy into a stream of hilariously macabre interior rhymes: "Wrap a lizard in gauze/Beat you in the jaws with it, grab the scissors and saws/And cut out your livers, gizzards and balls/Throw you in the middle of the ocean in the blizzard with Jaws."

He hasn't entirely abandoned his old tics. He still wallows in his doomed love for his ex-wife and muse, Kim; he's still bent on settling scores with rival celebs. ("Take a look at Mariah next time I inspire you to write a song," he raps in the album opener, "Cold Wind Blows.") He turns to Script Shepherd for the album's most festive beat ("Cinderella Man"), but the production follows the template of every album since *Encore* (2004), leaning toward dirgelike beats full of minor keys and dashes of post-grunge rock.

There are some surprises, though. Eminem's records have generally been estrogen-free zones, but on *Recovery*, he joins forces with Pink ("Won't Back Down") and Rihanna ("Love the Way You Lie"). And though he remains a neurotic – a guy lost in the labyrinths of his own psyche – on the new album, he goes a little deeper, laying bare not just childhood traumas but professional jealousies: "I almost made a song dissin' Lil Wayne/It's like I was jealous of him 'cause of the attention he was gettin'/I felt horrible about myself," he confides in "Talkin' 2 Myself."

The difference is that these days, Em is finding ways to make therapy fun, including mocking his own penchant for navel-gazing melodrama. In the hit "Not Afraid," he raps, "This fuckin' black cloud still follows me around/But it's time to exorcise these demons/These motherfuckers are doing jumpin' jacks now." Em is just a few years shy of 40, and if he's seeming more and more like a grumpy middle-aged man, at least he's owning it – he sounds content to be rap's wittiest head case. It's not as sexy a job title as Rebel Without a Cause or Great Satan, but it beats working.

Key Tracks: "Cinderella Man," "So Bad," "Love the Way You Lie"

M.I.A.'s Permanent Revolution

Sex, drugs, synth pop, bombs: M.I.A. makes her most confrontational disc yet

M.I.A. ★★★★ **Maya** *N.E.E.T./Interscope/XL*



Joe Strummer would be proud. Maya Arulpragasam, the British-Sri Lankan hip-hop art-punk guerrilla, has his genius for stirring up trouble, his wide-eyed humor, his zest for turning fury into wonderfully fucked-up music. But not even Strummer could piss people off with what he had for lunch. Three years after sampling the Clash in her hit "Paper Planes," M.I.A. is still outraged, proclaiming, "I didn't choose a struggle but a struggle chose me/So I'm dancing on the rubble permanently." And her third album is her most aggressive, confrontational and passionate yet.

These songs go heavy on electro-punk buzz, with help from producers like Rusko, Switch, Blaqstarr, Diplo and her brother Susu. M.I.A. packs every track with left-field surprises: the ghostly Suicide organ on "Born Free," the gospel chant of "Tell Me Why," the Bowie-style robot sheen of "Space." There's also a strange cover of a 1982 Dutch synth-pop oddity, "It Takes a Muscle to Fall in Love." M.I.A. loves noise more than anybody since Public Enemy and N.W.A – she has a voracious ear for alarms, sirens, explosions, turning every jolt into a breakbeat.

Some people resent the way M.I.A. refuses to forget where she's been, which means war zones, refugee camps and housing projects, but also art school and dance clubs. Yet that's what makes the music so expansive as she rants about sex ("XXXO"), drugs ("Teqkilla") and bombs ("Lovealot") between goofy jokes ("I drink alcohol/Know the words to 'Wonderwall'"). She covers so much ground because it's all part of who she is. And from the sound of *Maya*, she's capable of anything – except being dull.

ROB SHEFFIELD

Key Tracks:
"XXXO,"
"Tell Me Why,"
"Born Free"

School of Seven Bells ★★★½

Disconnect From Desire

Vagrant

New York trio blow in with serious Joy Division frost



The Edge has cited this New York loops-and-dance trio as a recent inspiration. It's only fair, then, that a bit of U2 comes through in the pulse and hosanna of "Windstorm," the first track on their second album. But Benjamin Curtis (guitar and electronics) and Alejandra and Claudia Deheza (vocals and more electronics) are fonder of Joy Division and the early Cure, stylishly updated with pop flair and holy-aura harmonies. "Dial" comes with a full-rock slam, done with machines. But it makes you wonder how this School would sound with a real rhythm section.

DAVID FRICKE

Key Tracks: "Windstorm," "Dial"

The Roots ★★★½

How I Got Over *Def Jam*

Philly crew stays extra-funky despite day job



The Roots sound so good in the pocket that sometimes they need something to push them out of it: On their ninth album, that thing is the indie rockers they've played with since becoming the house band for Jimmy Fallon. On *How I Got Over*, they cover Monsters of Folk ("Dear God 2.0"), scat like the Dirty Projectors ("Tunnel Vision") and – most thrillingly – make Joanna Newsom sound as funky as Erykah Badu ("Right On"). And when they come back to Roy Ayers-style funk ("Radio Daze"), they prove nobody does it better. Let's hear it for steady employment.

NATHAN BRACKETT

Key Tracks: "Right On," "Radio Daze," "Dear God 2.0"

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TOP SINGLES

Eddie Vedder

★★★½

"Better Days" Leaked

This spare slow-burner had Pearl Jam scholars wondering whether it was a *Riot Act* or *Backspacer* outtake. Turns out it's Vedder's contribution to the *Eat Pray Love* soundtrack, though it would have been a quiet standout on any recent PJ album. —ERIC MAGNUSON

Prince ★★½

"Hot Summer" Leaked

A one-off jam Prince put out in celebration of his 52nd birthday, this vaguely beach-rock tune rides chirpy organ riffs and a bright melody that feels kind of kitschy. It would be great in an ad for a local water park, though. —CHRISTIAN HOARD

Jay-Z feat. Swizz Beatz

★★★

"Ultra" Leaked

"Fuck the DA, the mayor know me," Jay raps on this new mixtape track. "Ultra" works the space between Roc Boy and society man, name-dropping Cosa Nostra and Obama over Swizz Beatz's police whistles and grinding static. —JON DOLAN

Seu Jorge and Almaz ★★★★

"Everybody Loves the Sunshine" Leaked

The Brazilian singer with the killer Bowie covers (see *The Life Aquatic With Steve Zissou*) wraps his chocolate baritone around this blissed-out '76 Roy Ayers jam while Beastie Boys producer Mario Caldato Jr. makes the vintage synths sizzle like summer cicadas. More, please. —WILL HERMES

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Drake and
Lil Wayne

BOOTLEG

Rage Against the Machine

Finsbury Park,
London
June 6th, 2010

Even the most anticipated rock reunions must face the law of diminishing returns. The first time the Sex Pistols or Pixies come back around, everybody is thrilled, but by year three the novelty is often gone — especially when no new material is forthcoming. Weird, then, that this Rage show — recorded three years after the band's comeback — is truly exciting. They remain one of the greatest live bands of the past 20 years, and 1990s protest anthems "Bullet in the Head," "Sleep Now in the Fire" and "Testify" are as punkishly intense as ever. The high point is a



De La Rocha

cover of the Clash's 1977 classic "White Riot" — featuring Tom Morello's sirenlike guitar. The concert is a free set Rage promised to play if U.K. fans brought the band's 1992 single "Killing in the Name" to Number One on the British charts. "This has never been done in the history of music!" singer Zack De La Rocha boasts, and the show ends with a ferocious singalong. Hopefully the group takes this energy into the studio for a new album.

ANDY GREENE

Live From Rikers: Lil Wayne's Jailhouse Rap

Drake feat. Jay-Z and Lil Wayne ★★★½

"Light Up (Rikers Remix)" Leaked

A song about how hard it is to keep the world partying when you feel like dying inside, "Light Up" was already one of the more poignant tracks on Drake's *Thank Me Later*. Jay-Z's cameo was note-perfect ("I'm not as cool with niggas as I once was"). But this remix cranks the pathos to 11 with a verse from Lil Wayne — delivered over the phone from freakin' Rikers Island. (Is this how he used his one phone call? Talk about true to the game!) Recep-

tion in jail must really suck because the connection is so hazy it renders his commanding bullfrog croak into something thin and frayed. But Wayne is clearly elated to reach out and touch someone, and prison hasn't dulled his cleverness one bit: "Come to my cell/Readin' fan mail/Wish I was in Amsterdam sippin' Amstel/Thinkin' about all of that pussy I can't smell/Man, they did me wrong — I feel like Nelson Mandel." —J.D.

Arcade Fire's High Anxiety

Arcade Fire ★★★★

"Ready to Start" Leaked

Relentless snare thwaps; a bass-line melody that would fit in an Eighties goth-pop tune. Enter Win Butler: "The businessmen drink my blood/Like the kids in art school said they would," Butler croons. (Damn you, art-school kids: always right!) But then Butler sings, "You say, 'Can we still be friends?'" and a postgrad panic attack is twined with sweet heartache while synths conjure a time-bomb ticking. It's a glass-half-full take on dissatisfaction and the catchiest track yet from the forthcoming album. —W.H.

Johnson's Southern Rock Return

Jamey Johnson ★★★½

"Macon" jameyjohnson.com

Coinciding with a fierce set at this year's Bonnaroo, Jamey Johnson offers another peek into his sprawling, two-CD *The Guitar Song*, due in September. "Macon" gives voice to a wired, pedal-to-the-metal trucker achin' for his woman, joining a venerable country tradition (see "Six Days on the Road," "Willin'," etc.) over roadhouse piano, gospel backing singers and some hot-shit soloing. It feels like a Southern-rock classic straight out of the gate. —W.H.

*When you remove
the outer wrapper,*



*there's something
surprising underneath.*



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REVIEWS MUSIC

Big Boi ★★★½

Sir Lucious Left Foot: The Son of Chico Dusty *Def Jam*

OutKast rapper shows he's still pimpadelic



Big Boi's first official solo album is a stunning reminder of the

OutKast rapper's hall-of-fame skills: He's got an impossibly slick and speedy flow and a personality bigger and more forceful than anything his producers can throw at him, from Scott Storch's clobbering electro funk ("Shutterbugg") to Lil Jon's eerie crunk ("Hustle Blood"). Big Boi is, as ever, steeped in pimp mythology. ("Tailored alligators/Soufflé/Escalade," he raps in "You Ain't No DJ.") But in truth he's less pimp than craftsman, packing more style - and more substance - into his four-minute-long songs than other rappers deliver in an entire album.

JODY ROSEN

Key Tracks: "Daddy Fat Sax," "Tangerine," "Shine Blockas"

Various Artists ★★★

True Blood: Music From the HBO Original Series, Volume 2 *Elektra*

Evil-hot show lures Beck, Dylan onto soundtrack



With its extremely hot naked people eating each other, *True Blood* is HBO's most rock & roll show. No surprise, then, that it snagged new songs from major artists (Lucinda Williams, Beck), along with some devilish oldies (13th Floor Elevators, Screamin' Jay Hawkins). Williams explores sex, death and regret with Elvis Costello, and Beck contributes a fang-y hip-hop/blues grind. And Bob Dylan's "Beyond Here Lies Nothin'" - about a love that transcends time - is perfect for this.

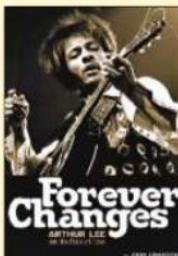
JON DOLAN

Key Tracks: "Beyond Here Lies Nothin,'" "Bad Blood"

BOOKS



Lee, Frank Fayad, Gary Rowles and George Suranovich (from left) of Love in 1970



Forever Changes: Arthur Lee and the Book of Love ★★★★

John Einarson *Jawbone Press*

Arthur Lee - the autocratic singer-songwriter/boss of the Los Angeles band Love - was the Sixties' first black rock star, ruling the Sunset Strip when Jimi Hendrix was still an R&B sideman. In 1967, Love made their masterpiece, the lush, lyrically searing *Forever Changes*, but Lee never recovered from its commercial failure. Einarson draws on Lee's unfinished memoirs in this frank, propulsive account of Love's majesty and dysfunction, and Lee's emergence from free fall in his last years, singing for new audiences forever changed by his music.

DAVID FRICKE

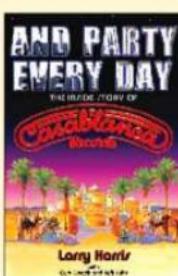


You Never Give Me Your Money ★★★½

Peter Doggett *Harper*

Over the course of nearly 400 pages devoted to the Beatles' hugely profitable business dealings - and, often, the squabbling that followed - music journalist Doggett documents rock's most agonizing four-way divorce. He traces the psychological havoc of their 1970 breakup and the bad feelings that persisted for years: Legalities, families, jealousies and insecurities - like the power struggles between Beatles lawyer Allen Klein and Paul McCartney's father-in-law, Lee Eastman - all play their part to derail reunions and reconciliations. Rigorously researched, *Money* is a dark but compelling endnote to rock's greatest story.

BARRY WALTERS



And Party Every Day: The Inside Story of Casablanca Records ★★★

Larry Harris with Curt Gooch and Jeff Sahs *Backbeat*

Home to Kiss, Donna Summer and the Village People, Casablanca was the quintessential 1970s record label, run by hype-crazed promo men who believed the best way to make money was to spend mountains of it. Former Casablanca VP Harris tells jaw-dropping tales of chart manipulation and desks piled with drugs. Skip right to the chapters with label execs throwing Frisbees out of office windows at hookers and Rodney Dangerfield, who was signed to the label, carrying a Noxzema jar of cocaine.

B.W.

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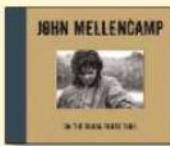


GONNA LET IT ROCK
Mellencamp in 2003.

John Mellencamp ★★★★

On the Rural Route 7609 *Mercury/Island/UMe*

Handsome four-CD box set spans the Indiana rocker's career, from "Jack and Diane" to Woody Guthrie



These four CDs come in a hardcover book with the heft and texture of a Dust Bowl-family photo album. The setting suits the purpose. This is a study in storytelling - Mellencamp's drive to probe and capture, with folk grit and a great rock band, the gross injustices and precious victories of American life. The hits come with context: "Jack and Diane" appears with two formative demos. But there is more emphasis on honoring, in songs like "Rural Route" and "Ghost Towns Along the Highway," the Woody Guthrie ideal: a melody and truth to move the world.

DAVID FRICKE

Oasis ★★★½

Time Flies . . . 1994-2009 *Big Brother/Columbia*

Singles collection highlights the strengths of departed British Nineties-rock juggernaut



The brawling kings of Brit pop peaked early as an album band, on 1995's *(What's the Story) Morning Glory?* But this two-CD set of U.K. singles (with an LP-only ringer on the U.S. edition, "Champagne Supernova") affirms the Gallagher brothers' T. Rex-riff and metallic-Beatles guile on 45 all the way. "The Hindu Times" and "Lyla,"

from the last half of the ride, have the same crunch and gumption as early knockouts such as "Supersonic" and "Live Forever" - if not quite as much conqueror's glow. D.F.

Vanilla Fudge ★★★★

Box of Fudge *Atco/Rhino Handmade*

Silly name, heavy thunder: Four-CD set gives overlooked 1960s Long Island hard rockers their due



Heavy starts here. There was nothing, even in 1967, like the 10-ton shock of this Long Island quartet's cover of the Supremes' "You Keep Me Hangin' On," with the lava-flow sustain of Mark Stein's Hammond organ and Carmine Appice's

rapid-cannon-fire drum fills. That hit treatment became, as these four CDs show, a blueprint for almost everything the group played. But the Fudge combined their flashy melodrama with great taste in songwriters (the Zombies, Donovan, Lee Hazlewood) and bar-band brawn, the last in full effect on the two discs of live recordings from 1969 at the Fillmore West.

Scissor Sisters



Night Work *Downtown*

Clubby crew parties harder than ever before



When these New Yorkers debuted in 2004, their flamboyant glam pop made them stars in Europe - not to mention a welcome new queer voice in rock. Three albums in, the Sisters are as gleefully hedonistic as ever: The beats still have that mirror-ball gleam, the slinky tunes still lodge themselves in your cranium, and Jake Shears' lyrics are still laced with not-quite-subtle sex talk ("Sting me like a bee/I want you to funk me"). Every song sounds like some other band, from the Bee Gees disco of the title track to the Talking Heads-y paranoia of "Running Out." But that's no reason to hate on this good-natured party.

CHRISTIAN HOARD

Key Tracks: "Running Out," "Whole New Way"

The Pretty Reckless ★★

The Pretty Reckless *DAS/Interscope*

"Gossip Girl" starlet channels Courtney Love



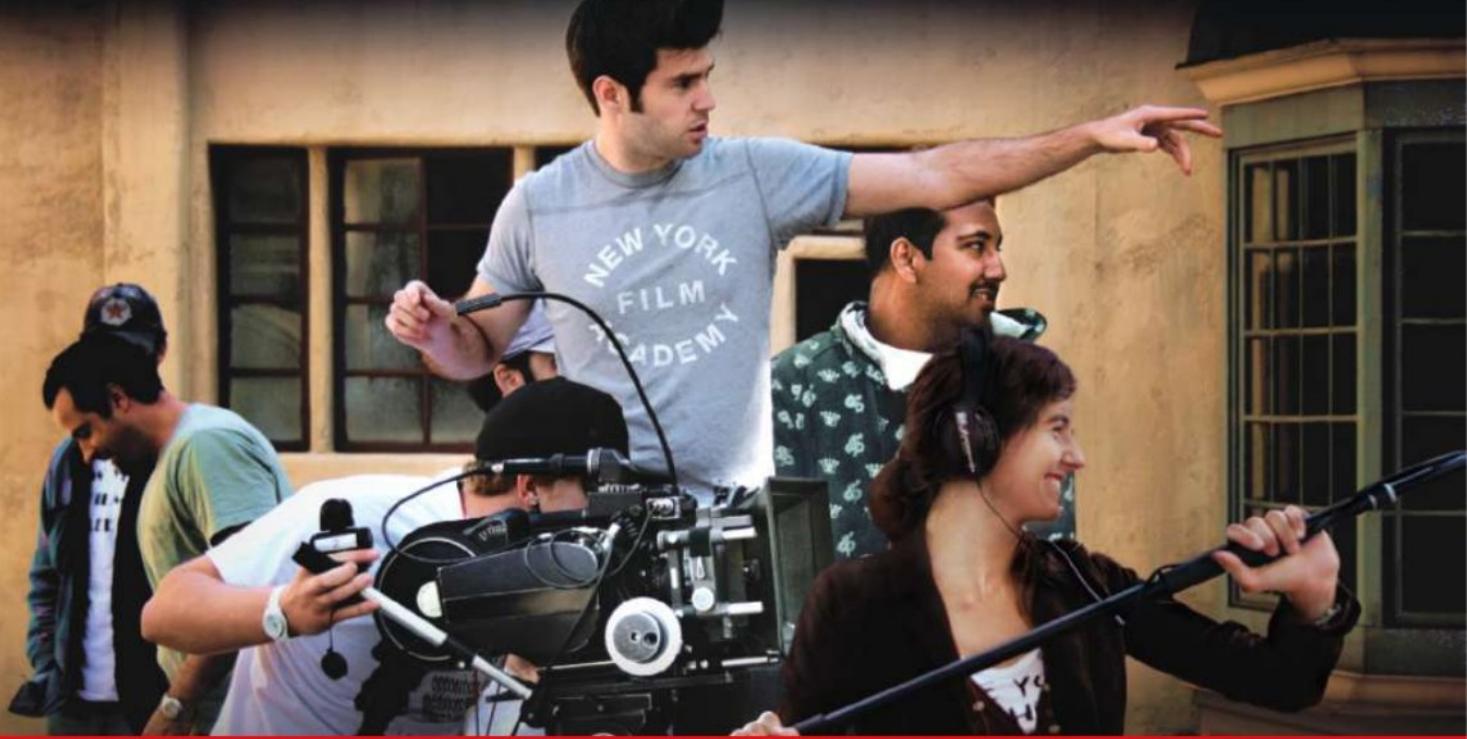
Gossip Girl star Taylor Momsen has a voice that sounds older than her 16 years - a throaty wail that suggests somebody's been buying her loads of cigarettes. It's the most interesting thing about this debut EP, which is long on generic hard-rock riffs and gothic poetry. "Goin' Down" is a minor standout: Momsen plays a bad girl ("Do you mind if I take off my dress?") over chugging guitar, making for Hole-ish alt-rock that could have charted right around the year she was born.

C.H.

Key Tracks: "Goin' Down," "Make Me Wanna Die"



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Mojo Reprise

Ignited by guitarist Mike Campbell - who has never asserted himself with this much gunslinging flair - the Heartbreakers finally make a studio album with the mojo of their live shows.

Drake

Thank Me Later

Cash Money/Universal
Downtempo, vulnerable, unknowable: Rap's rookie of the decade finally makes his official debut with an album that lives up to the hype.

The Gaslight Anthem

American Slang

SideOneDummy
Lead man Brian Fallon splits the difference between Springsteen and Paul Westerberg on young Jersey Turks' killer third album.

Tracy Bonham

★★★½

Masts of Manhatta
Engine Room

Folk-rock whiz takes on hard questions, joyfully



"I'd like to be my own best friend/Turns out there's no reciprocal feelings," sings Tracy Bonham. A relatable sentiment, but there's no adolescent angst on her fourth disc, a gorgeous celebration of adult love. *Manhatta* has a pastoral, jazzy pulse and is full of crafty details - the "Superfly" bass line driving "Big Red Heart," or the way she sings, "You make my heart go/Like Gogol Bordello." Whether she's puzzling out marriage or making out in an AMC Hornet, Bonham has definitely hit her groove.

ROB SHEFFIELD

Key Track: "When You Laugh the World Laughs With You"

Thee Attacks

★★★½

That's Mister Attack to You
Crunchy Frog
Danish rogues mount garage-R&B assault



Like their Swedish elders the Hives, these young Danish mods take their Sixties garage-R&B assault seriously: They recorded this brazenly titled album in mono with White Stripes producer Liam Watson. Thee Attacks are also solid songwriters who personalize their debts to the Who and the Kinks with thoroughly modern enthusiasm: the jungle-drum and slashing-treble mettle of "Love in Disguise," the cocky groove running under the moody blues in "Love in the City." You'll have to imagine the windmill-arm gymnastics and midair scissor kicks - until Thee Attacks come to burn down your town in person.

DAVID FRICKE

Key Tracks: "Love in Disguise," "Love in the City"

Kelis ★★

Flesh Tone Interscope

A quirky soul diva goes nightclubs



Kelis doesn't shake much milk on her first record in four years. Instead, she brings it to a slow boil. *Flesh Tone* is a foray into the percolating house, moody electro and hard trance grooves that pump up airplane-hangar-size Euro clubs. She's always had an impressionistic vision of R&B, but this isn't just a curveball for the hell of it; she uses escapist tracks (written with guys like David Guetta and Jean Baptiste) to realist ends, exploring her recent divorce from Nas and life as a single mom. It's the classic throb of disco liberation.

JON DOLAN

Key Tracks: "Brave," "Song for the Baby"

R.E.M. ★★★½

Fables of the Reconstruction
REISSUE
Capitol/I.R.S.

R.E.M.'s oddest album gets a deluxe reboot



They hated making it and have often dismissed it, but R.E.M.'s third record, a dark meditation on the soul of the South, has aged brilliantly. Recorded with producer Joe Boyd, *Fables* explored a craggy interiority they'd later smooth out; Peter Buck's moss-hung jangle and Michael Stipe's benevolent mumbling lent themselves to vague, spellbinding music that floats in the space between history and memory (this reissue adds a boring demos disc). There's a train song, a work song, two songs about sad old guys and "Can't Get There From Here," a poppy tune about not trusting maps that just missed being their first hit.

J.D.

Key Tracks: "Driver 8," "Green Grow the Rushes"

Travie McCoy

★★½

Lazarus Fueled by Ramen
Gym Class Hero thinks big-time on solo joint



Gym Class Heroes' Travie (formerly Travis) McCoy invented his own market by mixing emo, hip-hop and tween pop, and on his solo debut he makes good on a life of passing out business cards by pulling in everyone from T-Pain to Colin Munroe. He writes what he knows: money ("Billionaire"), tour bus nookie ("Superbad [11:34]"), ambition ("The Manual"). His polished croon-rapping is more unctuous than charming, but he gets credit for dreaming of getting rich so he can fix New Orleans and pass out cars like Oprah.

J.D.

Key Tracks: "Billionaire," "We'll Be Alright"

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DVDS



Bruce Springsteen

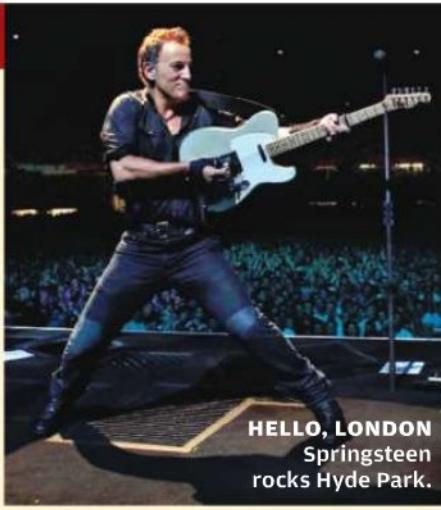
★★★½

London Calling: Live in Hyde Park

Columbia

Midway through

Springsteen's 2009 tour, he played this scorching festival gig in London. Captured in high-def, the show opens with a frantic cover of the Clash's "London Calling" and doesn't let up for three hours. One thing: There were far more memorable gigs on the tour - including full-album shows. Hopefully one of them is coming out next. **ANDY GREENE**

HELLO, LONDON
Springsteen rocks Hyde Park.

The Rolling Stones

★★★★

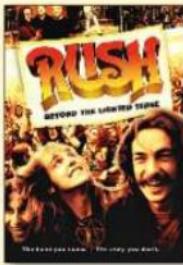
Stones in Exile

Eagle Rock

The making of the Stones' 1972 masterpiece was a sloppy, drug-fueled affair - but thankfully

there were enough photographs, video footage and memories from the group and its hangers-on to craft this fascinating doc that's composed almost entirely of archival footage. Everyone has their say - from Mick Jagger to the drug dealer's eight-year-old son who fondly remembers rolling the band's joints.

A.G.



Rush

★★★★

Beyond the Lighted Stage

Zoë Vision

A documentary about Rush shouldn't be this compelling - there are no *Hammer of the Gods*-style stories here. But filmmakers Sam Dunn

and Scot McFadyen uncovered a tale of endurance and friendship in the prog-rock trio, tracking the band's survival even after drummer Neil Peart tragically loses his wife and daughter. *South Park*'s Matt Stone puts it best: "If you didn't give it up for them before, you gotta give it up for them now, or you're just being a dickhead."

A.G.

The-Dream

★★★

Love King *Def Jam*

R&B hitmaker kills softly on third album



The-Dream has said his third album is "deeper than space," but it's more like a victory lap - a plush, pleasure-packed album on which the Atlanta singer-songwriter plays the hyperconfident Lothario and avoids risks. At times the self-described "R&B Gorilla" keeps his touch too light: The melodies here don't stick like classic Dream-penned tracks such as "Mr. Yeah" (or "Umbrella"). *Love King* is the soul-music equivalent of Dream's beloved *Patrón*: Not exactly eccentric, but finely crafted and intoxicating. **CHRISTIAN HOARD**

Alejandro Escovedo

★★★½

Street Songs of Love

Fantasy/Concord Music Group

Roots godfather turns out heartland rock with Bruce



Alejandro Escovedo is a classicist, weaned on punk verities, schooled in American roots music. Now pushing 60, he's making some of the fiercest music of his career. His latest evokes Eighties heartland rock: "Anchor" feels like a long-lost radio hit; Ian Hunter adds scruffed harmony on "Down in the Bowery," and Bruce Springsteen duets on "Faith," a swaggering New York Dolls-ish rocker about rock & roll survival, something the two men know a bit about. **WILL HERMES**

3OH!3

★ Streets of Gold *Photo Finish*

Colorado duo drop electro pop on the frat house



"We could do an album or we could do it viral/Spread it like an STD you got back in high school," boasts Sean Foreman. Give the Colorado "crunkcore" duo accuracy points: *Streets of Gold* is about as pleasant as a case of genital herpes. The formula is the same: dopey electro rock bolstering "raps" about drinking ("Wake up next to pharaohs hung over in Cairo") and getting girls to "touch on" their privates. A Dr. Luke beat and a screwball Ke\$ha cameo make "My First Kiss" listenable, but otherwise this is grim stuff - a soundtrack for beer-pong tournaments. **JODY ROSEN**

Key Tracks: "F.I.L.A.," "Love King," "Florida University"

INCEPTION



INCEPTION

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► Etón Soulra

etonsoulra.com, \$200

Etón is known for making radios that can survive the apocalypse; this unit's focus is on entertainment. The aluminum door on its rubberized case keeps your iPhone or iPod safe from dangers like dust and splashes, and flipping it open reveals a high-efficiency solar panel that powers its lithium-ion battery.



▼ Zoom H1

zoom.co.jp, \$99

For when your digital camera's puny mike won't cut it. The H1 is a dedicated audio recorder with two carefully arranged microphones designed to create recordings that are balanced and accurate. Files are stored as WAVs or MP3s to MicroSD cards; a 2GB card is included, but jam-band fans can go up to 32 GB.



► Skullcandy Roc Nation Aviators

skullcandy.com, \$150

A collaboration between Skullcandy and Jay-Z's Roc Nation, these plush headphones stay comfortable even during long listening sessions. There's a powerful 40mm driver inside, as well as a mike on the cord so you can finally ditch the dopey Bluetooth earpiece.



► Canon PowerShot S90

usa.canon.com, \$399

The controls rival those on models twice the price, and the lens can capture an entire stage. Photo-snob plus: It can shoot in RAW format.



► iPad 3G

apple.com, \$629-\$829;

OtterBox Defender

otterbox.com, \$90

Worth bringing if you plan to actually do some work that requires the Internet — and all the frills (games, books, news readers, Netflix) will keep you distracted during any downtime. At half an inch thick and just 1.6 pounds, the iPad 3G is smaller and lighter than a laptop or netbook, and the built-in cellular (3G via AT&T) connectivity lets you access the Web for an impressive nine hours when you're out of Wi-Fi range. The iPad isn't ruggedized for the great outdoors; keep it safe from bumps and scratches with an OtterBox Defender, currently the most protective case out there.

► Burton Lil Buddy

burton.com, \$99

The Lil Buddy cooler keeps your food and drink cool and provides the soundtrack: The insulated compartment can fit a 12-pack, and the battery-powered speaker system works with your iPod or any other music player with a headphone jack.



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Movie

BY PETER TRAVERS

DREAM LOVER
Haunted by a past
tragedy, DiCaprio
looks for answers.

The Art of Dreaming Big

Chris Nolan's spellbinder leads Leonardo DiCaprio into the dark night of the subconscious

Inception

★★★½

Leonardo DiCaprio, Ellen Page, Joseph Gordon-Levitt
Directed by Christopher Nolan

THE MIND-BLOWING MOVIE event of the summer arrives just in time to hold back the flow of Hollywood sputum that's been sliming the multiplex. *Inception*, written and directed by the visionary Christopher Nolan, will be called many things, starting with *James Bond Meets "The Matrix."* You can feel the vibe of Ridley Scott's *Blade Runner* in it, and Nolan's own *Memento* and *The Dark Knight*. But *Inception* glows with a blue-flame intensity all its own. Nolan creates a dream world that he wants us to fill with our own secrets. I can't think of a better goal for any filmmaker. Of course, trusting the intelligence of the audience can cost Nolan at the box office.

We're so used to being treated like idiots. How to cope with a grand-scale sci-fi epic, shot in six countries at a reported cost of \$160 million, that turns your head around six ways from Sunday? Dive in and drive yourself crazy, that's how.

That's what happens to Dom Cobb, a professional invader of the subconscious played with action-star ferocity and emotional heft by Leonardo DiCaprio. Corporations, like the one run by Mr. Saito (Ken Watanabe), hire Dom and his crew to get inside people's heads. Joseph Gordon-Levitt, as Arthur, and Tom Hardy, as Eames, are hilarious and scary-smart as grown-up gamers playing with life and death at Dom's command. Did you know that getting killed in a dream is the best way to wake up? They do. Ellen Page's Ariadne is the newcomer on the team, a student who learns as she goes, just like the audience. "Whose

subconscious are we in now, exactly?" she asks at one point. You may feel her pain.

Dom's new job of head-case espionage, the one he claims will be his last, involves more than extracting info from the subconscious of Fischer (Cillian Murphy), the son of a dying industrialist. It requires Dom to plant an idea into Fischer's dreams. That's inception, baby, and it's a killer. The job also stirs up dangerous memories in Dom of Mal (Marion Cotillard), the wife and mother of his two children, a mystery woman (and, oh, man, can Cotillard exude seductive mystery) whom Dom literally can't get out of his head.

I'll say no more, except that *Inception* rewards the attention it demands. The visuals, shot by the gifted Wally Pfister on locations from the steaming heat of Morocco to the snow-capped Alps, are astounding. One segment, in which a freight

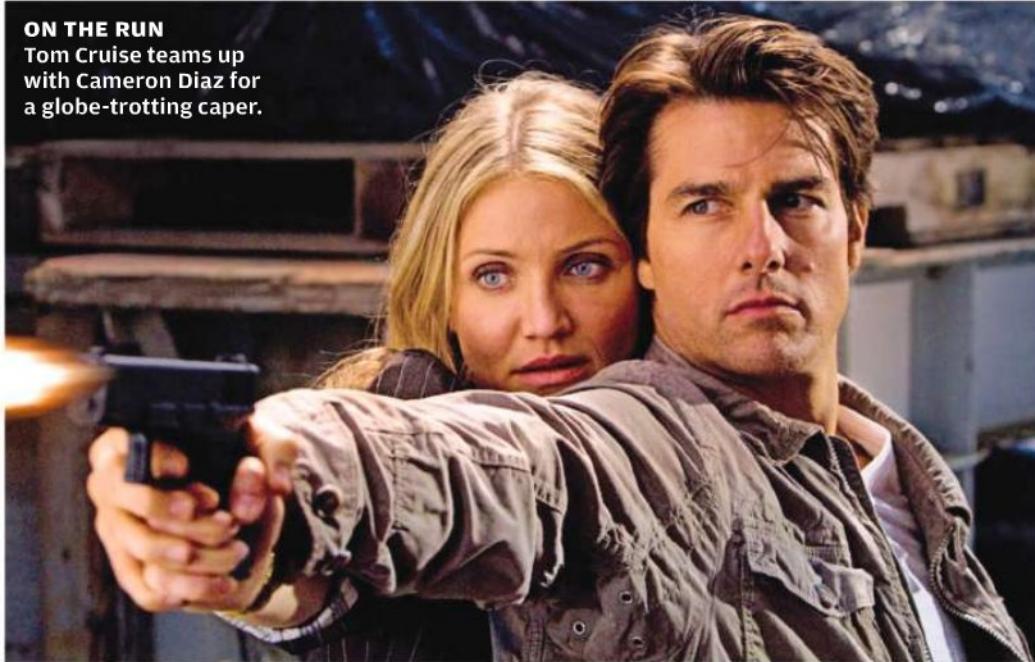
train barrels through a traffic-clogged street, is jaw-dropping. Just as impressive is the way Nolan stays true to the rules of his own brain-teasing game. The film's demonstration of the three levels of dreaming is certain to inspire deep-dish discourse to rival the *Lost* finale. But anyone who's ever been lost in the layers of a video game will have no trouble rising to Nolan's invigorating challenge to dig out. Dom claims that the "most resilient parasite" is "an idea." In this wildly ingenious chess game, grandmaster Nolan plants ideas in our heads that disturb and dazzle. The result is a knockout. But be warned: *Inception* dreams big. How cool is that?

THE TRAVERS TAKE

Peter Travers goes "Off the Cuff" with Joseph Gordon-Levitt at rollingstone.com/travers.

ON THE RUN

Tom Cruise teams up with Cameron Diaz for a globe-trotting caper.



Knight and Day

★★

Tom Cruise, Cameron Diaz, Peter Sarsgaard

Directed by James Mangold

STAR QUALITY CAN COVER a lot of plot holes, even the craters that trip up *Knight and Day*. Luckily, director James Mangold (*Walk the Line*, *3:10 to Yuma*) keeps his appealingly athletic stars, Tom Cruise and Cameron Diaz, so avidly on the go you'll probably forgive the plot's resemblance to *Killers*, the Ashton Kutcher-Katherine Heigl caper now stinking up a theater near you.

The X factor in propulsive entertainment like *Knight and Day* is whether the stars can get you to go with the flow. Cruise really works at it. After two serious roles in *Valkyrie* and *Lions for Lambs*, he seems eager to raise hell again. *Knight and Day* plays like another chapter in *Mission: Impossible* and a TV game show called *Survivor: Wichita*.

It's at the Wichita airport where Cruise's Roy Miller, a secret agent who may have gone rogue, meets Diaz's June Havens, a Boston babe who loves carburetors but can't find a way to make her own life combust. Enter Roy, who finds time to hit on June even as the passengers and the pilots on their flight end up riddled with bullets. It's up to Roy to land the plane in a cornfield. It's up to June to decide whether to follow Roy on life-threatening ad-



TOY TRIO The return of Jessie, Buzz and Woody

ventures in New York, the Alps, Austria, Spain, the Caribbean and Cape Horn.

Is her decision really ever in doubt? Not in the Hollywood universe where *Knight and Day* was birthed. Mangold and co-writer Patrick O'Neill reference romantic-comedy twisters such as Hitchcock's *The 39 Steps*, Stanley Donen's *Charade* and Doug Liman's *Mr. and Mrs. Smith*. And the plot throws curves involving Roy's attempts to keep geek inventor Simon Feck (Paul Dano) – he's come up with a limitless energy resource – out of the hands of the CIA director (Viola Davis), an agency boss (Peter Sarsgaard) and a weapons dealer (Jordi Mollà).

You can't discount the kick of watching an overqualified cast go slumming for the pure adrenaline thrill of it. But *Knight and Day* rises or falls on how you feel about the body-and-soul chemistry between Cruise and Diaz, who first teamed in 2001's *Vanilla Sky*. It strikes me that their

teasing and one-upmanship are more brother and sister at play than lovers in heat. Cruise and Diaz are in it for the action rush. You appreciate how hard they knock themselves out, but where's the sizzle?

Toy Story 3

★★★½

Tom Hanks, Tim Allen

Directed by Lee Unkrich

THE FIRST TWO FILMS IN Pixar's animated *Toy Story* franchise are brilliant bookends, models of technique warmed by humor and imagination. *Toy Story 3*, coming 11 years after the last one, should have been a letdown. I mean, how hard can you squeeze a golden goose before the bird calls a work stoppage?

No worries. *Toy Story 3*, decked out in nifty, non-showy 3-D, is a joy to behold. It hits every button from laughter to tears and lifts you up on waves of visual dazzlement. And you don't need to take a kid along to appreciate it. Jeez, people,

we were all kids once. And the way the Pixar wizards re-create a sense of childhood wonder is damn near genius.

Cowboy Woody (again voiced by Tom Hanks with just the right blend of wit and hard-won wisdom) and astronaut Buzz Lightyear (Tim Allen in playfully scrappy vocal form) are toys in crisis. Andy, the boy who gave these toys a home, is off to college. He's outgrown his playthings, including cowgirl Jessie (Joan Cusack), Hamm (John Ratzenberger), Rex (Wallace Shawn), Barbie (Jodi Benson) and the Potato Heads (Don Rickles and Estelle Harris). Andy plans to put his toys in the attic. Instead, they end up in trash bags and mistakenly kicked to the curb to await the garbage truck. Yikes! Kids and adults with abandonment issues (you know who you are) might want to give this chapter a pass.

OK, take a breath. The toys make it to the Sunnyside Day Care Center, where they meet new toys, such as bizarre Big Baby, ditzy triceratops Trixie (Kristen Schaal) and Shakespeare-spouting hedgehog Mr. Pricklepants (a plummy Timothy Dalton). And Barbie finally hooks up with Ken, hilariously voiced by Michael Keaton as a closet case who's watched too much *Project Runway*. I'm kidding, but just barely.

The prospect of being played with by new kids delights Andy's toys. That is, until Lotso (Ned Beatty), a plush bear with ulterior motives, puts them in a roomful of hyperactive, toy-bashing tots. That scene is scary-funny. A later scene, in which the toys narrowly escape incineration, is just scary.

The fun returns in the nick of time. It's impossible not to giggle when Buzz gets his language button switched to Spanish. Still, there's no denying that *Toy Story 3*, vividly directed by Lee Unkrich from a richly detailed script by Michael Arndt (*Little Miss Sunshine*), goes darker and emotionally deeper than its predecessors. The sequence in which Andy introduces his toys to a shy little girl named Bonnie (Emily Hahn) is a heart-breaker. So is the movie. Tag it as one of the year's best.

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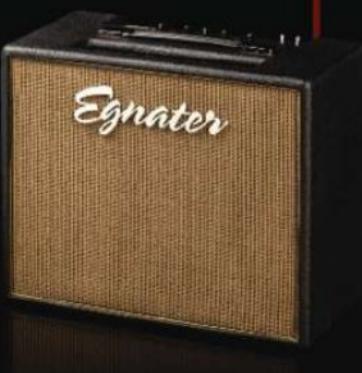


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The Kids Are All Right ★★★½

Annette Bening, Julianne Moore, Mark Ruffalo **Directed by Lisa Cholodenko**

I like how this hilarious and heartfelt movie approaches family. Director and co-writer Lisa Cholodenko (*High Art*, *Laurel Canyon*) knows how easy the ties that bind can become undone. And the hell of trying to tie new knots. Gay marriage is the subject here, but not the issue. Tightly wound doctor Nic (Annette Bening) and loose-limbed landscaper Jules (Julianne Moore) have an ease with each other at home in Los Angeles. Their two kids - Joni (Mia Wasikowska, a marvel in *Alice in Wonderland*), 18, and Laser (Josh Hutcherson of *Cirque du Freak*), 15 - are at ease with them. But one day, the kids decide they want to meet the sperm donor who fathered them. He's Paul (Mark Ruffalo), a restaurateur with charm to spare. It's a sitcom premise, but Cholodenko keeps it raw and touchingly humane. There's a subtext to every gesture, as when Nic sneaks an extra glass of wine and Jules indulges in a taste for men. The actors are to die for. Bening and Moore nail every nuance of a relationship going adrift. And Ruffalo is dynamite as a man keeping himself at a distance. *Kids* makes its own special magic. It's irresistible.

Jonah Hex ★

Josh Brolin, Megan Fox

Directed by Jimmy Hayward

IT MUST HAVE BEEN HARD labor for Josh Brolin to get in the makeup chair for hours to capture the disfigured look of DC Comics anti-hero Jonah Hex. Due respect to the talented Brolin, it's much harder to sit in a theater and watch this crapfest. Director Jimmy Hayward fails to establish a viable reason for this movie to exist. Jonah is a Civil War vet out for vengeance against Quentin Turnbull (yes, even the great John Malkovich can make wrongheaded job choices), the baddie who scarred Jonah's face after killing his wife and son. Quentin says Jonah did the same to his family. And on the whining goes, with Megan Fox peeking in as a whore with the traditional heart of semiprecious metal. Otherwise, Jonah is fated to ride alone. Don't make the mistake of keeping him company.

Restrepo ★★

Directed by Tim Hetherington and Sebastian Junger

HERE'S A DOCUMENTARY that embeds you deep into the war in Afghanistan. Filmmak-

ers Tim Hetherington and Sebastian Junger follow a platoon of U.S. soldiers, the Second Platoon, Battle Company, 173rd Airborne Brigade, during their 14-month deployment to the Korengal Valley. The troops are shaken when their beloved medic, Juan "Doc" Restrepo, is killed in action. That's when Capt. Dan Kearney pulls out all the stops to allay fears even in the Taliban war zone. Naming their base after Restrepo, these soldiers are seen dealing with death on a daily basis. The filmmakers offer no commentary. We watch. And what we see is explosive, deeply moving and impossible to shake.

Love Ranch ★★½

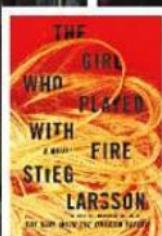
Helen Mirren, Joe Pesci

Directed by Taylor Hackford

IF YOU'VE BEEN PANTING TO see Joe Pesci and Dame Helen Mirren get it on, hustle over to *Love Ranch*. Director Taylor Hackford (*Ray*, *An Officer and a Gentleman*), who happens to be Mirren's husband, lights a fire under this movie by casting Pesci as Charlie Bontempo, a hustler who helped get prostitution legalized in Nevada during the 1970s. Mirren plays Charlie's wife, Grace, the madam who runs the Love Ranch brothel with a keen eye on the bottom line, the damaged girls in her charge and the husband who keeps sampling the goods.

The plot heats up when fight fan Charlie buys a piece of young Argentine boxer Armando Bruza (Madrid-born Sergio Peris-Mencheta) and brings him to the ranch to train. All kinds of flesh is peddled, but no one figures that Grace and Bruza will find something together that goes deeper than sex. Threats are made, a gun is fired and everything changes.

Any resemblance between these characters and Joe and Sally Conforte, who ran the Mustang Ranch, and Oscar Bonavena, the heavyweight boxer who took up with Sally and ended up shot, is not coincidental (a 1972 *ROLLING STONE* cover story detailed the doings of the Confortes). Screenwriter Mark Jacobson fictionalized the characters in the name of poetic license.



Whether or not you agree with the liberties taken, or the film's detours into melodrama, it's unlikely you'll forget the performances. *GoodFellas* Oscar winner Pesci, who hasn't appeared onscreen in a major role since 1998's *Lethal Weapon 4*, is a dynamo of conflicting emotions. And Mirren, bawdy in ways that erase all memory of her award-winning role as Elizabeth II in *The Queen*, is magnificent. As Grace finds love with Bruza, Mirren brings out a fragile romantic longing that pierces the heart. She's the last thing you expect to find in a brothel: a class act.

The Girl Who Played With Fire

★★★

Noomi Rapace, Michael Nyqvist, Lena Endre
Directed by Daniel Alfredson

THERE ARE MANY OF US who have no shame about our obsession with Lisbeth Salander, the tattooed, nose-ringed, bisexual computer hacker whom the late Swedish novelist Stieg Larsson placed at the center of his three posthumous bestsellers, *The Girl With the Dragon Tattoo*, *The Girl Who Played With Fire* and *The Girl Who Kicked the Hornet's Nest*. Given that, the prospect of a film version of the second book is a cause for excitement. It's a shame that the second film, directed by Daniel Alfredson, lacks the stylistic flair and driving energy that Niels Arden Oplev brought to

the film rendition of the first book. But Noomi Rapace, who became an international star in the role of Lisbeth, is back in action, and she's spectacular.

On page and screen, *The Girl Who Played With Fire* picks up a year after Lisbeth has helped journalist Mikael Blomkvist (the superb Michael Nyqvist) clear himself of libel and escape death at the hands of the scion of a Swedish dynasty. Lisbeth's affair with the much older Mikael has been stalemated by his romance with Erika Berger (Lena Endre), the editor of *Millennium*, the magazine where both work.

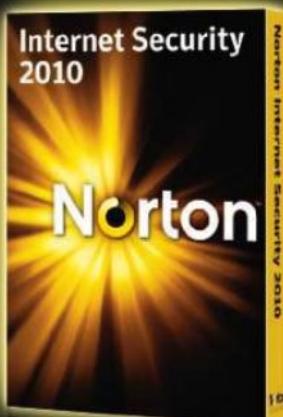
The catalyst for the plot is a story *Millennium* is planning on sex trafficking. When the writers of the story are murdered, Lisbeth is implicated when her fingerprints are found on the murder weapon. Now it's Mikael's turn to get her out of a fix. As readers of the novel know, it's Lisbeth's father – a man the 12-year-old Lisbeth torched after he beat her mother – who holds the key to her destiny. Another mystery figure, a blond seven-foot-tall former boxer (Micke Spreitz), will provide Lisbeth with more brutal shocks to her already damaged psyche.

Relentless suspense allows *The Girl Who Played With Fire* to hold you in a viselike grip. But it's the performances of Nyqvist and especially Rapace that keep you coming back for more. The film version of the third and final book will be released in the U.S. in the fall.

And – cringe alert! – Hollywood is planning its own take on this Swedish psychological thriller. What might save the day is the reported involvement of director David Fincher (*Fight Club*, *Se7en*). Talk is that current James Bond Dan-

iel Craig will play Mikael, and *An Education* Oscar nominee Carey Mulligan will take on Lisbeth. Right now, I can't see anyone but Nyqvist and Rapace in those roles. See *The Girl Who Played With Fire* and tell me you don't agree.

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RUNAWAY GENERAL

[Cont. from 97] Pfc. Jared Pautsch. "We should just drop a fucking bomb on this place. You sit and ask yourself: What are we doing here?"

The rules handed out here are not what McChrystal intended – they've been distorted as they passed through the chain of command – but knowing that does nothing to lessen the anger of troops on the ground. "Fuck, when I came over here and heard that McChrystal was in charge, I thought we would get our fucking gun on," says Hicks, who has served three tours of combat. "I get COIN. I get all that. McChrystal comes here, explains it, it makes sense. But then he goes away on his bird, and by the time his directives get passed down to us through Big Army, they're all fucked up – either because somebody is trying to cover their ass, or because they just don't understand it themselves. But we're fucking losing this thing."

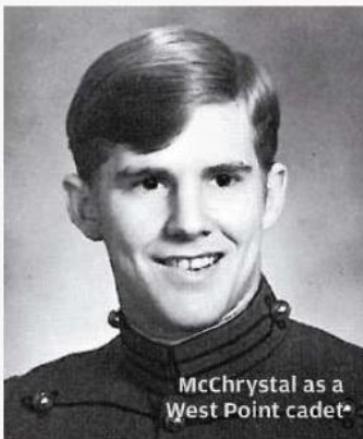
McChrystal and his team show up the next day. Underneath a tent, the general has a 45-minute discussion with some two dozen soldiers. The atmosphere is tense. "I ask you what's going on in your world, and I think it's important for you all to understand the big picture as well," McChrystal begins. "How's the company doing? You guys feeling sorry for yourselves? Anybody? Anybody feel like you're losing?" McChrystal says.

"Sir, some of the guys here, sir, think we're losing, sir," says Hicks.

McChrystal nods. "Strength is leading when you just don't want to lead," he tells the men. "You're leading by example. That's what we do. Particularly when it's really, really hard, and it hurts inside." Then he spends 20 minutes talking about counterinsurgency, diagramming his concepts and principles on a whiteboard. He makes COIN seem like common sense, but he's careful not to bullshit the men. "We are knee-deep in the decisive year," he tells them. The Taliban, he

insists, no longer has the initiative – "but I don't think we do, either." It's similar to the talk he gave in Paris, but it's not winning any hearts and minds among the soldiers. "This is the philosophical part that works with think tanks," McChrystal tries to joke. "But it doesn't get the same reception from infantry companies."

During the question-and-answer period, the frustration boils over. The soldiers complain about not being allowed to use lethal force, about



McChrystal as a West Point cadet

watching insurgents they detain be freed for lack of evidence. They want to be able to fight – like they did in Iraq, like they had in Afghanistan before McChrystal. "We aren't putting fear into the Taliban," one soldier says.

"Winning hearts and minds in COIN is a coldblooded thing," McChrystal says, citing an oft-repeated maxim that you can't kill your way out of Afghanistan. "The Russians killed 1 million Afghans, and that didn't work."

"I'm not saying go out and kill everybody, sir," the soldier persists. "You say we've stopped the momentum of the insurgency. I don't believe that's true in this area. The more we pull back, the more we restrain ourselves, the stronger it's getting."

"I agree with you," McChrystal says. "In this area, we've not made progress, probably. You have to show strength here, you have to use fire. What I'm telling you is, fire costs you. What do you want to do? You want to wipe the population out here and resettle it?"

A soldier complains that under the rules, any insurgent

who doesn't have a weapon is immediately assumed to be a civilian. "That's the way this game is," McChrystal says. "It's complex. I can't just decide: It's shirts and skins, and we'll kill all the shirts."

As the discussion ends, McChrystal seems to sense that he hasn't succeeded at easing the men's anger. He makes one last-ditch effort to reach them, acknowledging the death of Cpl. Ingram. "There's no way I can make that easier," he tells them. "No way I can pretend

it won't hurt. No way I can tell you not to feel that. . . . I will tell you, you're doing a great job. Don't let the frustration get to you." The session ends with no clapping, and no real resolution. McChrystal may have sold President Obama on counterinsurgency, but many of his own men aren't buying it.

WHEN IT COMES to Afghanistan, history is not on McChrystal's side. The only foreign invader to have any success here was Genghis Khan – and he wasn't hampered by things like human rights, economic development and press scrutiny. The COIN doctrine, bizarrely, draws inspiration from some of the biggest Western military embarrassments in recent memory: France's nasty war in Algeria (lost in 1962) and the American misadventure in Vietnam (lost in 1975). McChrystal, like other advocates of COIN, readily acknowledges that counterinsurgency campaigns are inherently messy, expensive and easy to lose. "Even Afghans are confused by Afghanistan," he says.

But even if he somehow manages to succeed, after years of bloody fighting with Afghan kids who pose no threat to the U.S. homeland, the war will do little to shut down Al Qaeda, which has shifted its operations to Pakistan. Dispatching 150,000 troops to build new schools, roads, mosques and water-treatment facilities around Kandahar is like trying to stop the drug war in Mexico by occupying Arkansas and building Baptist churches in Little Rock. "It's all

very cynical, politically," says Marc Sageman, a former CIA case officer who has extensive experience in the region. "Afghanistan is not in our vital interest – there's nothing for us there."

In mid-May, two weeks after visiting the troops in Kandahar, McChrystal travels to the White House for a high-level visit by Hamid Karzai. It is a triumphant moment for the general, one that demonstrates he is very much in command – both in Kabul and in Washington. In the East Room, which is packed with journalists and dignitaries, President Obama sings the praises of Karzai. The two leaders talk about how great their relationship is, about the pain they feel over civilian casualties. They mention the word "progress" 16 times in under an hour. But there is no mention of victory. Still, the session represents the most forceful commitment that Obama has made to McChrystal's strategy in months. "There is no denying the progress that the Afghan people have made in recent years – in education, in health care and economic development," the president says. "As I saw in the lights across Kabul when I landed – lights that would not have been visible just a few years earlier."

It is a disconcerting observation for Obama to make. During the worst years in Iraq, when the Bush administration had no real progress to point to, officials used to offer up the exact same evidence of success. "It was one of our first impressions," one GOP official said in 2006, after landing in Baghdad at the height of the sectarian violence. "So many lights shining brightly." So it is to the language of the Iraq War that the Obama administration has turned – talk of progress, of city lights, of metrics like health care and education. Rhetoric that just a few years ago they would have mocked. "They are trying to manipulate perceptions because there is no definition of victory – because victory is not even defined or recognizable," says Celeste Ward, a senior defense analyst at the RAND Corporation who served as a political adviser to U.S. commanders in

Iraq in 2006. "That's the game we're in right now. What we need, for strategic purposes, is to create the perception that we didn't get run off. The facts on the ground are not great, and are not going to become great in the near future."

But facts on the ground, as history has proven, offer little deterrent to a military determined to stay the course. Even those closest to McChrystal know that the rising anti-war sentiment at home doesn't begin to reflect how deeply fucked up things are in Afghanistan. "If Americans pulled back and started paying attention to this war, it would become even less popular," a senior adviser to McChrystal says. Such realism, however, doesn't prevent advocates of counterinsurgency from dreaming big: Instead of beginning to withdraw troops next year, as Obama promised, the military hopes to ramp up its counterinsurgency campaign even further. "There's a possibility we could ask for another surge of U.S. forces next summer if we see success here," a senior military official in Kabul tells me.

Back in Afghanistan, less than a month after the White House meeting with Karzai and all the talk of "progress," McChrystal is hit by the biggest blow to his vision of counterinsurgency. Since last year, the Pentagon had been planning to launch a major military operation this summer in Kandahar, the country's second-largest city and the Taliban's original home base. It was supposed to be a decisive turning point in the war — the primary reason for the troop surge that McChrystal wrested from Obama late last year. But on June 10th, acknowledging that the military still needs to lay more groundwork, the general announced that he is postponing the offensive until the fall. Rather than one big battle, like Fallujah or Ramadi, U.S. troops will implement what McChrystal calls a "rising tide of security." The Afghan police and army will enter Kandahar to attempt to seize control of neighborhoods, while the U.S. pours \$90 million of aid into the city to win over the civilian population.

Even proponents of counterinsurgency are hard-pressed to explain the new plan. "This isn't a classic operation," says a U.S. military official. "It's not going to be Black Hawk Down. There aren't going to be doors kicked in." Other U.S. officials insist that doors *are* going to be kicked in, but that it's going to be a kinder, gentler offensive than the disaster in Marja. "The Taliban have a jackboot on the city," says a military official. "We have to remove them, but we have to do it in a way that doesn't alienate the population." When Vice President Biden was briefed on the new plan in the Oval Office, insiders say he was shocked to see how much it mirrored the more gradual plan of counterterrorism that he advocated last fall. "This looks like CT-plus!" he said, according to U.S. officials familiar with the meeting.

Whatever the nature of the new plan, the delay underscores the fundamental flaws of counterinsurgency. After nine years of war, the Taliban simply remains too strongly entrenched for the U.S. military to openly attack. The very people that COIN seeks to win over — the Afghan people — do not want us there. Our supposed ally, President Karzai, used his influence to delay the offensive, and the massive influx of aid championed by McChrystal is likely only to make things worse. "Throwing money at the problem exacerbates the problem," says Andrew Wilder, an expert at Tufts University who has studied the effect of aid in southern Afghanistan. "A tsunami of cash fuels corruption, delegitimizes the government and creates an environment where we're picking winners and losers" — a process that fuels resentment and hostility among the civilian population. So far, counterinsurgency has succeeded only in creating a never-ending demand for the primary product supplied by the military: perpetual war. There is a reason that President Obama studiously avoids using the word "victory" when he talks about Afghanistan. Winning, it would seem, is not really possible. Not even with Stanley McChrystal in charge.

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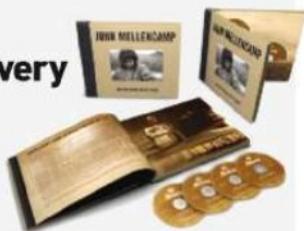
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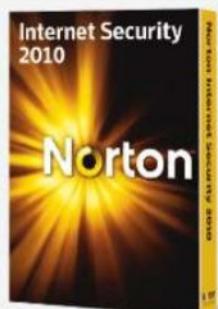
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LEE "SCRATCH" PERRY

[Cont. from 80] recalls. "He makes his money by being crazy, but he's no crazier than I am. All geniuses are mad. I remember Chris Blackwell at Black Ark sitting on a couch and saying, 'Scratch, the tape is spilling over. You can't do that!' Scratch just said, 'The album is called *Super Ape*, and so I need a Super Tape!' He is a wizard, there is nobody else like him."

In 1976, as political turmoil erupted in Jamaica, Perry produced the classics *War Ina Babylon* with Max Romeo and *Police and Thieves* with Junior Murvin. The albums catapulted him to international acclaim. After the Clash covered "Police and Thieves," Perry worked as their producer in London, and was swept up by the punk scene. Inspired by the new sound and energy, Perry co-wrote "Punky Reggae Party" for Bob Marley. "If I want to spit here, I spit here," Perry has said. "If I want to piss there, I piss there. I am punk."

The late Seventies marked the most prolific period in Perry's career, as Paul McCartney, Gregory Isaacs and Robert Palmer all sought out the Upsetter sound. But in 1978, Perry, who was always wildly eccentric, suffered a dramatic mental breakdown after his wife left him for a Rastafarian studio musician. The grounds of his property were cluttered with Rasta sycophants, and he was being extorted by the local gangs. Perry became convinced that Rastafarians were to blame. He vowed to rid himself of "all things dread" and drove through Kingston with a rotting, maggot-infested slab of pork as a hood ornament. He began to paint obsessively, covering the property with incoherent graffiti. In 1983, in the depth of his madness, convinced the studio was possessed by evil spirits, Perry set the Black Ark studio ablaze. So monumental was the Black Ark's destruction that one music critic described it as "the close of the roots-reggae era."

"I needed to be forgiven of my sin," Perry recalls. "I created my sin, and I burned my sin, and I am born again." He entered into a deep depression, and at the height of his insanity, Perry blew \$25,000 on an antique set of silverware.

In 1989, Mireille Ruegg, a Swiss-born reggae-record-store owner, went to Black Ark to find Lee "Scratch" Perry. "No one would walk up to the gates with me – they were scared of Lee," Mireille recalls. When she reached the entrance to the ruins of Black Ark, Perry was standing there. "I've been waiting for you," he said. Escorting her to his bedroom, he showed her his wall,

where he had written, "You will be saved by a Sagittarius," on a Princess Diana poster. "We are soul mates," Mireille says. "The universe wanted us to be together."

PERRY'S CAVERNOUS MANSION IS museumlike, covered in bleach-white carpets (shoes are forbidden), ancient Egyptian artifacts and Zen rock gardens – only the isolated garage feels like the home of the Upsetter. While



SCRATCH AT WORK
Perry inside his garage in Switzerland, where he paints and produces music

"I needed to be forgiven of my sin," Perry says of the Black Ark fire. "I burned my sin, and I am born again."

Perry is early to rise and no longer drinks or smokes marijuana, Mireille can't function without a joint in hand, often spending her nights in Zurich's reggae clubs, partying. Despite their many contradictions, their affection and mutual admiration is palpable. "Without her, I would be dead," Perry says. His one complaint about life in Switzerland is that he lacks rivalry. "I've got to find someone to upset," he says one afternoon. "Sometimes what makes you perfect is competition. If you have no competition, you won't get to where you should get." He has not driven a car in nearly 30 years, so once in a while when he becomes restless, he will have someone drive him down to the 14th-century monastery where, in hopes of unsettling the priests, he walks into the chapel with a giant snowball balanced on top of his head. "God is the vice of the people," Perry says. "I believe in me."

After his meal, Perry sprawls on a white couch, his feet impatiently kicking back and forth, and watches *The Upsetter*, a feature-length, soon-to-be-released documentary about his life. Grainy 8mm foot-

age depicts Perry as he lights fires on the floor of his charred Black Ark studio, a baseball-bat-size marijuana joint in his hand, a half-naked madman spinning in place. Seeing this, Perry winces, crimps his shoulders, and like Rick James, proclaims, "Drugs. Very powerful shit!" Perry's teenage son and daughter, Gabriel and Shiva, saunter into the room. In the film, a crazed Perry holds the two children as infants: Later, he tells the film crew,

"There is nothing more important in life than music and pussy!" Perry has at least eight children with four women. Shiva and Gabriel are Perry's youngest, and his only children with Mireille. He puts his arms around his son and daughter, mirroring the documentary; Shiva and Gabriel sit in his lap – 18 years later they tower over their father. "He's more like a big brother," Gabriel says.

"Papa Smurf!" Perry interrupts, then signals his daughter: "She's 20, and she's a virgin. She knows what men want. She has to stay here with us, forever!"

Shiva shakes her head, unfazed by her father's humor. Gabriel is graduating from high school and plans to move to a big city. "It's so boring here," he says, looking out the window at the snow-covered valley. "There's nothing to do."

Perry heads back to his garage to work on some music. He's been hired to do a remix for Santigold and still has to finish his three records. He e-mails his cryptic and circuitous lyrics to Keith Richards and various collaborators. He rarely returns to the island of his birth to work. "Whenever I go to Jamaica," he says, "it's like the money tree come and everybody wants money."

Perry burns his microphone's top with a lighter, expelling any bad vibes, takes a deep breath and tries to channel the energy of his children on the floors above. "I need the energy of youth," he says. "That's the good energy!" With eyes closed, he swings to the music, his round belly leading the rest of his small body. "I came, I saw, and I conquered," Perry rhymes. "I capture Lex Luthor with my teddy bear, my hair and my invisible chair."

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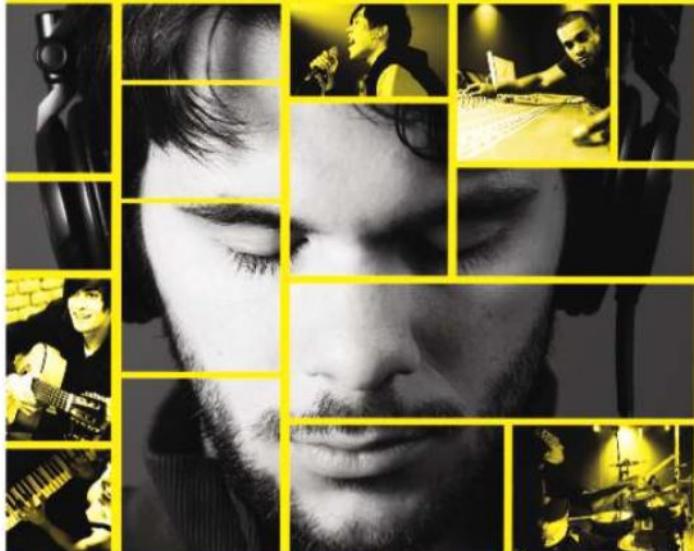
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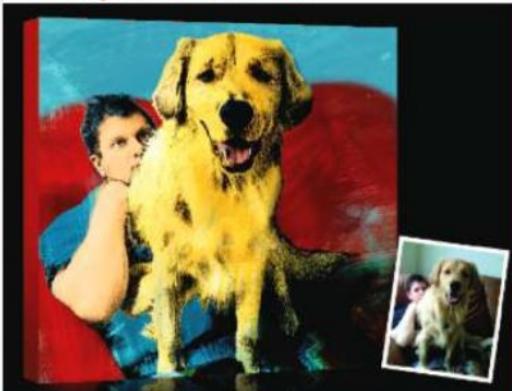
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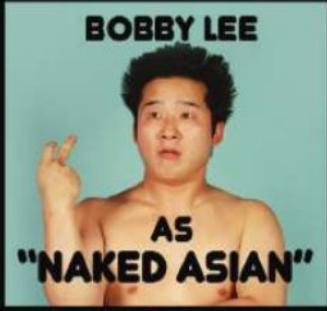
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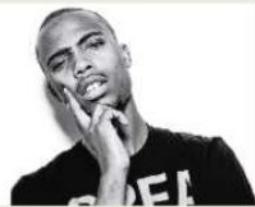
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CHARTS

iTUNES TOP 10 SONGS

- Katy Perry** "California Gurls" - Capitol
- B.o.B** "Airplanes" - Rebel Rock/Grand Hustle/Atlantic



- Usher** "OMG" - LaFace/Jive
- Travie McCoy** "Billionaire" - Decaydance/Fueled by Ramen
- Eminem** "Not Afraid" - Aftermath/Interscope
- Ke\$ha** "Your Love Is My Drug" - Kemosabe/RCA
- Lady Gaga** "Alejandro" - Streamline/KonLive/Cherrytree/Interscope
- Black Eyed Peas** "Rock That Body" - Will.i.am/Interscope
- Mike Posner** "Cooler Than Me" - J
- 3OH!3** "My First Kiss" - Photo Finish

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COLLEGE RADIO TOP 10 ALBUMS

- The Black Keys** Brothers - Nonesuch
- LCD Soundsystem** This Is Happening - DFA/Virgin
- Broken Social Scene** Forgiveness Rock Record - Arts and Crafts
- Crystal Castles** Crystal Castles II - Polydor/Universal Motown
- The National** High Violet - 4AD
- New Pornographers** Together - Matador
- Sleigh Bells** Treats - Mom + Pop/N.E.E.T.
- The Dead Weather** Sea of Cowards - Third Man
- Band of Horses** Infinite Arms - Columbia
- Deer Tick** The Black Dirt Sessions - Partisan

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From the Vault

RS 320, June 26th, 1980

TOP 10 SINGLES

- Paul McCartney and Wings** "Coming Up (Live at Glasgow)" - Columbia
- Lipps, Inc.** "Funkytown" - Casablanca
- Bette Midler** "The Rose" - Atlantic
- Billy Joel** "It's Still Rock and Roll to Me" - Columbia
- Bob Seger** "Against the Wind" - Capitol
- Elton John** "Little Jeannie" - MCA
- Robbie Dupree** "Steal Away" - Elektra
- Ambrosia** "Biggest Part of Me" - Warner
- Spinners** "Cupid/I've Loved You for a Long Time" - Atlantic
- Michael Jackson** "She's Out of My Life" - Epic



On the Cover

"I watched Roger Daltrey cry his eyes out after the Cincinnati concert [where 11 fans died]. I didn't, but he did. We did all the things we thought were right to do: sent flowers to the fucking funerals . . . all wasted. I think when people are dead, they're dead."

—Pete Townshend

Top 40 Albums

- Glee: The Music** Journey to Regionals (EP) - 20th Century Fox TV/Columbia
- The Twilight Saga: Eclipse** Soundtrack - Summit/Chop Shop/Atlantic
- Christina Aguilera** Bionic - RCA
- Jack Johnson** To the Sea - Brushfire
- Plies** Goon Affiliated - Big Gates/Slip-N-Slide/Atlantic
- Justin Bieber** My World 2.0 - RBMG/Island
- Glee: The Music** Season 1, Volume 3: Showstoppers - 20th Century Fox TV/Columbia
- Lady Antebellum** Need You Now - Capitol Nashville
- Dierks Bentley** Up on the Ridge - Capitol Nashville
- Jewel** Sweet and Wild - Valory
- Lady Gaga** The Fame - Streamline/KonLive/Cherrytree/Interscope
- Usher** Raymond v Raymond - LaFace/Jive
- Carole King and James Taylor** Live at the Troubadour - Hear
- Zac Brown Band** The Foundation - Roar/Bigger Picture/Home Grown/Atlantic
- Black Eyed Peas** The E.N.D. - will.i.am/Interscope
- Clay Walker** She Won't Be Lonely Long - curb
- NOW 33** Various Artists - Universal/EMI/Sony Music
- Miranda Lambert** Revolution - Columbia (Nashville)
- Ke\$ha** Animal - Kemosabe/RCA
- Grace Potter and the Nocturnals** Grace Potter and the Nocturnals - Hollywood/Ragged Company
- B.o.B** B.o.B Presents: The Adventures of Bobby Ray - Rebel Rock/Grand Hustle/Atlantic
- Carrie Underwood** Play On - 19/Arista Nashville
- Lady Gaga** The Fame Monster (EP) - Streamline/KonLive/Cherrytree/Interscope
- Saving Abel** Miss America - Skidco/Virgin
- Godsmack** The Oracle - Universal Republic
- Attack Attack!** Attack Attack! - Rise 102
- Travis McCoy** Lazarus - Decaydance/Fueled by Ramen
- The Black Keys** Brothers - Nonesuch
- Justin Bieber** My World (EP) - RBMG/Island
- Hanson** Shout It Out - 3CG
- AC/DC** Iron Man 2 (Soundtrack) - Columbia
- The Rolling Stones** Exile on Main Street - Rolling Stones/Universal Republic
- Nas and Damian Marley** Distant Relatives - Ghetto Youths/Def Jam/Universal
- Against Me!** White Crosses - Sire
- Alicia Keys** The Element of Freedom - MBK/J
- Train** Save Me, San Francisco - Columbia
- Glee: The Music** Season 1, Volume 1 - 20th Century Fox TV/Columbia
- Michael Bublé** Crazy Love - 143/Reprise
- Taylor Swift** Fearless - Big Machine
- Nickelback** Dark Horse - Roadrunner



Total Eclipse

Pop-culture megafranchises battled this week - and *Twilight* lost to *Glee*, despite the presence of alt titans Beck and Muse on the *Eclipse* soundtrack.



Summertime Blues

Times are tough for Xtina. She yanked her summer tour, and her fourth LP sold just one-third as many copies as her previous album did.



Crabcore Attacks

Attack Attack! play an emo subgenre called crabcore - named for their crouching playing stance. Their second LP debuted with a career-high 15,173 copies.



There's the Love

These Nineties tween gods still have an intensely loyal following. Their fifth LP - a self-produced, soul-inspired set - sold 15,000 copies its first week out.

● Chart position on June 16th, 2010

○ Chart position on June 9th, 2010

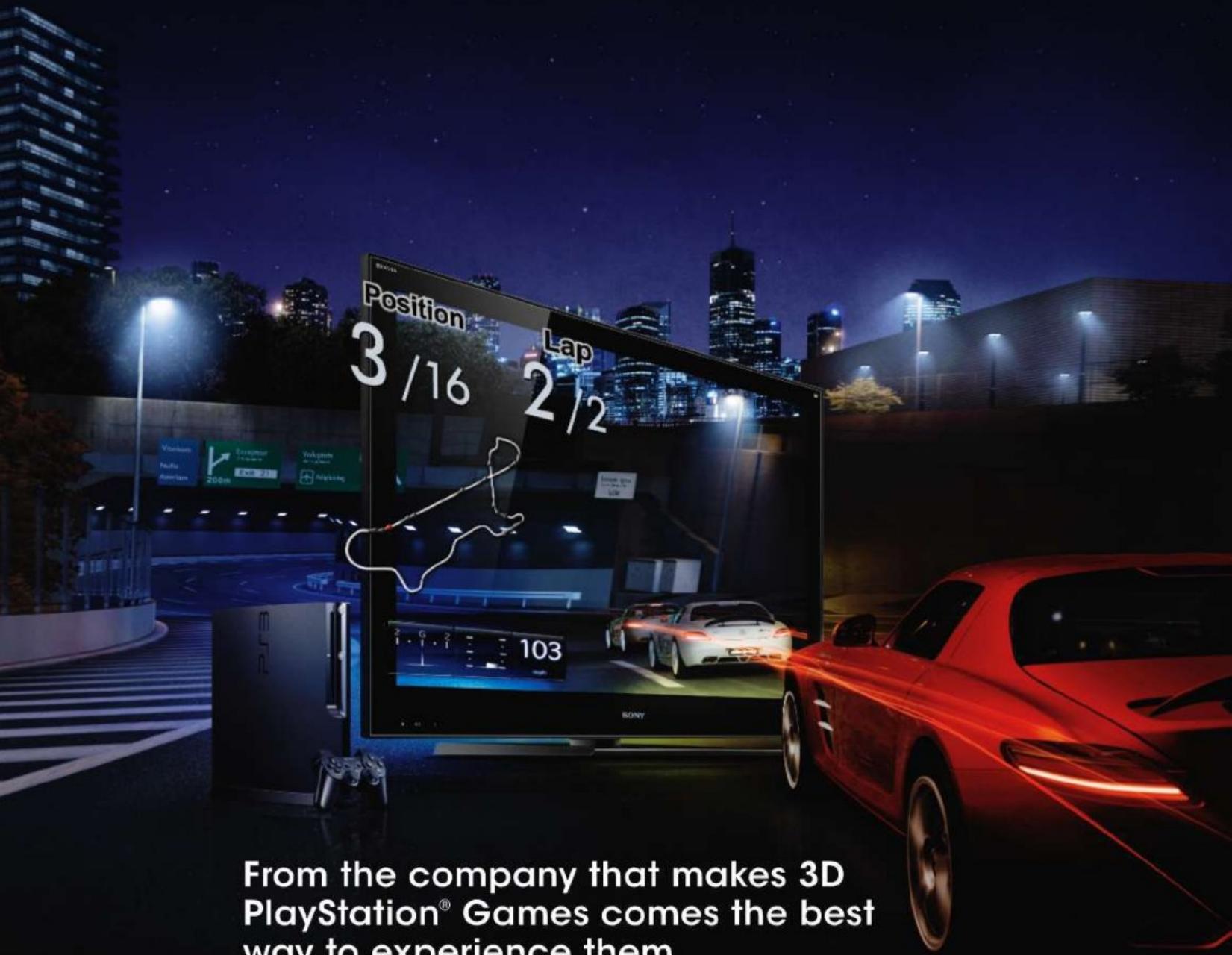
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